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CONFESSIONS OF A PATENT-MEDICINE MAN.

"I TELL you, sir, it is all a matter of destiny! If a man is going to be a great patent-medicine man, or anything else, he can't help it; he is just going to be one, that's all."

This remark was addressed to me one evening last summer on the veranda of the Congress-Water Hotel at Saratoga. The sentence was pointed at its close by a very decided brushing of the ashes from a cigar which had the unmistakable aroma of high price and direct importation about it. The finger which precipitated the hot, ashy meteor to the gravel-walk below gleamed for a moment in the light of what with us ordinary mortals would be termed two extravagances: first, of course, in the new baptism of fire at the end of the weed,—a coal of great cost; and second, in the multitudinous sparkle of a large diamond,—a crystalized coal, as you know, of still greater cost. The speaker had his heels exalted to the top bar of the railing, and his silk hat thrust arrear at such a perilous angle with his capacious occiput, that, as he leaned back in his arm-chair, the pose of his whole form came

very near presenting, in the uncertain light of that summer evening, the admired semi-spiral line of sculpture. When he took his cigar from his mouth his hat became invisible in the corner of the veranda. Then it was that the indescribable something of acknowledged authority in his tone and manner, and in the independent elevation of his feet and legs, suggested a Western justice of the peace in full court.

But no justice of the peace, I take it, ever wore so gorgeous a *solitaire* diamond ring. As this glittered in the light of his cigar, or was eclipsed in the clouds of fragrant smoke, you might have taken him for a shoddy contractor come to the Springs to marry his daughters, or you might, perhaps, have taken him for a first-class sporting gentleman come merely to drink the waters and establish a faro-bank. Indeed, there is no end of surmises you might have made, if it had not been generally known that he was the great patent-medicine man, a millionaire whose name has been so married to the board fences of our land that one has come to suggest the other. His

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advent at Saratoga was considered so much importance as to be announced in the newspapers; and I am very much mistaken if one of the local journals of that Spa did not, the day after his arrival, insert a free advertisement of his celebrated "Tecumseh Oil," out of mere compliment and gratuitous good-nature.

He had been nearly a week at Saratoga, and the hopeless tedium and lonesomeness of a crowded hotel had begun to work upon him. I know not what else could have made him so confidentially communicative to me that evening; nor can I remember the conversational stages leading to the remark quoted at the beginning of this paper. It was not till then that the reportorial instinct of taking notes of his observations asserted itself in me. I think the first expression of interest I discovered in his brown face and black eyes, for three whole days, was when he saw that his story seemed attractive to me.

"You've noticed my wife?" he asked. Yes, I had; it would have been hard not to have noticed her, as she came down to breakfast of a morning in the same diamonds which she had worn at the "hop" the previous evening. There was a certain determination about her walk, and about the plumpness of her form, even. Her dark gray eye had a managing, financiering look which would of itself have drawn attention to her, I should say, if its owner had not been the proprietor also of the unseasonable diamonds, and if, too, it had not been noised about wherever she went that she was the wife of the great patent-medicine man.

"Well, sir," he continued, "I'll give you an introduction to my wife to-morrow. She's up stairs at the 'hop' there. She likes such things, you see, for she — well, we're neither of us old yet." As he spoke the music of a *trois temps* came swooning out of the open windows of the ball-room above. I had barely time to think of that portly, middle-aged lady moving with her wonted heavy determination to the ex-

hilarating strain, and of her breakfast-table jewelry glancing in the festal gaslight, when her admiring husband went on: "Now, sir, that wife of mine made my fortune."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir. You think, perhaps, she was rich, but she was n't; just smart, sir: that's all,—smart. It was her and two dollars that made my fortune."

Then, without any further solicitation on my part than was made inadvertently, perhaps, by my manifest interest, he gave me a running account of his life. I wrote down all I could remember, and as nearly in his words as possible, when I reached my room that evening. The one or two recipes which occur in the course of the narrative he gave me in his own writing the next day. I shall here try, however, to follow his facts rather than his phraseology; and the general correctness of the former can be relied upon. Any attempt to reproduce his exact language, without the aid of a verbatim report, would result, I fear, in disastrous failure. His grammar especially was that of the American *nouveau riche*, which is remarkable in this, that it gets well over all the real difficulties of our syntax, but sticks perversely at all the simplest points.

What seemed to me the most extraordinary thing about his whole narration was that he never in any way betrayed the slightest consciousness of the want of principle which marked, as you shall see, so many of his exploits. In fact, his most questionable operations were the ones in which he evidently delighted most. I fear that he does not present the loveliest sort of character, and that, in a moral point of view, he has little claim to attention, except as the representative of a class in all kinds of colossal fortune-making which is still growing and which is already appalling in numbers. But the reader can form his or her own judgment. Herewith is submitted as faithful an account as I have been able to give of the confessions of the great patent-medicine man:—

I commenced to serve the public with liquid at an early age. I was a mere lad when I opened a lemonade-stand in my native place. Some one was building a large factory in the town, and I began business in the immediate neighborhood. My principal customers were the workmen employed upon the building. I sold two glasses of lemonade for five cents; and before that factory was done I had made twenty-two dollars, all in silver, not counting what was trusted out and which I never got. I had n't my present knowledge of chemistry in those days. I did not know the virtues of old lemon-peels, tartaric acid, and brown sugar, in the concoction of lemonade; but no matter. I made money out of the legitimate article, though it was rather weak.

It was about this time, I think, that I commenced to wonder if I should, when I grew to be a man, have to work so hard as I saw most of the people in my thrifty neighborhood working, and I resolved that I would not. To sell lemonade to the builders of that factory, for instance, was far easier than to carry a hod toilsomely up the building, I thought, and about as profitable. So I determined that some one else must carry the hod through life, and leave me to merchandise in the shade.

My next venture was in sewing-silk. The foreign article was then selling for five cents a skein. I purchased the American stamp for sixty cents the hundred skeins, and peddled it at immense profit, two skeins for five cents. The only connection which I can discover between this and my next business is such an imaginary one as would be suggested by two wooden spools. These I had turned together, with artful little creases between for the insertion of a bogus cement which I took to selling. Of course I challenged people to pull the two spools apart, and, when they failed in the attempt, I generally sold them some of my ware. My cement was represented to be infallible in the mending of leather, wood, and crock-

ery. I had a pair of traces from an old harness which I allowed the incredulous teamster to try with his horse. The places where they had ostensibly been stuck together had been merely peeled up and filled around with cement, leaving the leather all sound beneath. That test was, in the main, satisfactory to the unsophisticated farmer and others, and my sales were large. My attempts, however, with crockery were for a long time hazardous, and often humiliating. Finally I hit upon the discovery that my cement would not hold in that brittle ware till it had had three days to dry; and before the three days expired I took good care to be well out of reach.

This venture was generally profitable, but some uncontrollable influence, as you will see, kept me always drifting toward the great pursuit of my life, the patent-medicine business. By some lucky inspiration I now made my first invention in that line. I discovered a new style of cough-lozenges and corn-salve. One invention sprang directly out of the other. It was in a consumptive country, which of course suggested the cough-lozenges; but everybody could not be supposed to have a cough, so it occurred to me that, in that country at least, those who did not have the consumption had corns: hence the complemental inspiration of the salve. It was a boyish guess, but proved tolerably correct. I had the general public, as you see, by the throat and feet. I have since learned, of course, that if you get their heads alone interested in a professional venture of any kind, their stomachs will take almost anything prescribed. I think, however, any unprejudiced person will see a natural talent for my peculiar line of business in the comprehensiveness which, in this early scheme, took in human nature, as I may say, by means of its two extremities. Indeed, a scientific gentleman now in my employ assures me that I had even then hit upon what he announces as the most general principle in the

application of patent *materia medica*, namely, produce for sale only such medicaments as shall be deemed the necessary products of the extremes of the general public, and they will always be equal to the products of their means.

My corn-salve was made of potash and gum-arabic. It would do its work in five minutes, but of course it made the foot outrageously sore afterward. This was a matter of very little inconvenience to me, because my business required me to be moving continually from place to place. I always managed to get out of town on the flood tide of my reputation as an effective chiropodist. It will be easily believed that I did not acquire my skill and self-reliance as an operator all at once. My corn-salve grew in my confidence from the feet it fed on. You think that is a queer expression? You cannot, then, be aware of the corrosive nature of potash. Well, sir, experience and special knowledge are everything in one's business. I will confess that I was nervous before my first patient. The salve had never been tried, and a friend told me I had better not try it. But my subject was a good one, and rather an anomaly, too, in life. I think you hardly ever heard before of a poor shoemaker with corns. That describes my first patient. I mustered up courage, at last, and flourished an old razor at him with quite a professional air for a youth of sixteen. The job was not as neat a one as I learned to do afterward, but still it gave temporary satisfaction; and I sold that shoemaker two boxes of the salve.

And thus I went about over a wide extent of territory, leaving I know not what number of sore feet behind me. I have no better idea how much more pedal distress I might have worked on a credulous community, had it not been for an accident which, at the end of a couple of years, overtook me in my career. I had left a great quantity of my salve and lozenges stowed away in a town which I was then making my head-quarters. They were carefully

packed, I remember, in neat paper boxes. On my return, after an unusually long trip, I found that the infernal potash had eaten up the paper boxes, and, making its devouring way to my cough-lozenges, had involved my whole stock in one agglomerate mass of ruin.

Out of my temporary despair, however, sprang a lucky inspiration. You have doubtless heard much of the happy elasticity of youth. There is, I grant, something available in that, but I found something a great deal better for my business in the rapid growth and physical changes of that period of my life. The fact is, I had grown and altered so in appearance since I had first started out with my corn-salve, that at the time of this appalling accident no one of my first patients would have recognized me from a mere surgical acquaintance of two years before. I may say here, in fact, that these repeated changes in my physical appearance, aided by the cropping of my hair, or the abandoning of it to excessive length, and at last by the coming of my beard, were, all through my early experiences, of untold advantage to me. Thus, in the course of time, I became personally acquainted with all the people who could be duped in a given region of country, and with every new project or nostrum I returned unrecognized to them over and over again. Now out of the potashes of the agglomerate ruin of my entire stock in trade sprang, Phoenix-like, a lucky inspiration, as I have before said, without the present indifferent joke, which is altogether accidental. While contemplating my irretrievable loss I conceived the idea of a patent pain-killer, which I would go about selling to cure the sores left by my corn-salve.

As a general thing, money, or, I should say, the want of it, gets the immortal work out of first-class brains. I read the substance of that remark in a newspaper; or was it a magazine? It doesn't matter; I believe it, and I verified it in the production of that pain-killer; that's enough. Well, sir, the project worked to a charm. I com-

menced operations, of course, in almost the exact traces of my former chiropodal exploits. It was not long, therefore, till I came upon my first patient, the shoemaker. I began cautiously to extol the stomachic virtues of my medicine, and gradually led up to its external application. It was good, I assured him, for bruises, sprains, — still keeping my eye stealthily on his, from under my hat, to catch any faint gleam of recognition, — bruises, sprains, wounds, sores —

"On the feet?" asked he, interrupting me in my catalogue of positive cures.

"Certainly; better for the feet than for anything else."

"Well, I have sore feet, and that's the fact," said the shoemaker. "You see there was a rogue of a fellow around here a couple of years ago curing corns, and he made my feet so — If I ever catch the villain I'll use a strap on him; that's what I'll do."

I now felt sure, I need scarcely add, that my former patient did not recognize me, and so I sold him two bottles of pain-killer to cure the sores I had made two years before.

It was not, perhaps, a remarkable fact that my pain-killer went faster than my pain-maker, the corn-salve. I did a thriving business in this, — so thriving, indeed, that I gradually caught up, as I may say, with the intervening time between the sale of the latter and former articles. That is, my earlier traces became so recent that my disguise grew perilous. But there was such a demand for the pain-killer that I went on, notwithstanding the danger. One day, however, I encountered a sturdy young fellow upon whose feet I had operated not very long before. In his eagerness for relief he was in the act of purchasing it at my hands, when, suddenly recognizing me, he changed his mind and gave me a sound thrashing instead.

That put an end to the pain-killer business. I returned considerably bruised to my head-quarters, and set all my energies to work on the invention

of something less perilous to others as well as myself. I may say here that I always kept the little town which I have called my head-quarters open to me as an asylum, by leaving it and its immediate neighborhood free from all my medical and surgical experiments. The result of my arduous creative thought culminated this time in a paste to make old razor-strops new. It professed to do its rejuvenating work by a simple application; yet it did not sell very well. From the very nature of things I did not have the credulous woman half of the world to work upon: they had little or no interest in superannuated razor-strops. It was this consideration more than any other, I think, which inspired me with the brilliant afterthought of changing the name of my paste into that of a healing salve. Thus the same article became at once endowed with universal curative virtues, and became also the professed desideratum of all human nature. I suppose it would not be modest in me to say that my salve was too good for its original purpose. It is at least true that, if it failed upon razor-strops, it succeeded admirably upon mankind. You will hardly believe me when I tell you, but still it is also true, that, by means of an incipient beard and my hair grown long, and of a broad-brimmed slouch hat, as a disguise, I sold a box of my celebrated healing salve to that same innocent shoemaker who has already twice figured as my customer. Owing to my pain-killer, or the recuperative nature of his healthy frame, his feet were about well; and I am glad to add that there was nothing in my healing salve that would materially prevent his ultimate recovery.

At this time my life was rather wild and thoughtless. I looked upon money only as a means of enjoyment. I did not save it for itself, as I learned to do afterward. Still, I had quite a sum by me, and I resolved to take a trip of pleasure and exploration to the South. I sold out my healing salve and started. I know not what ill-advised courses I adopted; but youth is youth, you

know, and at last I found myself without money in the middle of one of the remotest Southern States. I cannot tell what but the exigency of my circumstances prompted me to the thought, but I straightway announced myself as a plain, fancy, and ornamental painter. I had, of course, served no apprenticeship. Still, my Yankee cheek and versatility helped me out, and I did tolerably well till I was taken sick of one of their Southern fevers. I lay helpless for six weeks. It was a long struggle between life and death; but I lived through it, and on my first return to consciousness I was made aware that all my money was exhausted.

As I lay there on my bed in tedious convalescence, I thought and thought again how I could earn the means to get immediately out of that deadly climate. My weak stomach revolted at the idea of resuming my toilsome attempts as a painter; and, if I had not long ago forsworn hard manual labor, my feeble condition then would have been enough to make that impossible. What *could* I do? How many times I asked myself that question, in utter hopelessness, I am glad that I cannot now remember. Of course my thought wandered back again and again to what was to be the absorbing pursuit of my life. Numberless panaceas, crude and shapeless, floated about in my mind just above my grasp, breaking themselves to pieces, as I may say, one against the other, and never leaving anything tangible behind in the wreck. I think a grand universal fever-cure was, at this time, the principal burden of my thought, suggested, as you will understand, by the malady from which I was slowly recovering. I am not sure that I would not have discovered something in that line which would have been beneficial to the world, or, at least, to my depleted pocket, if the idea of vinegar had not in some way been suggested to me. Vinegar was very dear in that country just then, — fifty cents a gallon, — and a good article could hardly be obtained at that price. I determined forthwith to get up some

plausible receipt for making vinegar at a cheaper rate. As my plan took form gradually in my mind it seemed to communicate new courage, and my body positively recovered a portion of its old strength under the exhilarating pecuniary prospects held out by my vinegar receipt. It even occurred to me, as an afterthought, to change the name of my invention to that of a fever catholicon, in view of its reviving effects upon myself; but then I was so anxious to get out of that malarious climate that I applied my discovery only to the object for which it was first made.

As it was an invention to depend for its success wholly upon its plausibility, I did not need to make any experiments. As soon, therefore, as I was able to leave my bed, my receipt was ready. It was as follows: Take five gallons of soft water, one gallon of whiskey, two pounds of alum, one pound of cream of tartar, and one gallon of yeast. Let them work three days. A prime article of vinegar, it was claimed, would be the fair result, at the cost of from three to five cents a gallon. I borrowed or begged a bottle of good cider-vinegar for a sample, and commenced operations. Having no money to get my receipts printed, I stated that they were copyrighted — whatever that meant — in Charleston, S. C., and that I was expecting a new supply in a few days. I would, however, as a favor, write out a limited number of them for any impatient customer who was willing to pay the regular price, which was one dollar. I called my invention United States Premium Vinegar; and by means of challenging people to discover the difference between my sample and the best article made from the old, exploded, conventional cider, I sold eight receipts the first half-day. Going on to the next town, I had five hundred receipts printed, purchased an additional bottle of cider-vinegar, and started on my travels North.

I never waited long enough in a place to learn the results of my amateur chemistry; but one day I hap-

pened to be overtaken at some village by one of my recent customers, residing at a town a little way back in my route gone over. He beckoned to me across the street. I professed not to see him. He beckoned again, and I had a sudden call around the first corner. Following, he overtook me and observed: "Hello! my friend, that vinegar does n't seem to work." "My friend," I answered, "your yeast was probably not good." He had never thought of it in that light, and would take my advice to get some yeast that he was sure to be fresh, and go home and try it again. Escaping him, I left that town by the first conveyance.

I have said that I purchased an additional bottle of cider-vinegar, and it is strange what advantage this was to me. I would often come across some village wiseacre, loafing about a blacksmith or shoe shop, who, tasting the first sample, would elevate his eyebrows, purse out his lips, and say that did n't taste like cider-vinegar. He knew something about that article himself. Then it was my custom to produce the other bottle; and this village wiseacre, whether man or woman, would almost invariably pronounce that "something like it," "the original article," etc.; being in reality the same as the vinegar first presented. Some days I cleared by the sale of my valuable recipe as high as ten dollars above expenses. I would often give the printed secret of my vinegar in payment for a night's lodging and breakfast. Sometimes I paid for my dinner at a farm-house in the same way, taking a half-dollar in change. When I found people doubtful about investing, I would agree to show the recipe on condition that they would take it if they thought it would make vinegar. This move, as strange as it may seem, was almost infallible. They could see at once that alum alone, or cream of tartar, or yeast, would make something sour, and which, united with whiskey, they were easily convinced would make vinegar. By the time I reached the Western States my health was estab-

lished again. But the fever had so changed my appearance that I longed to get back and try my new venture upon my old acquaintances, or rather patients. I did eventually drive a thriving business in U. S. P. Vinegar receipts in the scenes of my first professional exploits. My shoemaker, however, had moved away and was never afterward one of my constituency. Nor did I ever again meet my pugilistic friend who ruined the pain-killer business for me, because I omitted his town thereafter in my travels.

Going out West again, I took a friend in partnership with me. He was too big a coward ever to be successful as a patent-medicine man; but then he was a jovial rascal, and was good company. I know now, it was a great mistake to take him with me, for, some way, we managed to spend not only all I had made by myself, but all we made jointly. There must have been something bad about that fellow's face. One evening in a thinly settled country where we were travelling afoot, as we generally did, we knocked at the door of a farm-house, and the farmer, eyeing us a moment, told us we could not stay all night. We were unfortunate, for it was late and the nearest tavern was miles away. The farmer, persisting in his refusal, said at last that they had had horses enough stolen in his neighborhood lately, and bang went the door in our faces. We took it, of course, as an insult to ourselves and to United States Premium Vinegar, through us; but the case was closed with the door, and we had to trudge on wearily to the distant village. At another time we were belated, and we sought shelter at a respectable-looking frame-house by the roadside. It was very dark, and the person who opened the door came without a light. To our plea for a night's lodging a man's voice said that its owner thought he could hardly accommodate us. We asked him why; was his house not large enough? Yes, but he was a little short of groceries, and on the whole thought he had better not try to

entertain us. We wanted a bed, we assured him, more than his groceries, and by remarkable persistency we gained admission to the house. We found it to be the home of a well-to-do negro, who had made the excuses fearing that we would not care to lodge in his house, if we knew the color of its occupants. That, of course, was long before the time of the Fifteenth Amendment, but, in our fatigue, we had no scruples, as we afterward had no cause to complain of the quantity or quality of his groceries. Even at that period, it seems, men were 'free and equal' in the dark.

My partner somewhere stole a dog, carrying him away in a bag. When well outside of the town he threw away the bag, but could not make the dog follow. In the midst of his struggles with the animal a man suddenly appeared from some unexpected place on the road. It was a fine thing to see the terror of my companion, so long as he took the stranger for the owner of the dog; but when that innocent fellow paused and regarded philosophically the amusing scene, it was a still finer thing to see the swaggering airs which my partner straightway assumed. He accused the silent spectator of preventing the dog from following, and made him stand to one side of the road. Seeing the non-resistance of the man, he vented his spleen furthermore on him in all manner of opprobrious epithets, and ended by making him get over the fence. I don't know when I ever saw anything so neatly illustrating the peculiarities of your true coward. The recalcitrant disposition of the dog was conquered in the course of time, and he followed us faithfully. He was christened "United States Premium Vinegar," a name which he heard so often, in the course of our business, that he knew it well. His title finally crystallized into "Vin"; but he was never present at the sale of a recipe without pricking up his ears and manifesting a lively interest, at least in the name under which the transaction was brought about. He became very fond

of me in time, and had a disagreeable and expensive way of showing his fondness by going through windows after me of nights. So there was a sense of pecuniary gain mingled with our sorrow at his loss, when he was stolen from us and we saw him no more.

After a while, when there was little left of the gullible world to conquer, we changed our business into the sale of recipes for a "lightning" process of tanning which I invented. There was, as you shall see, more merit and money in this venture. But in dismissing here my United States Premium Vinegar, it is due to it to state, that, for the next few years whenever, in the course of a wild life, I found myself without money, I was in the habit of distilling it, as I may say, from the secret of this bogus compound. If I was overtaken in a strange place by Saturday night, without the means of paying my way over Sunday, I always sallied forth and sold vinegar recipes enough to put me in funds. One time, I remember, I was penniless in St. Louis, and made a hundred dollars in an afternoon by confiding my secret to wholesale and retail grocers of that city.

My tanning process would, in reality, tan the smaller furs in twenty-five minutes. It required our presence therefore in the far Western States, where furs were abundant. Our custom was to stop at a tavern for a week or so, exhibiting the merits of our recipe in the bar-rooms to all comers. We hired boys to bring us cat-skins, paying ten cents apiece for them. Thus it happened that the honest villagers would be the unconscious and astonished witnesses of the swift tanning of their own grimalkins. When we stayed long in a place, "the neighbors" would miss their cats and the animals would become scarce: To prevent an undue supply and a too promiscuous slaughter, we learned at last to insist upon paying for only such cats as should be all white or all black. This equalized matters.

There was an old tan, from which I

partly plagiarized mine, whose principal ingredient was oil of vitriol. When asked — as I sometimes was — whether my tan had that in it, “No,” I always told my inquisitor; “O no, nothing but sulphuric acid”; which, as you know, is the same thing. To carry on this sort of business, in fact, it always requires a good degree of presence of mind. One day, I remember, I was tanning a black cat-skin before a great crowd in a bar-room, and holding it up to dry before a red-hot stove, I inadvertently burned and ruined it. By a dexterous movement, however, I substituted for it another of the same color, which I had tanned admirably the day before; and I sold a half-dozen recipes on the spot. The usual price was five dollars for a recipe. I will give it to you as nearly as I can recollect it herewith for nothing: Take wheat bran and pour hot water on it; then strain; also dissolve salt in water at blood heat until no more will dissolve; mix equal parts of the bran and salt water, and to each two quarts of the mixture add one ounce of sulphuric acid; put the pelts in and stir for twenty-five minutes; then rinse and dry.

We made more money than even my reckless partner could spend; but still we were not contented. We got out some sort of a great legal document nearly three feet long, with immense seals appended, and went to “selling territory,” that is, we disposed of our right to use or peddle the recipe in certain towns, townships, and counties, giving one of these vast documents to the purchaser. Now we prospered grandly. We took horses, sheep, and all sorts of live stock in pay for “territory.” We drove our business everywhere. On one occasion a fellow out hunting crossed the road we were travelling, and we gave him one of our great documents for an old musket which he carried, and which from its exceeding length and weight we were forced to throw away before we reached the next town. On another occasion we met a man driving a heifer,

and sold him a township for her. We always disposed of our live stock at auction.

We finally hit upon a still more lucrative move; we disposed of our territory by lottery. We put up in sealed envelopes the recipe of the lightning tan and documents entitling the winner to the right of a town or township in the particular county where the drawing took place. We rated a county generally at a hundred dollars, and charged five dollars for an envelope, which was, as I have said, the regular price for the recipe alone. Each purchaser was assured of an individual right to use the recipe, and had a chance of winning the right of selling it to a whole town or township. Our profits were so large now that I convinced my partner of the benefit which would accrue to both of us by operating separately. For the consideration of eight hundred dollars cash down and safely in my pocket, the arrangement was completed. A line, very much like the one drawn up by the good Pope for the kings of Spain and Portugal, I once read about, in Irving's Works, was agreed upon by us. This line divided between us all the New World not yet discovered and disposed of by us jointly. We parted and never met again. He was scarcely out of sight, when I took my eight hundred dollars with my other gains and started directly for the East.

I was young and very reckless yet. My money did not last me long. When it was almost gone, I paid my fare West as far as it would take me. It was not a great while, therefore, till I found myself in a far inland town, without a cent. I resolved this time to go into something that would make money so fast and in such quantities that I could not get poor again. Our late success in our lottery ventures inspired me with the plan of a grand gift concert. The authorities of the town told me that they did not see any objection; and though I was not able to pay my board at the time, I entered into negotiations with my concert company, engaging them to

come own from the nearest large city for the appointed evening. I secured my tickets on credit, and paid with them the rest of my printing bills. I managed to get the editors, lawyers, doctors, and principal citizens interested in my long list of building-lots, horses, carriages, watches, etc., etc., by securing their prizes to them in advance. This style of lottery was a new thing in the country then, and everything worked admirably till I roped in a deacon of one of the local churches. I gave him, two or three weeks before the concert and drawing were to come off, a splendid watch which cost me fifty-two dollars at wholesale, buying it with the money accruing from the rapid sale of tickets. The deacon himself, thus encouraged, purchased twenty-five tickets at one dollar each; but he was in reality the source of all my subsequent misfortune in this promising scheme. His share in the enterprise, some way, got to the ears of his church, and he was expelled. This seemed to change the minds of the town authorities about the legality of my measures, and they refused to give me my license. That exploded the whole scheme. As fast as my money had come in for tickets I had expended it in prizes for the principal citizens. The thing was well planned. I have not time to enter into details, but if they had let me alone I would certainly have cleared ten thousand dollars. As it was, I came out of the enterprise, not only without a cent, but in debt; and I had to leave the town in the night.

I made my way to a smaller town farther West, and turned my hand to making baskets, resolved, however, that I would soon go back to the patent-medicine business, but not till I could do something worthy in that line. I had, of course, no previous experience in basket-making, any more than I had had in drugs and simples before I went into constructive chemistry. It takes, I suppose the same kind of Yankee confidence and handiness to make a basket or a patent catholicon. At any rate, I was tolerably successful at my

new business. When I had had finished enough of my wares, I went around selling them. It was in a neighboring village, where I was peddling my baskets, that I encountered what I have learned to call my destiny. My knock at the door of a trim little cottage was answered by a plump, gray-eyed young lady of about nineteen. She looked to me the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life. She had on a neat-fitting calico dress, and then such lovely slippers! Well, sir, when she would n't buy a basket, I asked her for a drink of water. That was an excuse to have her ask me to sit down. It succeeded, and when she returned with the water in a bright tin cup, I thought of Rebecca at the well, and all the good things that I ever heard of in my childhood. You see, of course, I was in love with that girl. In some way I became inspired with a sudden interest in the adjoining country, and I asked her innumerable questions about the distances of the neighboring towns, just to keep her talking; for it seemed so pleasant to hear her. Finally getting back to the subject of my wares, I observed that if she did n't want a basket, probably she might want a willow cradle, if I would make her one. She turned red, and looking right down at the toe of her lovely slipper, she said that she reckoned she did n't need any of those things. I told her that she might, and she replied that she was sure she did n't know,—which latter remark I took for encouraging. So when I saw that I could not properly stay any longer, I assured her that I would be around in a week or ten days, and then, probably, she would have made up her mind about the cradle. Well, to make a long story short, I went to her house so regularly, with and without baskets, that she agreed, at last, to marry me.

The 11th of March was set for the wedding-day. I resolved in the mean time to make a large stock of baskets, hire a one-horse wagon, and peddle them out so as to have ample funds for the great occasion. As soon

as I could get my baskets done, I started. I wandered away sixty or a hundred miles, I suppose, through all sorts of late winter and early spring storms, before my wagon was empty of its stock. At last my baskets were all sold and I was on my return journey. The rivers and watercourses were swollen with the usual floods of that season of the year; but it lacked only four days of the 11th of March, and I hurried on faster, I suppose, than was prudent. I attempted to ford a river after dark, I know, and drowned the horse and lost the wagon, barely escaping with my life from the swift current. I had to pay for the horse and wagon, and that left me just money enough to buy a marriage license, and no more. I went and stated the case to my intended. She was a brave girl, and made only this memorable remark: "I reckon our wedding-day was set for to-morrow; the old folks is willing; and I don't see why it should n't come off."

And come off it did. While working over my baskets, my mind had been constantly struggling over a great idea; no other, sir, than the composition of what has since become my celebrated "Tecumseh Oil." I borrowed two dollars of my wife, and made the first half-dozen bottles of that famous medicine. You have seen it advertised all over the world; so that two dollars, I need not tell you, was the foundation of my fortune. I sold the six bottles and made eighteen more. Selling those, I increased my stock further, and started out through the country to introduce my invention. For a long time it was my custom to travel afoot, my medicine on my back and my paint-jug in my hand, blazing the fences on my way with "Tecumseh Oil." Gradually I got to leaving it at the drug-stores, working up a demand for it rather than peddling it wherever I went. My wife stayed at home, manufacturing the medicine. Our business grew so that she had to have a man to help her, then two men, and then I had to build a little house, separate from my own, over

which I painted "Laboratory" in mammoth letters. I commenced now that great system of advertising which has since been imitated by so many interlopers in the business. All the money that could be possibly spared from the manufacture of the oil was invested in heralding its merits about over the land. Ornate woodcuts of Indians scalped and healed by my medicine were scattered everywhere. The death scene of Tecumseh himself became our trade-mark. His last agonies were so vividly portrayed in colored ink, that the sympathetic beholder was at once inspired with regret that the great chief's namesake, my celebrated oil, had not been discovered in time to relieve his terrible sufferings.

My humble laboratory at last made way for a great manufactory, and my wife retired to the exclusive management of her household. I spent thousands and thousands upon advertisement, and yet my money came back to me tenfold. You will probably think I was satisfied with this prosperity, but I was n't. I had introduced all sorts of other medicines, but never could succeed in getting up a "bitters" that could compete with a certain Eastern article of the kind. I finally determined, if I could not make a better one, or even as good a one, I would at least make the same "bitters." I went quietly incognito to the great factory of my rivals, and enticed away one of the principal men in their laboratory. I say "their," because it was a joint-stock concern. I took home the new man whom I had bribed, and set him to work; but the "bitters" did not sell as I expected they would, on their own merit. So I came out with the trade-mark of my rivals, adding an "o" and doubling an "l" in the name of the medicine. This, of course, brought a great lawsuit, which, however, at great expense to lawyers and witnesses, I won, ostensibly on the strength of my additional letters. But my rivals now brought a more formidable suit against me for infringement of their patent. I might have added some new ingredient

to the mixture, I suppose, and have beaten them in that way; or I might have adduced in defence, what was actually the fact, that, in the failure of the necessary supply of cherry-bark, — the base of the "bitters," — I had substituted prussic acid; but that being well known as a poison, I did not care in either case to take the trouble. I had beaten my rivals once by means of the best counsel, and I had no doubt I could do it again. When, however, I came to consult the most eminent lawyer I could find, he shook his head, and told me that I was a ruined man; he, at least, would not go into court with such a suit. He spoke of injunctions which the opposition could bring, and in fact talked to me in the most hopeless, discouraging way. I told him of other injunctions which we might get out, since I might claim the invention of the "bitters" myself, for the sake of law; and I ended by asking him how long he thought, by appeals and counter-injunctions, he could probably stave off the suit. He was of opinion that it might be delayed for two years. I told him to spare no pains or money,

and trust the rest to me. He left me with the assurance that he would obey orders, but that the case would certainly be my ruin.

I went back to my manufactory, trebled my force, and put them all to work in the concoction of the "bitters." The medicine sold hundreds of thousands of bottles. The original makers of the "bitters" were, as I have said, a joint-stock company. Well, in that two years I made money enough out of the infringement of their patent to buy up, in an underhanded way, the greater part of the stock of the whole rival concern; and, when it came time to bring on the suit, I had the majority of the votes to cast as I would, and, of course, the suit was abandoned. Both of the great establishments are now wholly in my hands, and I think you have heard for yourself how prosperous they are.

My wife manages her house on Fifth Avenue as well as she did her cottage, when it was half laboratory; and, by the way, I must go up and see how she and the "hop" are getting on.

Ralph Keeler.

THE PRAYER-SEEKER.

ALONG the aisle where prayer was made
A woman, all in black arrayed,
Close-veiled, between the kneeling host,
With gliding motion of a ghost,
Passed to the desk and laid thereon
A scroll which bore these words alone, —
Pray for me!

Back from the place of worshipping
She glided like a guilty thing:
The rustle of her draperies, stirred
By hurrying feet, alone was heard;
While, full of awe, the preacher read,
As out into the dark she sped:
"Pray for me!"

Back to the night from whence she came,
To unimagined grief or shame!

Across the threshold of that door
None knew the burden that she bore;
Alone she left the written scroll,
The legend of a troubled soul, —

Pray for me!

Glide on, poor ghost of woe or sin!
Thou leav'st a common need within;
Each bears, like thee, some nameless weight,
Some misery inarticulate,
Some secret sin, some shrouded dread,
Some household sorrow all unsaid.

Pray for us!

Pass on! The type of all thou art,
Sad witness to the common heart!
With face in veil and seal on lip,
In mute and strange companionship,
Like thee we wander to and fro,
Dumbly imploring as we go:

Pray for us!

Ah, who shall pray, since he who pleads
Our want perchance hath greater needs?
Yet they who make their loss the gain
Of others shall not ask in vain,
And Heaven bends low to hear the prayer
Of love from lips of self-despair:

Pray for us!

In vain remorse and fear and hate
Beat with bruised hands against a fate,
Whose walls of iron only move,
And open to the touch of love.
He only feels his burdens fall
Who, taught by suffering, pities all.

Pray for us!

He prayeth best who leaves unguessed
The mystery of another's breast.
Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o'erflow,
Or heads are white, thou need'st not know.
Enough to note by many a sign
That every heart hath needs like thine.

Pray for us!

John G. Whittier.

OLDTOWN FIRESIDE STORIES.

THE GHOST IN THE CAP'N BROWN HOUSE.

"**N**OW, Sam, tell us certain true, is there any such things as ghosts?"

"Be there ghosts?" said Sam, immediately translating into his vernacular grammar; "wal, now, that are 's jist the question, ye see."

"Well, grandma thinks there are, and Aunt Lois thinks it 's all nonsense. Why, Aunt Lois don't even believe the stories in Cotton Mather's *Magnolia*."

"Wanter know?" said Sam, with a tone of slow, languid meditation.

We were sitting on a bank of the Charles River fishing. The soft melancholy red of evening was fading off in streaks on the glassy water, and the houses of Oldtown were beginning to loom through the gloom, solemn and ghostly. There are times and tones and moods of nature that make all the vulgar, daily real seem shadowy, vague, and supernatural, as if the outlines of this hard material present were fading into the invisible and unknown. So Oldtown with its elm-trees, its great square white houses, its meeting-house and tavern and blacksmith's shop and mill, which, at high noon, seem as real and as commonplace as possible, at this hour of the evening were dreamy and solemn. They rose up blurred, indistinct, dark; here and there winking candles sent long lines of light through the shadows, and little drops of unforeseen rain rippled the sheeny darkness of the water.

"Wal, you see, boys, in them things it 's jist as well to mind yer granny. There 's a consid'able sight o' gumpin in grandmas. You look at the folks that 's allus tellin' you what they don't believe, — they don't believe this and they don't believe that, — and what sort o' folks is they? Why, like yer Aunt Lois, sort o' stringy and dry. There ain't no 'sorption got out o' not believin' nothin'.

"Lord a massy, we don't know nothin' 'bout them things. We hain't ben there, and can't say that there ain't no ghosts and sich, can we now?"

We agreed to that fact, and sat a little closer to Sam in the gathering gloom.

"Tell us about the Cap'n Brown house, Sam."

"Ye did n't never go over the Cap'n Brown house?"

No, we had not that advantage.

"Wal, yer see, Cap'n Brown he made all his money to sea, in furrin parts, and then come here to Oldtown to settle down.

"Now, there ain't no knowin' 'bout these 'ere old ship-masters, where they 's ben or what they 's ben a doin', or how they got their money. Ask me no questions and I 'll tell ye no lies, is 'bout the best philosophy for them. Wal, it did n't do no good to ask Cap'n Brown questions too close, 'cause you did n't git no satisfaction. Nobody rightly knew 'bout who his folks was, or where they come from; and ef a body asked him, he used to say that the very fust he know'd 'bout himself he was a young man walkin' the streets in London.

"But, yer see, boys, he hed money, and that 's about all folks wanten know when a man comes to settle down. And he bought that are place, and built that are house. He built it all sea-cap'n fashion, so 's to feel as much at home as he could. The parlor was like a ship's cabin. The table and chairs was fastened down to the floor, and the closets was made with holes to set the castors, and the decanters, and bottles in, jist 's they be at sea; and there was stanchions to hold on by; and they say that blowy nights the Cap'n used to fire up pretty well with his grog, till he had about all he could carry, and then he 'd set and hold on, and hear the wind blow, and kind o'

feel out to sea right there to hum. There was n't no Mis' Cap'n Brown, and there did n't seem likely to be none. And whether there ever had been one, nobody know'd. He had an old black Guinea nigger woman named Quassia, that did his work. She was shaped pretty much like one o' these 'ere great crookneck-squashes. She wa'n't no gret beauty, I can tell you, and she used to wear a gret red turban and a yaller short gown and red petticoat, and a gret string o' gold beads round her neck, and a gret big gold hoops in her ears, made right in the middle of Africa among the heathen there. For all she was black, she thought a heap o' herself, and was consid'able sort of predominative over the Cap'n. Lordy massy, boys, it 's allus so. Get a man and a woman together, — any sort o' woman you 're a mind to, don't care who 't is, — and one way or another she gets the rule over him, and he jist has to train to her fife. Some does it one way and some does it another; some does it by jawin', and some does it by kissin', and some does it by faculty and contrivance; but one way or another they allers does it. Old Cap'n Brown was a good stout stocky kind o' John Bull sort o' fellow, and a good judge o' sperits, and allers kep' the best in them are cubboards o' hisn; but, fust and last, things in his house went pretty much as old Quassia said.

"Folks got to kind o' respectin' Quassia. She come to meetin' Sunday regular, and sot all fixed up in red and yaller and green, with glass beads and what not, lookin' for all the world like one o' them ugly Indian idols; but she was wal-behaved as any Christian. She was a master hand at cooking. Her bread and biscuits could n't be beat, and no could n't her pies, and there wa'n't no such pound-cake as she made nowhere. Wal, this 'ere story I 'm a goin' to tell you was told me by Cinthy Pendleton. There ain't a more respectable gal, old or young, than Cinthy nowheres. She lives over to Sherburn now, and I hear tell she 's sot up a manty-makin' bisness, but then she

used to do tailorin' in Oldtown. She was a member o' the church, and a good Christian as ever was. Wal, ye see, Quassia she got Cinthy to come up and spend a week to the Cap'n Brown house, a doin' tailorin' and a fixin' over his close; 't was along toward the fust o' March. Cinthy she sot by the fire in the front parlor with her goose and her press-board and her work, for there wa'n't no company callin', and the snow was drifted four feet deep right across the front door; so there wa'n't much danger o' anybody comin' in, and the Cap'n he was a perlite man to wimmen, and Cinthy she liked it jist as well not to have company, 'cause the Cap'n he 'd make himself entertainin' tellin' on her sea stories and all about his adventures among the Ammonites, and Perresites, and Jebusites, and all sorts o' heathen people he 'd been among.

"Wal, that are week there come on the master snow-storm. Of all the snow-storms that hed ben that are was the beater, and I tell you the wind blew as if 't was the last chance it was ever goin' to have. Wal, it 's kind o' scary like to be shut up in a lone house with all natur' a kind o' breakin' out, and goin' on so, and the snow a comin' down so thick ye can't see 'cross the street, and the wind a pipin' and a squallin' and a rumblin' and a tumblin' fust down this chimney and then down that. I tell you, it sort o' sets a feller thinkin' o' the three great things, — death, judgment, and eternaty; and I don't care who the folks is, nor how good they be, there 's times when they must be feelin' putty consid'able solemn:

"Wal, Cinthy she said she kind o' felt so along, and she had a sort o' queer feelin' come over her as if there was somebody or somethin' round the house more 'n appeared. She said she sort o' felt it in the air, but it seemed to her silly, and she tried to get over it. But two or three times, she said, when it got to be dusk, she felt somebody go by her up the stairs. The front entry wa'n't very light in the daytime, and

in the storm, come five o'clock, it was so dark that all you could see was jist a gleam o' something, and two or three times when she started to go up stairs she see a soft white suthin' that seemed goin' up before her, and she stopped with her heart a beatin' like a trip-hammer, and she sort o' saw it go up and along the entry to the Cap'n's door, and then it seemed to go right through, 'cause the door did n't open.

"Wal, Cinthy says she to old Quassia, says she, 'Is there anybody lives in this house but us?'

"'Anybody lives here?' says Quassia; 'what you mean?' says she.

"Says Cinthy, 'I thought somebody went past me on the stairs last night and to-night.'

"Lordy massy, how old Quassia did screech and laugh. 'Good Lord!' says she, 'how foolish white folks is! Somebody went past you? Was 't the Cap'tin?'

"'No, it wa'n't the Cap'n,' says she; 'it was something soft and white, and moved very still; it was like some-thin' in the air,' says she.

"Then Quassia she hawhawed loud-er. Says she, 'It's hy-sterikes, Miss Cinthy; that 's all it is.'

"Wal, Cinthy she was kind o' shamed, but for all that she could n't help herself. Sometimes evenings she'd be a settin' with the Cap'n, and she'd think she'd hear somebody a movin' in his room overhead; and she knowed it wa'n't Quassia, 'cause Quassia was ironin' in the kitchen. She took pains once or twice to find out that are.

"Wal, ye see the Cap'n's room was the gret front upper chamber over the parlor, and then right opposite to it was the gret spare chamber where Cinthy slept. It was jist as grand as could be, with a gret four-post mahogany bedstead and damask curtains brought over from England; but it was cold enough to freeze a white bear solid,—the way spare chambers allers is. Then there was the entry between run straight through the house; one side was old Quassia's room, and the other was a sort o' store-room,

where the old Cap'n kep' all sorts o' traps.

"Wal, Cinthy she kep' a hevin' things happen and a seein' things, till she did n't railly know what was in it. Once when she come into the parlor jist at sundown she was sure she see a white figure a vanishing out o' the door that went towards the side entry. She said it was so dusk that all she could see was jist this white figure, and it jist went out still as a cat as she come in.

"Wal, Cinthy did n't like to speak to the Cap'n about it. She was a close woman, putty prudent, Cinthy was.

"But one night 'bout the middle o' the week this 'ere thing kind o' come to a crisis.

"Cinthy said she'd ben up putty late a sewin' and a finishin' off down in the parlor, and the Cap'n he sot up with her and was consid'able cheerful and entertainin', tellin' her all about things over in the Bermudys, and off to Chinny and Japan, and round the world generally. The storm that had ben a blowin' all the week was about as furious as ever, and the Cap'n he stirred up a mess o' flip and hed it for her hot to go to bed on. He was a good-natured crittur, and allers had feelin's for lone women, and I s'pose he knew 'twas sort o' desolate for Cinthy.

"Wal, takin' the flip so right the last thing afore goin' to bed, she went right off to sleep as sound as a nut, and slep' on till somewhere about mornin', when she said somethin' waked her broad awake in a minute. Her eyes flew wide open like a spring, and the storm had gone down and the moon come out, and there, standin' right in the moonlight by her bed, was a woman jist as white as a sheet, with black hair hangin' down to her waist, and the brightest, mournfullest black eyes you ever see. She stood there lookin' right at Cinthy, and Cinthy thinks that was what waked her up; 'cause, you know, ef anybody stands and looks steady at folks asleep it's apt to wake 'em.

"Any way, Cinthy said she felt jist as ef she was turnin' to stone. She

could n't move nor speak. She lay a minute, and then she shut her eyes and begun to say her prayers; and a minute after she opened 'em and it was gone.

"Cinthy was a sensible gal, and one that allers hed her thoughts about her, and she jist got up and put a shawl round her shoulders and went first and looked at the doors, and they was both on 'em locked jist as she left 'em when she went to bed. Then she looked under the bed and in the closet, and felt all round the room; where she could n't see she felt her way, and there wa'n't nothin' there.

"Wal, next mornin' Cinthy got up and went home, and she kep' it to herself a good while. Finally, one day when she was workin' to our house she told Hepsy about it, and Hepsy she told me."

"Well, Sam," we said, after a pause, in which we heard only the rustle of leaves and the ticking of branches against each other, "what do you suppose it was?"

"Wal, there 't is; you know jist as much about it as I do. Hepsy told Cinthy it might 'a' ben a dream; so it might, but Cinthy she was sure it wa'n't a dream, 'cause she remembers plain hearin' the old clock on the stairs strike four while she had her eyes open lookin' at the woman; and then she only shet 'em a minute, jist to say 'Now I lay me,' and opened 'em and she was gone.

"Wal, Cinthy told Hepsy, and Hepsy she kep' it putty close. She did n't tell it to nobody except Aunt Sally Dickerson and the Widder Bijie Smith and your grandma Badger and the minister's wife, and they every one o' 'em 'greed it ought to be kep' close, 'cause it would make talk. Wal, come spring somehow or other it seemed to 'a' got all over Oldtown. I heard on 't to the store and up to the tavern, and Jake Marshall he says to me one day, 'What's this 'ere about the Cap'n's house?' And the Widder Loker she says to me, 'There's ben a ghost seen in the Cap'n's house'; and I heard

on 't clear over to Needham and Sherburn.

"Some o' the women they drew themselves up putty stiff and proper. Your Aunt Lois was one on 'em.

"'Ghost,' says she; 'don't tell me! Perhaps it would be best ef 't was a ghost,' says she. She did n't think there ought to be no sich doin's in nobody's house; and your grandma she shet her up, and told her she did n't oughter talk so."

"Talk how!" said I, interrupting Sam, with wonder. "What did Aunt Lois mean?"

"Why, you see," said Sam, mysteriously, "there allers is folks in every town that 's jist like the Sadducees in old times; they won't believe in angel nor sperit, no way you can fix it; and ef things is seen and done in a house, why, they say it's 'cause there 's somebody there; there's some sort o' deviltry or trick about it.

"So the story got round that there was a woman kep' private in Cap'n Brown's house, and that he brought her from furrin parts; and it growed and growed, till there was all sorts o' ways o' tellin' on 't.

"Some said they'd seen her a settin' at an open winder. Some said that moonlight nights they'd seen her a walkin' out in the back garden kind o' in and out 'mong the bean-poles and squash-vines.

"You see it 'come on spring and summer, and the winders o' the Cap'n Brown house stood open, and folks was all a watchin' on 'em day and night. Aunt Sally Dickerson told the minister's wife that she 'd seen in plain daylight a woman a settin' at the chamber winder atween four and five o'clock in the mornin', — jist a settin' a lookin' out and a doin' nothin', like anybody else. She was very white and pale, and had black eyes.

"Some said that it was a nun the Cap'n had brought away from a Roman Catholic convent in Spain, and some said he'd got her out o' the Inquisition.

"Aunt Sally said she thought the

minister ought to call and inquire why she did n't come to meetin', and who she was, and all about her; 'cause, you see, she said it might be all right enough ef folks only know'd jist how things was, but ef they did n't, why, folks will talk."

"Well, did the minister do it?"

"What, Parson Lothrop? Wal, no, he did n't. He made a call on the Cap'n in a regular way, and asked arter his health and all his family. But the Cap'n he seemed jist as jolly and chipper as a spring robin, and he gin the minister some o' his old Jamaicy; and the minister he come away and said he did n't see nothin'; and no he did n't. Folks never does see nothin' when they ain't lookin' where 't is. Fact is, Parson Lothrop wa'n't fond o' interferin'; he was a master hand to slick things over. Your grandma she used to mourn about it, 'cause she said he never gin no p'int to the doctrines; but 't was all of a piece, he kind o' took everything the smooth way.

"But your grandma she believed in the ghost, and so did Lady Lothrop. I was up to her house t' other day fixin' a door-knob, and says she, 'Sam, your wife told me a strange story about the Cap'n Brown house.'

"'Yes ma'am, she did,' says I.

"'Well, what do you think of it?' says she.

"'Wal, sometimes I think, and then ag'in I don't know,' says I. 'There's Cinthy she's a member o' the church and a good pious gal,' says I.

"'Yes, Sam,' says Lady Lothrop, says she, 'and Sam,' says she, 'it is jist like something that happened once to my grandmother when she was livin' in the old Province House in Boston.' Says she, 'These 'ere things is the mysteries of Providence, and it's jist as well not to have 'em too much talked about.'

"'Jist so,' says I, — 'jist so. That are's what every woman I've talked with says, and I guess, fust and last, I've talked with twenty, — good, safe church-members, — and they's every one o' opinion that this 'ere ought n't to be

talked about. Why, over to the Deacon's t' other night we went it all over as much as two or three hours, and we concluded that the best way was to keep quite still about it, and that 's jist what they say over to Needham and Sherburn. I've been all round a hushin' this 'ere up, and I hain't found but a few people that had n't the particulars one way or another. This 'ere was what I says to Lady Lothrop. The fact was, I never did see no report spread so, nor make sich sort o' surchings o' heart as this 'ere. It raily did beat all, 'cause ef 't was a ghost, why there was the p'int proved, ye see. Cinthy's a church-member, and she see it, and got right up and sarched the room; but then ag'in ef 't was a woman, why that are was kind o' awful; it give cause, ye see, for thinkin' all sorts o' things. There was Cap'n Brown, to be sure, he wa'n't a church-member, but yet he was as honest and regular a man as any going, as fur as any on us could see. To be sure, nobody know'd where he come from, but that wa'n't no reason ag'in him; this 'ere might a been a crazy sister or some poor critter that he took out o' the best o' motives, and the Scriptur' says, 'Charity hopeth all things.' But then ye see folks will talk, — that are 's the pester of all these things, — and they did some on 'em talk consid'able strong about the Cap'n; but some how or other there did n't nobody come to the p'int o' facin' on him down and sayin' square out, 'Cap'n Brown, have you got a woman in your house, or hain't you, or is it a ghost, or what is it?' Folks somehow never does come to that. Ye see there was the Cap'n so respectable, a settin' up every Sunday there in his pew, with his ruffles round his hands and his red broadcloth cloak and his cocked hat. Why, folks' hearts sort o' failed 'em when it come to sayin' anything right to him. They thought and kind o' whispered round that the minister or the deacons oughter do it; but Lordy massy, ministers I s'pose has feelin's like the rest on us; they don't want to eat all the hard cheeses that nobody

else won't eat. Anyhow, there was n't nothin' said direct to the Cap'n, and jist for want o' that all the folks in Oldtown kep' a bilin' and a bilin' like a kettle o' soap, till it seemed all the time as if they'd bile over.

"Some o' the wimmen tried to get somethin' out o' Quassy. Lordy massy, you might as well 'a' tried to get it out an old Tom-turkey, that'll strut and gobble and quitter and drag his wings on the ground and fly at you, but won't say nothing. Quassy she screeched her queer sort o' laugh, and she told 'em that they was a makin' fools o' themselves, and that the Cap'n's matters wa'n't none o' their bis'ness; and that was true enough. As to goin' into Quassia's room, or into any o' the store-rooms or closets she kep' the keys of, you might as well have gone into a lion's den; she kep' all her places locked up tight, and there was no gettin' at nothin' in the Cap'n Brown house, else I believe some o' the wimmen would 'a' sent a sarch-warrant."

"Well," said I, "what came of it? Did n't anybody ever find out?"

"Wal," said Sam, "it come to an end sort o', and did n't come to an end. It was jist this 'ere way. You see along in October, jist in the cider-makin' time, Abel Flint he was took down with dysentery and died. You 'member the Flint house; it stood on a little rise o' ground jist lookin' over towards the Brown house. Wal, there was Aunt Sally Dickerson and the Widder Bije Smith, they set up with the corpse. He was laid out in the back chamber, you see, over the milk-room and kitchen; but there was cold victuals and sich in the front chamber, where the watchers sot. Wal, now Aunt Sally she told me that between three and four o'clock she heard wheels a rumblin', and she went to the winder and it was clear starlight, and she see a coach come up to the Cap'n Brown house, and she see the Cap'n come out

bringin' a woman all wrapped in a cloak, and old Quassy came after with her arms full of bundles, and he put her into the kerridge and shet her in and it driv off; and she see old Quassy stand lookin' over the fence arter it. She tried to wake up the widder, but 't was towards mornin', and the widder allers was a hard sleeper; so there wa'n't no witness but her."

"Well, then it was n't a ghost," said I, "after all, and it *was* a woman."

"Wal, there 't is, you see. Folks don't know that are yit, 'cause there it's jist as broad as 't is long. Now look at it. There's Cinthy, she's a good, pious gal; she locks her chamber doors, both on 'em, and goes to bed, and wakes up in the night and there's a woman there. She jist shets her eyes and the woman's gone. She gits up and looks and both doors is locked jist as she left 'em. That 'ere woman wa'n't flesh and blood now, no way,—not such flesh and blood as we knows on, but then they say Cinthy might have dreamed it!"

"Wal, now, look at it t'other way. There's Aunt Sally Dickerson,—she's a good woman and a church-member; wal, she sees a woman in a cloak with all her bundles brought out o' Cap'n Brown's house and put into a kerridge and driv off, atween three and four o'clock in the mornin'. Wal, that 'ere shows there must 'a' ben a real live woman kep' there privately, and so what Cinthy saw was n't a ghost."

"Wal, now, Cinthy says Aunt Sally might 'a' dreamed it,—that she got her head so full o' stories about the Cap'n Brown house, and watched it till she got asleep and hed this 'ere dream; and as there did n't nobody else see it, it might 'a' ben, you know. Aunt Sally's clear she did n't dream, and then ag'in Cinthy's clear *she* did n't dream; but which on 'em was awake or which on 'em was asleep is what ain't settled in Oldtown yet."

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

RESEMBLANCES BETWEEN THE BUDDHIST AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGIONS.

THOSE who strive to establish a monopoly of labor are accustomed to sneer at the Chinese as "Pagans." They urge that citizenship ought not to be granted to them, because their religion is different from ours. Yet those who talk in this way make no objection to receiving Irish emigrants and intrusting them with the elective franchise. But is the Buddhist religion, which prevails in China, much more foreign to our customs and our modes of thinking and believing than the Roman Catholic religion is? There are, in fact, many striking resemblances between the two, and in some particulars the parallel is so close that it is difficult to perceive any difference, except in names. I will verify this declaration by pointing out some of the most obvious points of similarity.

Buddha Sakia—which means the Holy Sakia, or Saint Sakia—is revered by his numerous followers as Christians reverence Jesus Christ. The date of his birth is veiled in obscurity, and varies much in different countries. According to Mongol records it was two thousand one hundred and thirty-four years before the Christian era; but, according to Chinese records, it was one thousand twenty-nine years. Sir William Jones and other learned Oriental scholars, who have examined the subject, think they find sufficient evidence that he came into this world about a thousand years before Christ.

The Hindoo Trinity consists of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva; often represented by an image with one body and three heads. The populace worship these as separate gods, but the more intelligent say: "There is but One First Cause, One Supreme Source of Being, who is invisible, infinite, and incomprehensible. We say Brahma creates, Vishnu preserves, and Siva

destroys; but all these expressions denote but One Supreme Being."

Buddha Sakia is believed to have been an incarnation of Vishnu. His advent upon this earth is thus described: "He who is omnipresent and everlastingly to be contemplated, the Supreme Being, the Eternal One, the Divinity worthy to be adored, appeared in this ocean of natural beings, with a portion of his divine nature." He was born into a family of a kingly line. His mother is said to have been a Virgin named Maia, who conceived him by a ray of light. His birth was foretold by a miraculous dream, and when he was born, a marvellous light shone all around. A holy hermit in far-off forests received supernatural information that Vishnu had just become incarnated in a human form. He flew through the air to the place indicated, and said, "I come to see the new-born child." As soon as he looked upon him, he pronounced him to be an incarnation of Vishnu, who had come into the world to introduce a new religion. The Buddhist Sacred Books describe him as having left the joys of Paradise and descended to this earth because he was filled with compassion for the sins and sufferings of mankind. It being a divine law that every sin must be atoned for by an ordained amount of suffering, he relinquished his princely rank, denied himself all worldly pleasures, and underwent severe penances, that he might thereby expiate the sins of mortals. So great was his tenderness, that he even descended into the hells to teach the souls in bondage there, and by his own sufferings abridge their period of punishment. By the perfect holiness of his life he was enabled to ascend to Paradise without dying. The rocks in various countries are covered with inscriptions and sculptures recording his sayings and doings. In

some places he is represented as crushing a serpent under his heel. Many titles are bestowed upon him: such as "Lion of the Race of Sakia," "Lord of the Earth," "Son of Maia," "Dispenser of Grace"; but his most common title is "The Saviour of the World." The Buddhist Sacred Writings describe him as "One with the Supreme from all eternity"; as "one substance and three images." By prayers offered in his name, his followers expect to secure for themselves the rewards of Paradise, and to become one with him, as he was one with the Supreme Being. They believe he will again appear on earth to bring mankind into a state of order and happiness.

Hindoos believed themselves to be exclusively intrusted with revelations of divine truth. They held no communication with foreigners, regarding them as spiritually unclean, because they had not been purified according to their own religious rites. The laws of their Sacred Books divided society into four castes, and the higher castes became polluted by any companionship with the lower. Buddha Sakia conformed in the main to the religious doctrines, ceremonies, and customs of his native land; but he sought to introduce several important reforms, the most offensive of which was his abrogation of the laws of caste. Many centuries before his time, it was a very common thing for Hindoo devotees to retire from the world and live in the depths of forests, where they devoted themselves to perpetual prayer and to the mortification of the senses by a variety of painful penances, as the appointed means of becoming one with the Supreme Being, — an object which was with them paramount to all others. These devotees gained such great reputation for wisdom and holiness, that they were believed to be inspired teachers and workers of miracles. The young flocked to them in great numbers to be instructed; and in this way religious communities grew up in the forests, filling the solemn silence with

their prayers and psalms. Women were not allowed to devote themselves to this saintly life; and the lower castes, as well as foreigners, were rigorously excluded from these religious instructions. Buddha Sakia rejected these narrow limitations. He declared that the road to oneness with God was open to all the world, natives and foreigners, high and low, men and women. This is recorded as one of his sayings: "All men are equal; and my doctrines are a favor and grace to all mankind." The priestly caste, called Brahmins, despised him for this, and said sneeringly, "He and his disciples teach even mean and criminal men, and most wrongfully admit them to a state of grace." As the new sect increased, its innovations not only offended the spiritual pride of the Brahmins, but also alarmed their selfishness; for if all men were allowed to become teachers of righteousness, the hereditary priesthood must, as an inevitable consequence, find its importance and its revenues diminished. Persecution waxed hotter and hotter. Great numbers of Buddhists were put to death. They were finally driven entirely out of Hindostan, where the sect has been extinct for many centuries. But persecution only fired them with increased zeal for their doctrines, which they preached in all the surrounding regions. It is said that eighty thousand Buddhists went forth from Hindostan as missionaries to other lands. Their doctrines spread peacefully and quietly, but with wonderful rapidity. Their religion now prevails in China, Japan, Thibet, Ceylon, the Birman Empire, and a large part of Tartary. Its votaries are computed at four hundred millions, — more than one third of the whole human race. The birth of Buddha Sakia is the era from which many nations count. His followers everywhere consider Hindostan as their Holy Land, and great numbers of them make pilgrimages to Benares, which they especially regard as their Holy City.

Thousands of years ago, the Hin-

doo hermits and communities of saints, who lived in the forests, were accustomed to go through their ritual of many prayers by the help of strings of beads. Buddhists have retained this ancient habit. Pilgrims are constantly met on their way to Benares repeating prayers incessantly, while they pass their fingers over long strings of beads, just as Catholic pilgrims, on their way to Jerusalem or Rome, may be seen performing their devotions by the help of rosaries.

Centuries before Buddha Sakia was born, it was one of the leading doctrines of the Hindoos that each individual sin must be expiated by an exact admeasurement of suffering, and its consequences averted or diminished by a prescribed number of prayers; and it was believed that these penances could be borne and these prayers repeated efficaciously by proxy. Hence, if a man inflicted upon himself more penances and recited more prayers than were necessary for the expiation of his own sins, the overplus might be placed to the credit of deceased relatives or friends, whose term of punishment was supposed to be abridged thereby. As prayers were deemed efficacious in proportion to the holiness of the intercessor, it became a general practice to pay priests for reciting prayers for the dead. This mode of helping souls out of purgatory brings in a large revenue to the Buddhist priesthood as well as to the Roman Catholic.

Buddhists revere a multitude of saints, who by their great holiness became one with Buddha Sakia, and thereby attained to his power of working miracles. Large images of these saints abound in their temples, and small ones are consecrated by the priests with divers ceremonies and forms of prayer. These last are sold in great numbers to the people, who wear them as amulets, and believe them to be a sure protection from witchcraft and other forms of evil. The Roman Catholic priesthood likewise derive a large revenue from the sale of crosses and images of the Virgin and of a mul-

titude of saints, which people believe to be safeguards against peril, and endowed with miraculous power to help them in emergencies. A small image of a Lamb, called *Agnus Dei*, is almost universally worn by the peasantry of Catholic countries, who have undoubted faith that the consecrating ceremonies performed over it by the priests have rendered it a sure protection against evil spirits.

In Japan almost every mountain, hill, and cliff is sacred to some Buddhist saint, to whom travellers are requested to address a prayer. In all parts of Catholic Europe images of the Virgin and the saints are placed by the roadside, with inscriptions inviting the traveller to leave offerings on their altars, accompanied by the recitation of a prayer.

Every Buddhist house contains the image of some saint, to whom the inmates pray for abundant harvests, healthy children, prosperous journeys, and such other blessings as they may desire. If they fail to receive what they pray for, they sometimes beat the poor images and call them ugly names. The people of Catholic countries make similar intercessions to the images and pictures of saints which they keep in their dwellings; and if their prayers prove fruitless, they often turn the picture of their saint to the wall, or strike his image, saying, "You ungrateful good-for-nothing! Every day I have brought you prayers and offerings, and not a thing have you done for me."

Buddhist priests exhibit many relics of saints, which are believed to have the same power of working miracles that the saints themselves had while living. The temples which contain the most celebrated relics attract the largest number of pilgrims, whose offerings become a great source of wealth. The richest of all is a temple in Ceylon, where is preserved a tooth of Buddha Sakia, said to have worked many wonderful miracles. It is enshrined within four golden cases, set with precious gems. A vast concourse of pilgrims continually resort thither,

with the hope of being cured of "all the ills that flesh is heir to." Roman Catholic churches abound with similar holy relics, to which miraculous power is ascribed. The cross on which Jesus was crucified was said to be dug up on Mount Calvary three centuries afterward. Small bits of the wood, set in gold and adorned with precious gems, were eagerly bought by the people and worn as a protection against dangers and all sorts of evil influences. The demand was so great it would have been impossible to supply it, had not the priests discovered that the holy wood was endowed with a miraculous power of reproducing itself as fast as it was diminished. An immense amount of it is now extant. There are two entire skeletons of St. Denis, beside two other skulls of him, exhibited in different places, each having a papal certificate of genuineness. Samples of the Virgin's hair are enshrined in various churches; some of it is flaxen, some brown, some red, and some black. The house where she lived is believed to have been brought in the night by an angel to Loretto in Italy, where a magnificent church was built over it. Thousands of pilgrims go there to deposit offerings, more or less costly, for the privilege of dipping their rosaries in a little mug from which it is supposed the infant Jesus was accustomed to drink. Volumes might be filled with accounts of Catholic relics and the miracles they are said to have performed.

In every Chinese house there is an altar covered with inscriptions and images of saints, before which the members of the family kneel and say prayers, as Catholics do before the image, usually set up in some part of their dwellings. The most common image on Chinese household altars is that of Shing Mou, which means the Mother Goddess. It represents a woman with a glory round her head and a babe in her arms. The tradition is that she was a Virgin who conceived by contact with a water-lily, and gave birth to a wonderful child, who became a holy man and performed great mira-

cles. If the Chinese were to visit the churches and chapels of Catholic Europe and see the numerous images of the Virgin Mary in spangled garments of blue and crimson, with a gilded halo round her head, and that of the infant Jesus she carries in her arms, they might easily mistake them for representations of their Shing Mou. It is said that holy images in Buddhist countries sometimes raise their eyelids and nod their heads in response to prayer; and, even within a few years we have heard of similar miracles performed by images of the Virgin Mary.

Water from the Ganges and other holy rivers is supposed by Buddhists to be imbued with some supernatural qualities. They travel far to obtain jars of it to use for religious purposes. Catholics have a similar feeling concerning the river Jordan, from which water was brought for the especial purpose of baptizing the Prince Imperial of France. Buddhist priests also consecrate water with prayers and ceremonies, and sell it to the people as a protection from evil. They are often summoned to sprinkle it over the sick and the dying, on the thresholds of dwellings where a bridal pair are entering, and over new-born infants. Catholics also attach great value to water which their priests have consecrated by certain religious ceremonies. It is a common practice with them to keep little vials of such holy water under their pillows or by their bedside. A vase of it is always placed at the entrance of their churches, in which they dip their fingers and make therewith the sign of the cross. Priests also scatter it over their congregations with little sprinklers.

Buddhists burn fragrant sandal-wood for incense in their temples. Catholics make similar use of frankincense in their churches.

On the approach of evening all the men, women, and children in Thibet, at a signal given by the priests, quit their avocations and plays and assemble in the public squares, where they

kneel and chant prayers. Catholics do the same at the sound of the vesper-bell.

As Buddhists became numerous, the huts they originally used for places of worship disappeared, and magnificent temples rose, gorgeous with gilding and filled with painted and sculptured representations of Buddha Sakia and the saints. Most of these have the grotesqueness characteristic of Asiatic works of art. But the likenesses of Buddha Sakia have always a serene, majestic expression, with large, mild eyes, and long, curling hair. Lassa, in Thibet, is the Rome of the Buddhists; and the temple they have erected there ranks above other temples in grandeur, as St. Peter's does above other Catholic churches. It is four stories high, surrounded with columns covered with gold, and terminating in a dome roofed with golden plates. The interior is adorned with innumerable sculptures, and filled with sacred images in gold and silver.

The priests of Thibet are called Lamas, which means Shepherds. The Supreme Pontiff is called the Grand Lama, or Great Shepherd. He resides at Lassa, which originally became a holy city by the presence of Buddha La, or Saint La, a celebrated follower of Buddha Sakia, who by exceeding holiness became one with him, as he was one with the Supreme. The soul of Saint La is supposed to be regularly transmitted to every successive Grand Lama, who thereby becomes the direct successor and visible representative of the immortal old saint. By this process he is supposed to be rendered immaculate and infallible. He is regarded as the vicegerent of God, with power to dispense blessings on whomsoever he will. His exposition of the Sacred Books is regarded as Divine inspiration; and when he lays his hand on the head of a worshipper, he is supposed to confer remission of sins. When he is carried in grand procession to the temple, princes and beggars alike prostrate themselves as he passes; and when he enters the holy building, the attendant

priests follow him barefoot, and prostrate themselves before him. One of the ceremonies he performs is dispensing little bits of consecrated dough, which are eagerly sought for amulets. On state occasions he wears a yellow mitre and a mantle of purple silk, and carries in his hand a long staff in the form of a cross.

There is no known record concerning the period when the devotees, who from time immemorial had lived a life of celibacy and prayer in the great forests, began to congregate together in buildings. But institutions strikingly similar to monasteries have been numerous in Buddhist countries for many centuries. It is said that the city of Lassa alone contains three thousand such establishments, which are called Lamaseries. They are usually built on mountains or hills, in the most picturesque situations, and are the handsomest buildings in Asia, except the royal palaces. Some of them are occupied by sisterhoods of holy women. All who adopt this mode of life take a vow of celibacy, shave their heads, and drop the name by which they were known in the world. Children are sent to the Lamaseries to be taught religious ceremonies and doctrines, and instructed in such knowledge as Asiatics have to impart. The sick and the poor are received there, and are kindly ministered unto. The other occupations of the Lamas are to recite prayers and perform ceremonies to shorten the punishment of the dead and protect the living from the influences of evil spirits; to consecrate images and other amulets; to distribute holy water; to gather herbs, prepare medicines, and preserve fruit. They sell many extracts from their Sacred Books, which they write with great care and often embellish with gilding and bright colors. Many rich men seek to obtain the rewards of Paradise by leaving large bequests for the erection of Lamaseries, where prayers are said for their souls, where the sick are tended, the poor relieved, and travellers hospitably entertained. Borri, a Jesuit

missionary to Cochin China, says: "It looks as if the Devil had endeavored to represent among the Gentiles the beauty and variety of religious orders in the Catholic Church. The priests have chaplets and strings of beads about their necks. There are among them persons resembling bishops, abbots, and archbishops; and they use gilt staves, not unlike our croziers. If any man came newly into that country, he might easily be persuaded there had been Christians there in former times, so nearly has the Devil attempted to imitate us."

When Father Huc, a French Jesuit missionary, visited one of these Lama-series, not many years ago, he was struck with the same resemblance. He says: "The reception given us recalled to our thoughts those monasteries raised by our own religious ancestors, in which travellers and the poor always found refreshment for the body and consolation for the soul." The same missionary tells us that when he tried to persuade the Regent of Lassa to become a Roman Catholic, he listened courteously and replied, "Your religion is the same as ours."

Some of the Lamas do not live in communities, but lead a wandering life and subsist entirely by beggary. This class is numerous in China and very troublesome; the members being often as filthy in their persons and

manners as are many of the mendicant monks in Italy and Spain. Some of the Buddhist priests are truly good, intelligent men, while others are licentious and knavish, and know no more about the meaning of the Sanscrit language, in which they repeat their prayers, than some Catholic priests do of the Latin they recite by rote.

Intelligent Catholics find spiritual significance in their various ceremonies, and are far from indorsing many of the superstitious observances of the ignorant multitude. The case is the same with the more enlightened among the Buddhists. When Father Huc spoke of the Lamas who claimed presents as the means of casting out devils from people who were possessed by them, a Superior of one of the Lama-series replied: "That devils may possess rich persons is credible; but that they will depart in consequence of costly presents is a fiction invented by ignorant and deceiving Lamas, who seek to accumulate wealth at the expense of their brothers." And the Regent of Lassa said to the same missionary: "You have doubtless seen and heard much to be blamed in Tartary and Thibet, but you must not forget that the numerous errors and superstitions you may have observed were introduced by ignorant Lamas, and are rejected by well-informed Buddhists."

L. Maria Child.

JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER XXX.

IT was hard for the company of re-joining friends, at the hotel in Magnolia, to part from each other. Mr. Blessing had tact enough to decline Joseph's invitation, but he was sorely tempted by Philip's, in which Madeline heartily joined. Nevertheless, he only wavered for a moment; a mysterious resolution strengthened him, and taking Philip to one side, he whispered:

"Will you allow me to postpone, not relinquish, the pleasure? Thanks! A grave duty beckons,—a task, in short, without which the triumph of to-day would be dramatically incomplete. I must speak in riddles, because this is a case in which a whisper might start the overhanging avalanche; but I am sure you will trust me."

"Of course I will!" Philip cried, offering his hand.

"*Foi de Belsain!*" was Mr. Bless-

ing's proud answer, as he hurried away to reach the train for the city.

Joseph looked at Philip, as the horses were brought from the stable, and then at Rachel Miller, who, wrapped in her great crape shawl, was quietly waiting for him.

"We must not separate, all at once," said Philip, stepping forward. "Miss Miller, will you invite my sister and myself to take tea with you this evening?"

Philip had become one of Rachel's heroes; she was sure that Mr. Blessing's testimony and Joseph's triumphant acquittal were owing to his exertions. The Asten farm could produce nothing good enough for his entertainment, — that was her only trouble.

"Do tell me the time o' day," she said to Joseph, as he drove out of town, closely followed by Philip's light carriage. "It's three days in one to me, and a deal more like day after to-morrow morning than this afternoon. Now, a telegraph would be a convenience; I could send word and have chickens killed and picked, against we got there."

Joseph answered her by driving as rapidly as the rough country roads permitted, without endangering horse and vehicle. It was impossible for him to think coherently, impossible to thrust back the single overwhelming prospect of relief and release which had burst upon his life. He dared to admit the fortune which had come to him through death, now that his own innocence of any indirect incitement thereto had been established. The future was again clear before him; and even the miserable discord of the past year began to recede and form only an indistinct background to the infinite pity of the death-scene. Mr. Blessing's testimony enabled him to look back and truly interpret the last appealing looks, the last broken words; his heart banished the remembrance of its accusations, and retained only — so long as it should beat among living men — a deep and tender commiseration. As for the danger he had escaped, the slander which had been heaped upon

him, his thoughts were above the level of life which they touched. He was nearer than he suspected to that only true independence of soul which releases a man from the yoke of circumstances.

Rachel Miller humored his silence as long as she thought proper, and then suddenly and awkwardly interrupted it. "Yes," she exclaimed; "there's a little of the old currant wine in the cellar-closet! Town's-folks generally like it, and we used to think it good to stay a body's stomach for a late meal, — as it'll be apt to be. But I've not asked you how you relished the supper, though Elwood, to be sure, allowed that all was tolerable nice. And I see the Lord's hand in it, as I hope you do, Joseph; for the righteous is never forsaken. We can't help rejoice, where we ought to be humbly returning thanks, and owning our unworthiness; but Philip Held is a friend, if there ever was one; and the white hen's brood, though they are new-fashioned fowls, are plump enough by this time. I disremember whether I asked Elwood to stop —"

"There he is!" Joseph interrupted; "turning the corner of the wood before us! Lucy is with him, — and they must both come!"

He drove on rapidly, and soon overtook Elwood's lagging team. The horse, indeed, had had his own way, and the sound of approaching wheels awoke Elwood from a trance of incredible happiness. Before answering Joseph, he whispered to Lucy: —

"What shall we say? It'll be the heaviest favor I've ever been called upon to do a friend."

"Do it, then!" she said: "the day is too blessed to be kept for ourselves alone."

How fair the valley shone, as they came into it out of the long glen between the hills! What cheer there was, even in the fading leaves; what happy promise in the mellow autumn sky! The gate to the lane stood open; Dennis, with a glowing face, waited for the horse. He wanted to say something,

but not knowing how, shook hands with Joseph, and then pretended to be concerned with the harness. Rachel, on entering the kitchen, found her neighbor, Mrs. Bishop, embarked on a full tide of preparation. Two plump fowls, scalded and plucked, lay upon the table!

This was too much for Rachel Miller. She had borne up bravely through the trying days, concealing her anxiety lest it might be misinterpreted, hiding even her grateful emotion, to make her faith in Joseph's innocence seem the stronger; and now Mrs. Bishop's thoughtfulness was the slight touch under which she gave way. She sat down and cried.

Mrs. Bishop, with a stew-pan in one hand, while she wiped her sympathetic eyes with the other, explained that her husband had come home an hour before, with the news; and that she just guessed help would be wanted, or least-ways company, and so she had made bold to begin; for, though the truth had been made manifest, and the right had been proved, as anybody might know it would be, still it was a trial, and people needed to eat more and better under trials than at any other time. "You may not feel inclined for victuals; but there's the danger! A body's body must be supported, whether or no."

Meanwhile, Joseph and his guests sat on the veranda, in the still, mild air. He drew his chair near to Philip's, their hands closed upon each other, and they were entirely happy in the tender and perfect manly love which united them. Madeline sat in front, with a nimbus of sunshine around her hair, feeling also the embarrassment of speech at such a moment, yet bravely endeavoring to gossip with Lucy on other matters. But Elwood's face, so bright that it became almost beautiful, caught her eye: she glanced at Philip, who answered with a smile; then at Lucy, whose cheek bloomed with the loveliest color; and, rising without a word, she went to the latter and embraced her.

Then, stretching her hand to Elwood, she said: "Forgive me, both of you, for showing how glad I am!"

"Philip!" Joseph cried, as the truth flashed upon him; "life is not always unjust! It is we who are impatient."

They both arose and gave hands of congratulation; and Elwood, though so deeply moved that he scarcely trusted himself to speak, was so frankly proud and happy,—so purely and honestly *man* in such a sacred moment,—that Lucy's heart swelled with an equally proud recognition of his feeling. Their eyes met, and no memory of a mistaken Past could ever again come like a cloud across the light of their mutual faith.

"The day was blessed already," said Philip, "but this makes it perfect."

No one knew how the time went by, or could afterwards recall much that was said. Rachel Miller, with many apologies, summoned them to a sumptuous meal; and when the moon hung chill and clear above the creeping mists of the valley, they parted.

The next evening, Joseph went to Philip, at the Forge. It was well that he should breathe another atmosphere, and dwell, for a little while, within walls where no ghosts of his former life wandered. Madeline the most hospitably observant of hostesses, seemed to have planned the arrangements solely for his and Philip's intercourse. The short evening of the country was not half over, before she sent them to Philip's room, where a genial wood-fire prattled and flickered on the hearth, with two easy-chairs before it.

Philip lighted a pipe and they sat down. "Now, Joseph," said he, "I'll answer 'Yes!' to the question in your mind."

"You have been talking with Bishop, Philip?"

"No; but I won't mystify you. As I rode up the valley, I saw you two standing on the hill, and could easily guess the rest. A large estate, in this country, is only an imaginary fortune. You are not so much of a farmer, Jo-

seph, that it will cut you to the heart and make you dream of ruin, to part with a few fields; if you were, I should say, get that weakness out of you at once! A man should *possess* his property, not be possessed by it."

"You are right," Joseph answered; "I have been fighting against an inherited feeling."

"The only question is, will the sale of those fifty acres relieve you of all present embarrassments?"

"So far, Philip, that a new mortgage of about half the amount will cover what remains."

"Bravo!" cried Philip. "This is better than I thought. Mr. Hopeton is looking for sure, steady investments, and will furnish whatever you need. So there is no danger of foreclosure."

"Things seem to shape themselves almost too easily now," Joseph answered. "I see the old, mechanical routine of my life coming back: it should be enough for me, but it is not; can you tell me why, Philip?"

"Yes: it never was enough. The most of our neighbors are cases of arrested development. Their intellectual nature only takes so many marks, like a horse's teeth; there is a point early in their lives, where its form becomes fixed. There is neither the external influence, nor the inward necessity, to drive them a step further. They find the Sphinx dangerous, and keep out of her way. Of course, as soon as they passively begin to accept *what is*, all that was fluent or plastic in them soon hardens into the old moulds. Now, I am not very wise, but this appears to me to be truth; that life is a grand centrifugal force, forever growing from a wider circle towards one that is still wider. Your stationary men may be necessary, and even serviceable; but to me—and to you, Joseph—there is neither joy nor peace except in some kind of growth."

"If we could be always sure of the direction!" Joseph sighed.

"That's the point!" Philip eagerly continued. "If we stop to consider

danger in advance, we should never venture a step. A movement is always clear after it has been made, not often before. It is enough to test one's intention; unless we are tolerably bad, something guides us, and adjusts the consequences of our acts. Why, we are like spiders, in the midst of a million gossamer threads, which we are all the time spinning without knowing it! Who are to measure our lives for us? Not other men with other necessities! and so we come back to the same point again, where I started. Looking back now, can you see no gain in your mistake?"

"Yes, a gain I can never lose. I begin to think that haste and weakness also are vices, and deserve to be punished. It was a dainty, effeminate soul you found, Philip,—a moral and spiritual Sybarite, I should say now. I must have expected to lie on rose-leaves, and it was right that I should find thorns."

"I think," said Philip, "the world needs a new code of ethics. We must cure the unfortunate tendencies of some qualities that seem good, and extract the good from others that seem evil. But it would need more than a Luther for such a Reformation. I confess I am puzzled, when I attempt to study moral causes and consequences in men's lives. It is nothing but a tangle, when I take them collectively. What if each of us were, as I half suspect, as independent as a planet, yet all held together in one immense system? Then the central force must be our close dependence on God, as I have learned to feel it through you."

"Through me!" Joseph exclaimed.

"Do you suppose we can be so near each other without giving and taking? Let us not try to get upon a common ground of faith or action: it is a thousand times more delightful to discover that we now and then reach the same point by different paths. This reminds me, Joseph, that our paths ought to separate now, for a while. It is you who should leave,—but only to come back again, 'in the fulness of time.'"

Heaven knows, I am merciless to myself in recommending it."

"You are right to try me. It is time that I should know something of the world. But to leave, now — so immediately —"

"It will make no difference," said Philip. "Whether you go or stay, there will be stories afloat. The bolder plan is the better."

The subject was renewed the next morning, at breakfast. Madeline heartily seconded Philip's counsel, and took a lively part in the discussion.

"We were in Europe as children," she said to Joseph, "and I have very clear and delightful memories of the travel."

"I was not thinking especially of Europe," he answered. "I am hardly prepared for such a journey. What I should wish is, not to look idly at sights and shows, but to have some active interest or employment, which would bring me into contact with men. Philip knows my purpose."

"Then," said Madeline, "why not hunt on Philip's trail? I have no doubt you can track him from Texas to the Pacific by the traditions of his wild pranks and adventures! How I should enjoy getting hold of a few chapters of his history!"

"Madeline, you are a genius!" Philip cried. "How could I have forgotten Wilder's letter, a fortnight ago, you remember? One need not be a practical geologist, to make the business report he wants; but Joseph has read enough to take hold, with the aid of the books I can give him! If it is not too late!"

"I was not thinking of that, Philip," Madeline answered. "Did you not say that the place was —"

She hesitated. "Dangerous?" said Philip. "Yes. But if Joseph goes there, he will come back to us again."

"O, don't invoke misfortune in that way!"

"Neither do I," he gravely replied; "but I can see the shadow of Joseph's life thrown ahead, as I can see my own."

"I think I should like to be *sent* into danger," said Joseph.

Philip smiled: "As if you had not just escaped the greatest! Well, — it was Madeline's guess which most helped to avert it, and now it is her chance word which will probably send you into another one."

Joseph looked up in astonishment. "I don't understand you, Philip," he said.

"O Philip!" cried Madeline.

"I had really forgotten," he answered, "that you knew nothing of the course by which we reached your defence. Madeline first suggested to me that the poison was sometimes used as a cosmetic, and on this hint, with Mr. Blessing's help, the truth was discovered."

"And I did not know how much I owe to you!" Joseph exclaimed, turning towards her.

"Do not thank me," she said, "for Philip thinks the fortunate guess may be balanced by an evil one."

"No, no!" Joseph protested, noticing the slight tremble in her voice; "I will take it as a good omen. Now I know that danger will pass me by, if it comes!"

"If your experience should be anything like mine," said Philip, "you will only recognize the danger when you can turn and look back at it. But, come! Madeline has less superstition in her nature than she would have us believe. Wilder's offer is just the thing; I have his letter on file, and will write to him at once. Let us go down to my office at the Forge!"

The letter was from a capitalist who had an interest in several mines in Arizona and Nevada. He was not satisfied with the returns, and wished to send a private, confidential agent to those regions, to examine the prospects and operations of the companies and report thereupon. With the aid of a map the probable course of travel was marked out, and Joseph rejoiced at the broad field of activity and adventure which it opened to him.

He stayed with Philip a day or two longer, and every evening the fire made a cheery accompaniment to the deepest and sweetest confidences of their hearts,

now pausing as if to listen, now rapidly murmuring some happy, inarticulate secret of its own. As each gradually acquired full possession of the other's past, the circles of their lives, as Philip said, were reciprocally widened; but as the horizon spread, it seemed to meet a clearer sky. Their eyes were no longer fixed on a single point of time wherein they breathed. Whatever pain remained melted before them and behind them into atmospheres of resignation and a wiser patience. One gave his courage and experience, the other his pure instinct, his faith and aspiration; and a new harmony came from the closer interfusion of sweetness and strength.

When Joseph returned home, he at once set about putting his affairs in order, and making arrangements for an absence of a year or more. It was necessary that he should come in contact with most of his neighbors, and he was made aware of their good-will without knowing that it was, in many cases, a reaction from suspicion and slanderous gossip. Mr. Chaffinch had even preached a sermon, in which no name was mentioned, but everybody understood the allusion. This was considered to be perfectly right, so long as the prejudices of the people were with him, and Julia was supposed to be the pious and innocent victim of a crime. When, however, the truth had been established, many who had kept silent now denounced the sermon, and another on the deceitfulness of appearances, which Mr. Chaffinch gave on the following Sabbath, was accepted as the nearest approach to an apology consistent with his clerical dignity.

Joseph was really ignorant of these proceedings, and the quiet, self-possessed, neighborly way in which he met the people gave them a new impression of his character. Moreover, he spoke of his circumstances, when it was necessary, with a frankness unusual among them; and the natural result was that his credit was soon established on as sound a basis as ever. When, through Philip's persistence, the

mission to the Pacific coast was secured, but little further time was needed to complete the arrangements. By the sacrifice of one fourth of his land, the rest was saved, and intrusted to good hands during his absence. Philip, in the mean time, had fortified him with as many hints and instructions as possible, and he was ready, with a light heart and a full head, to set out upon the long and uncertain journey.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I. JOSEPH TO PHILIP.

CAMP —, ARIZONA, October 19, 1868.

SINCE I wrote to you from Prescott, dear Philip, three months have passed, and I have had no certain means of sending you another letter. There was, first, Mr. Wilder's interest at —, the place hard to reach, and the business difficult to investigate. It was not so easy, even with the help of your notes, to connect the geology of books with the geology of nature; these rough hills don't at all resemble the clean drawings of strata. However, I have learned all the more rapidly by not assuming to know much, and the report I sent contained a great deal more than my own personal experience. The duty was irksome enough, at times; I have been tempted by the evil spirits of ignorance, indolence, and weariness, and I verily believe that the fear of failing to make good your guaranty for my capacity was the spur which kept me from giving way. Now, habit is beginning to help me, and, moreover, my own ambition has something to stand on.

I had scarcely finished and forwarded my first superficial account of the business as it appeared to me, when a chance suddenly offered of joining a party of prospectors, some of whom I had already met: as you know, we get acquainted in little time, and with no introductions in these parts. They were bound, first, for some little-known regions in Eastern Nevada, and then, passing a point which Mr. Wilder

wished me to visit (and which I could not have reached so directly from any other quarter), they meant to finish the journey at Austin. It was an opportunity I could not let go, though I will admit to you, Philip, that I also hoped to overtake the adventures, which had seemed to recede from me, rainbow-fashion, as I went on.

Some of the party were old Rocky Mountain men, as wary as courageous; yet we passed through one or two straits which tested all their endurance and invention. I won't say how I stood the test; perhaps I ought to be satisfied that I came through to the end, and am now alive and cheerful. To be sure, there are many other ways of measuring our strength. This experience would n't help me the least, in a discussion of principles, or in organizing any of the machinery of society. It is rather like going back to the first ages of mankind, and being tried in the struggle for existence. To me, that is a great deal. I feel as if I had been taken out of civilization and set back towards the beginning, in order to work my way up again.

But what is the practical result of this journey? you will ask. I can hardly tell, at present: if I were to state that I have been acting on your system of life rather than my own, — that is, making ventures without any certainty of the consequences, — I think you would shake your head. Nevertheless, in these ten months of absence I have come out of my old skin and am a livelier snake than you ever knew me to be. No, I am wrong; it is hardly a venture, after all, and my self-glorification is out of place. I have the prospect of winning a great deal where a very little has been staked, and the most timid man in the world might readily go that far. Again you will shake your head; you remember "The Amaranth." How I should like to hear what has become of that fearful and wonderful speculation!

Pray give me news of Mr. Blessing. All those matters seem to lie so far behind me, that they look differently to

my eyes. Somehow, I can't keep the old impressions; I even begin to forget them. You said, Philip, that he was not intentionally dishonest, and something tells me you are right. We learn men's characters rapidly in this rough school, because we cannot get away from the close, rough, naked contact. What surprises me is that the knowledge is not only good for present and future use, but that I can take it with me into my past life. One weakness is left, and you will understand it. I blush to myself, — I am ashamed of my early innocence and ignorance. This is wrong; yet, Philip, I seem to have been so unmanly, — at least so unmasculine! I looked for love, and fidelity, and all the virtues, on the surface of life; believed that a gentle tongue was the sign of a tender heart; felt a wound when some strong and positive, yet differently moulded being approached me! Now, here are fellows prickly as a cactus, with something at the core as true and tender as you will find in a woman's heart. They would stake their lives for me sooner than some persons (whom we know) would lend me a hundred dollars, without security! Even your speculator, whom I have met in every form, is by no means the purely mercenary and dangerous man I had supposed.

In short, Philip, I am on very good terms with human nature; the other nature does not suit me so well. It is a grand thing to look down into the cañon of the Colorado, or to see a range of perfectly clear and shining snow-peaks across the dry sage-plains; but oh, for one acre of our green meadows! I dreamed of them, and the clover-fields, and the woods and running streams, through the terrific heat of the Nevada deserts, until the tears came. It is nearly a year since I left home: I should think it fifty years!

With this mail goes another report to Mr. Wilder. In three or four months my task will be at an end, and I shall then be free to return. Will you welcome the brown-faced, full-bearded

man, broad in cheeks and shoulders, as you would the — but how did I use to look, Philip? It was a younger brother you knew; but he has bequeathed all of his love, and more, to the older.

II. PHILIP TO JOSEPH.

COVENTRY FORGE, Christmas day.

When Madeline hung a wreath of holly around your photograph this morning, I said to it as I say now: "A merry Christmas, Joseph, wherever you are!" It is a calm, sunny day, and my view, as you know, reaches much further through the leafless trees; but only the meadow on the right is green. You, on the contrary, are enjoying something as near to Paradise in color, and atmosphere, and temperature (if you are, as I guess, in Southern California), as you will ever be likely to see.

Yes, I will welcome the new man, although I shall see more of the old one in him than you perhaps think, — nor would I have it otherwise. We don't change the bases of our lives, after all: the forces are differently combined, otherwise developed, but they hang, I fancy, to the same roots. Nay, I'll leave preaching until I have you again at the old fireside. You want news from home, and no miserable little particular is unimportant. I've been there, and know what kind of letters are welcome.

The neighborhood (I like to hover around a while, before alighting) is still a land where all things always seem the same. The trains run up and down our valley, carrying a little of the world boxed up in shabby cars, but leaving no mark behind. In another year, the people will begin to visit the city more frequently; in still another, the city people will find their way to us; in five years, population will increase and property will rise in value. This is my estimate, based on a plentiful experience.

Last week, Madeline and I attended the wedding of Elwood Withers. It was at the Hopetons, and had been postponed a week or two, on account

of the birth of a son to our good old business-friend. There are two events for you! Elwood, who has developed, as I knew he would, into an excellent director of men and material undertakings, has an important contract on the new road to the coal regions. He showed me the plans and figures the other day, and I see the beginning of wealth in them. Lucy, who is a born lady, will save him socially and intellectually. I have never seen a more justifiable marriage. He was pale and happy, she sweetly serene and confident; and the few words he said at the breakfast, in answer to the health which Hopeton gave in his choice *Vin d'Al*, made the unmarried ladies envy the bride. Really and sincerely, I came away from the house more of a Christian than I went.

You know all, dearest friend: was it not a test of my heart to see that *she* was intimately, fondly happy? It was hardly, any more, the face I once knew. I felt the change in the touch of her hand. I heard it in the first word she spoke. I did not dare to look into my heart to see if something there were really dead, for the look would have called the dead to life. I made one heroic effort, heaved a stone over the place, and sealed it down forever. Then I felt your arm on my shoulder, your hand on my breast. I was strong and joyous; Lucy, I imagined, looked at me from time to time, but with a bright face, as if she divined what I had done. Can she have ever suspected the truth?

Time is a specific administered to us for all spiritual shocks; but change of habit is better. Why may I not change in quiet as you in action? It seems to me, sometimes, as I sit alone before the fire, with the pipe-stem between my teeth, that each of us is going backward through the other's experience. You will thus prove my results, as I prove yours. Then, parted as we are, I see our souls lie open to each other in equal light and warmth, and feel that the way to God lies through the love of man.

Two years ago, how all our lives were tangled! Now, with so little agency of our own, how they are flowing into smoothness and grace! Yours and mine are not yet complete, but they are no longer distorted. One disturbing, yet most pitiable, nature has been removed; Elwood, Lucy, the Hopetons, are happy; you and I are healed of our impatience. Yes, there is something outside of our own wills that works for or against us, as we may decide. If I once forgot this, it is all the clearer now.

I have forgotten one other, — Mr. Blessing. The other day I visited him in the city. I found him five blocks nearer the fashionable quarter, in a larger house. He was elegantly dressed, and wore a diamond on his bosom. He came to meet me with an open letter in his hand.

"From Mrs. Spelter, my daughter," he said, waving it with a grand air, — "an account of her presentation to the Emperor Napoleon. The dress was — let me see — blue *moiré* and Chantilly lace; Eugénie was quite struck with her figure and complexion."

"The world seems to treat you well," I suggested.

"Another turn of the wheel. However, it showed me what I am capable of achieving, when a strong spur is applied. In this case the spur was, as you probably guess, Mr. Held, — honor. Sir, I prevented a cataclysm! You of course know the present quotations of the Amaranth stock, but you can hardly be aware of my agency in the matter. When I went to the Oil Region with the available remnant of funds, Kanuck had fled. Although the merest tyro in geology, I selected a spot back of the river-bluffs, in a hollow of the undulating table-land, sunk a shaft, and — succeeded! It was what somebody calls an inspired guess. I telegraphed instantly to a friend, and succeeded in purchasing a moderate portion of the stock — not so much as I desired — before its value was known. As for the result, *si monumentum queris, circumspice!*"

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I wish I could give you an idea of the air with which he said this, standing before me with his feet in position, and his arms thrown out in the attitude of Ajax defying the lightning.

I ventured to inquire after your interest. "The shares are here, sir, and safe," he said, "worth not a cent less than twenty-five thousand dollars."

I urged him to sell them and deposit the money to your credit, but this he refused to do without your authority. There was no possibility of depreciation, he said: very well, if so, this is your time to sell. Now, as I write, it occurs to me that the telegraph may reach you. I close this, therefore, at once, and post over to the office at Oakland.

Madeline says: "A merry Christmas from me!" It is fixed in her head that you are still exposed to some mysterious danger. Come back, shame her superstition, and make happy your PHILIP.

III. JOSEPH TO PHILIP.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 3, 1869.

Philip, Philip, I have found your valley!

After my trip to Oregon, in March, I went southward, along the western base of the Sierra Nevada, intending at first to cross the range; but falling in with an old friend of yours, a man of the mountains and the sea, of books and men, I kept company with him, on and on, until the great wedges of snow lay behind us, and only a long, low, winding pass divided us from the sands of the Colorado Desert. From the mouth of this pass I looked on a hundred miles of mountains; there were lakes glimmering below; there were groves of ilex on the hillsides, an orchard of oranges, olives, and vines in the hollow, millions of flowers hiding the earth, pure winds, fresh waters, and remoteness from all conventional society. I have never seen a landscape so broad, so bright, so beautiful!

Yes, but we will only go there on

one of these idle epicurean journeys of which we dream, and then to enjoy the wit and wisdom of our generous friend, not to seek a refuge from the perversions of the world! For I have learned another thing, Philip: the freedom we craved is not a thing to be found in this or that place. Unless we bring it with us, we shall not find it.

The news of the decline of the Amaranth stock, in your last, does not surprise me. How fortunate that my telegraphic order arrived in season! It was in Mr. Blessing's nature to hold on; but he will surely have something left. I mean to invest half of the sum in his wife's name, in any case; for the "prospecting" of which I wrote you, last fall, was a piece of more than ordinary luck. You must have heard of White Pine, by this time. We were the discoverers, and reaped a portion of the first harvest, which is never equal to the second; but this way of getting wealth is so incredible to me, even after I have it, that I almost fear the gold will turn into leaves or pebbles, as in the fairy tales. I shall not tell you what my share is: let me keep one secret, — nay, two, — to carry home!

More incredible than anything else is now the circumstance that we are within a week of each other. This letter, I hope, will only precede me by a fortnight. I have one or two last arrangements to make, and then the locomotive will cross the continent too slowly for my eager haste. Why should I deny it? I am homesick, body and soul. Verily, if I were to meet Mr. Chaffinch in Montgomery Street, I should fling myself upon his neck, before coming to my sober senses. Even he is no longer an antipathy: I was absurd to make one of him. I have but one left; and Eugénie's admiration of her figure and complexion does not soften it in the least.

How happy Madeline's letter made me! After I wrote to her, I would have recalled mine, at any price; for I had obeyed an impulse, and I feared

foolishly. What you said of her "superstition" might have been jest, I thought. But I believe that a true-hearted woman always values impulses, because she is never at a loss to understand them. So now I obey another, in sending the enclosed. Do you know that her face is as clear in my memory, as yours? and as — but why should I write, when I shall so soon be with you?

CHAPTER XXXII.

THREE weeks after the date of Joseph's last letter Philip met him at the railroad station in the city. Brown, bearded, fresh and full of joyous life after his seven days' journey across the continent, he sprang down from the platform to be caught in his friend's arms.

The next morning they went together to Mr. Blessing's residence. That gentleman still wore a crimson velvet dressing-gown, and the odor of the cigar, which he puffed in a rear room called the library (the books were mostly Patent Office and Agricultural Reports, with Faublas and the Decamerone), breathed plainly of the *Vuelte Abajo*.

"My dear boy!" he cried, jumping up and extending his arms, "Asten of Astén Hall! After all your moving accidents by flood and field, back again! This is — is — what shall I say? compensation for many a blow of fate! And my brave Knight with the Iron Hand, sit down, though it be in Carthage, and let me refresh my eyes with your faces!"

"Not Carthage yet, I hope," said Joseph.

"Not quite, if I adhere strictly to facts," Mr. Blessing replied, "although it threatens to be my Third Punic War. There is even a slight upward tendency in the Amaranth shares, and if the company were in my hands, we should soon float upon the topmost wave. But what can I do? The Honorable Whaley and the Reverend Dr.

Lellifant were retained on account of their names; Whaley made president, and I,—being absent at the time developing the enterprise, not only *pars magna* but *totus teres atque rotundus*, ha! ha!—I was put off with a Director's place. Now I must stand by, and see the work of my hands overthrown. But 't is ever thus!"

He heaved a deep sigh. Philip, most heroically repressing a tendency to shriek with laughter, drew him on to state the particulars, and soon discovered, as he had already suspected, that Mr. Blessing's sanguine temperament was the real difficulty; it was still possible for him to withdraw, and secure a moderate success.

When this had been made clear, Joseph interposed.

"Mr. Blessing," said he, "I cannot forget how recklessly, in my disappointment, I charged you with dishonesty. I know, also, that you have not forgotten it. Will you give me an opportunity of atoning for my injustice?—not that *you* require it, but that I may, henceforth, have less cause for self-reproach."

"Your words are enough!" Mr. Blessing exclaimed. "I excused you long ago. You, in your pastoral seclusion—"

"But I have not been secluded for eighteen months past," said Joseph, smiling. "It is the better knowledge of men, which has opened my eyes. Besides, you have no right to refuse me; it is Mrs. Blessing whom I shall have to consult."

He laid the papers on the table, explaining that half the amount realized from his shares of the Amaranth had been invested, on trust, for the benefit of Mrs. Eliza Blessing.

"You have conquered—*vincisti!*" cried Mr. Blessing, shedding tears. "What can I do? Generosity is so rare a virtue in the world, that it would be a crime to suppress it!"

Philip took advantage of the milder mood, and plied his arguments so skillfully that at last the exuberant pride of the De Belsain blood gave way.

"What shall I do, without an object,—a hope, a faith in possibilities?" Mr. Blessing cried. "The amount you have estimated, with Joseph's princely provision, is a competence for my old days; but how shall I fill out those days? The sword that is never drawn from the scabbard rusts."

"But," said Philip, gravely, "you forget the field for which you were destined by nature. These operations in stocks require only a low order of intellect; you were meant to lead and control multitudes of men. With your fluency of speech, your happy faculty of illustration, your power of presenting facts and probabilities, you should confine yourself exclusively to the higher arena of politics. Begin as an Alderman; then, a Member of the Assembly; then, the State Senate; then—"

"Member of Congress!" cried Mr. Blessing, rising, with flushed face and flashing eyes. "You are right! I have allowed the necessity of the moment to pull me down from my proper destiny! You are doubly right! My creature comforts once secured, I can give my time, my abilities, my power of swaying the minds of men,—come, let us withdraw, realize, consolidate, invest, at once!"

They took him at his word, and before night a future, free from want, was secured to him. While Philip and Joseph were on their way to the country by a late train, Mr. Blessing was making a speech of an hour and a half at one of the primary political meetings.

There was welcome through the valley, when Joseph's arrival was known. For two or three days the neighbors flocked to the farm to see the man whose adventures, in a very marvellous form, had been circulating among them for a year past. Even Mr. Chaffinch called, and was so conciliated by his friendly reception, that he, thenceforth, placed Joseph in the ranks of those "impracticable" men, who *might* be nearer the truth than they seemed: it was not for us to judge.

Every evening, however, Joseph took his saddle-horse and rode up the valley to Philip's Forge. It was not only the inexpressible charm of the verdure to which he had so long been a stranger, — not only the richness of the sunset on the hills, the exquisite fragrance of the meadow-grasses in the cool air, — nay, not entirely the dear companionship of Philip which drew him thither. A sentiment so deep and powerful that it was yet unrecognized, — a hope so faint that it had not yet taken form, — was already in his heart. Philip saw, and was silent.

But, one night, when the moon hung over the landscape, edging with sparkling silver the summits of the trees below them, when the air was still and sweet and warm, and filled with the diffused murmurs of the stream, and Joseph and Madeline stood side by side, on the curving shoulder of the knoll, Philip, watching them from the open window, said to himself: "They are swiftly coming to the knowledge of each other; will it take Joseph further from my heart, or bring him nearer? It ought to fill me with perfect joy, yet there is a little sting of pain some-

where. My life had settled down so peacefully into what seemed a permanent form; with Madeline to make a home and brighten it for me, and Joseph to give me the precious intimacy of a man's love, so different from woman's, yet so pure and perfect! They have destroyed my life, although they do not guess it. Well, I must be vicariously happy, warmed in my lonely sphere by the far radiation of their nuptial bliss, seeing a faint reflection of some parts of myself in their children, nay, claiming and making them *mine*, as well, if it is meant that my own blood should not beat in other hearts. But will this be sufficient? No! either sex is incomplete, alone, and a man's full life shall be mine! Ah, you unconscions lovers, you simple-souled children, that know not what you are doing, I shall be even with you, in the end! The world is a failure, God's wonderful system is imperfect, if there is not, now living, a noble woman, to bless me with her love, strengthen me with her self-sacrifice, purify me with her sweeter and clearer faith! I will wait: but I shall find her!"

Bayard Taylor.

A STRIP OF BLUE.

I DO not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine, —
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine, —
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity, —
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
Won by the inland breeze

To loiter on yon airy road
Above the apple-trees.
I freight them with my untold dreams,
Each bears my own picked crew ;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew, —
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes, —
The people of the sky, —
Guests in white raiment coming down
From Heaven, which is close by :
I call them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh.
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
From violet mists they bloom !
The aching wastes of the unknown
Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea,
All souls find sailing-room.

The ocean grows a weariness
With nothing else in sight ;
Its east and west, its north and south,
Spread out from morn to night :
We miss the warm, caressing shore,
Its brooding shade and light.
A part is greater than the whole ;
By hints are mysteries told.
The fringes of eternity, —
God's sweeping garment-fold,
In that bright shred of glimmering sea,
I reach out for, and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in upon the mist ;
The waves are broken precious stones, —
Sapphire and amethyst
Washed from celestial basement walls,
By suns unsetting kissed.
Out through the utmost gates of space,
Past where the gray stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
Glides on, a vessel swift ;
Yet loses not her anchorage
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child :
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase ;
Now the vast temple floor,

The blinding glory of the dome
 I bow my head before.
 Thy universe, O God, is home,
 In height or depth, to me ;
 Yet here upon thy footstool green
 Content am I to be ;
 Glad when is opened to my need
 Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

Lucy Larcom.

BLACK CHRISTMAS AT DIX COVE.

HAD the gifted Scheherezade of Arabian Nights' memory required the materials for a one thousand and second tale, she could have supplied herself with them by a visit to Dix Cove. There is groundwork there for entertaining stories enough to have enchanted her tyrannical lord for many a night. I must, however, annihilate centuries to make this supposition a possibility, and therefore agree with my readers that it is a little "far-fetched."

Dix Cove is a place to put the most serene imagination out of its usual steady pace, and send the thoughts of the most sensible and practical traveller tripping about in regions that seem more suitable to the pages of a romance than the experience of real life. No wonder I leaped from on board our unattractive old vessel into the realms of the caliphs, so familiar to childhood, and thought of Scheherezade.

We had long been cruising about on the coast of that land, concerning which most people are quite content with knowing that it is a hot country where negroes originated, and that somewhere out there are the "sunny fountains" rolling "down their golden sands," that the great Heber wrote about in his widely known Missionary Hymn.

We dropped anchor one day in sight of Dix Cove. This is, as one might imagine from the very civilized name, one of those old trading-posts established by England on the Gold Coast of Africa, that in former times attracted so much

attention. So important was this point considered, that here was built a massive fort for the protection of the long-known and long-forgotten African Trading Company. The fort stands on a promontory, and behind it lies the native town of clay houses with thatched roofs, presenting a very dingy and muddy appearance. From our anchorage they were scarcely distinguishable from the soil, out of which they seemed to spring like very ugly weeds.

Around the little bay or cove still stand houses that were built for the use of traders, together with a few substantial stone edifices erected by natives who have gained sufficient European civilization to make them glory in structures very different from the rude habitations of their forefathers. The style of these houses is decidedly Spanish. On the projecting point, under the battlements, there are other buildings of mud embowered in cocoanut-trees, making a grotesque contrast to the fort, but with it as a central object forming a pleasant picture as seen from the other side of the Cove.

The bay is so filled with rocks that it requires considerable skill to pilot a boat safely to the beach, but that skill is possessed in abundant measure by the Kroomen, who are always to be found lounging about places where foreign vessels stop, ready to work for, steal from, and impose upon every captain who desires to land or ship goods. It is in this way that so many of the coast

natives gain a smattering of English, and are of so much service to both English and American traders, who enjoy dubbing them with all sorts of odd names.

Every one who has been on a long voyage knows the impatience to set foot on shore which seizes the traveller as soon as "Land ho!" is heard from the mast-head. We accordingly had our boots blacked, and with clean collars on, and all the necessities of an "on-shore" toilet attended to, and stood on deck in childish eagerness of expectation long before the boat was ready to carry us over the few waves that rolled between us and the beautiful surfdraped beach.

"I say, Sea Breeze" (that airy appellation belonged to our tall head Kroo-man), "I want to go on shore; have you room in that boat?"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Sea Breeze, cheerily, "mammy like for go too?"

"Yes. — Here, Jack Smoke," — and a very smoke-dried child of Ham looked up at my call, — "spread that tarpaulin on the seat for my wife."

"Ya'as, saar," was the reply.

"Look out there, push off there."

And the boys began their monotonous song, keeping time with their oars; and thus we glided toward the shore that sparkled like gold in the morning sunlight.

A word about African songs. Every one visiting the Western Coast must be impressed with this apparent necessity of singing, exhibited by the darky at his work. Indeed, it is hardly needful to seek him in his native clime to notice that. All who were familiar with life on a Southern plantation, before the blessed dawn of freedom, will remember the melodies of corn-shucking; the wild, quaint, but often very musical hymn-tunes at prayer-meetings; the impromptu choruses on every occasion among the field hands. I have heard a leading voice improvise and chant innumerable verses on Bible history, with fifty or more voices joining in the chorus. That was the African music, modified by our civilization and reli-

gion. Take the same in its primitive state, and there is a great want of melody. All sounds of nature are monotonous, — the roaring of the sea, the wailing of the wind, the song of most birds, the sounds made by different animals, and though above all these, those produced by man before the voice is educated by art. I doubt even if the scale called by musicians *natural* be really so in the fullest sense; certainly the songs of the Kroomen seldom if ever embrace more than five of its notes, — three tones and two half-tones. But to return to our boat; the boys chanted and paddled over the sunny water, and in a few moments we stood on shore.

The first glimpse about us suggested that here *had been* a place of consequence, and the present desolate scene was but a memory of what had been.

Like moths, attracted by the largest luminary in sight, our party started at once for the castle. To gain this point we threaded our way between some of the tumble-down mud-houses, by a path that seemed doubly intricate to us who for many weeks had pushed our way ahead on the vasty deep, with nothing to obstruct us, and with more elbow-room than even Daniel Boone could have sighed for. I took notice during that walk that hoop skirts were not adapted to the style of building in Dix Cove. We ascended the hill by a flight of wide, low steps, evidently formed for the accommodation of a regiment which, as we might suppose, always went up ten or more abreast. No guard or sentry had been stationed there for many long years, so we passed unmolested through the massive portals and up the winding stair. Looking into a small apartment (for with true Yankee curiosity we *looked into* everything on our way), we discovered a native with his long-cloth thrown over him sitting at a table *writing*. "Why, who on earth is that?"

"That," said a friend, "is the custom-house officer, and the young man beside him is his son, whom we saw on board as soon as we cast anchor, and who, by the way, asked you if you had

any neckties, etc., to dispose of. He put on his clothes for the express purpose of making you a call." This last remark explained the very neat suit, obtained from an English clothing establishment, in which the young man appeared.

A few minutes after we met and were saluted by another individual really civilized in appearance, clad in broad-cloth, with a very white shirt and a very black face, who in few words introduced himself to us as a Wesleyan missionary from Sierra Leone, and offered to conduct us through the castle, if we wished to see it.

Of course we did, and so followed our new guide up stairs and down stairs and through long gloomy passages. Here this good man lived, with his family, carrying on, single-handed, a very different warfare from that for which the old castle was intended. A mighty warfare it was, indeed, in such a land of heathenish darkness, where Satan's hosts abound, and of Christ's soldiers this was the only one.

We took leave of our kind guide with thanks, and turned from the fort to wander about by ourselves, and see what there was to be seen down among the mud-huts. We were in doubt which way to turn on this exploring expedition, till a pretty loud noise — a combination of sounds supposed to be musical, from a great many indescribable instruments and the throats of many people — decided us to go and see the cause of such a commotion. Before one of the old storehouses previously mentioned was a large open space, around, but not within, which were assembled most of the male, female, and infant population of the Cove. The varied and peculiar costumes reminded me, at the first glimpse, of a certain line in Mother Goose's Melodies, describing the beggars coming to town,

"Some in rags, and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns,"

though I think the velvet gowns on this occasion were in the minority. It was a crowd not only of the "great

unwashed," but the great undressed. There were a few exceptions, — persons who, under former British rule and influence, had learned to appreciate the beauty and use of shirts and pantaloons; to such I have already alluded.

It was the crowd that had first attracted us, but only for a moment did we pause to look at the people. The object which brought them all together claimed our attention as well. The terrible music kept on without an instant's cessation, and one figure after another (I can hardly say *man*, they all looked so wizard-like) shot like an arrow into the circle, and flung itself about in the most fantastic attitudes. The performer would begin the movements of the dance quite moderately, then as the music grew quicker and quicker, would throw off first a piece of cloth, then whatever ornaments he wore, as if to be entirely unfettered, and then kept spinning round at an incredible speed, till, exhausted, he tottered back and gave place to a new actor. All this was carried on amid a perfect din of shouting. It was, as we learned, Fetish dancing, and I had really, with my own eyes, beheld the rite exhibited by a picture in the geography I studied so many years ago; a picture which so greatly pleased me that I remember painting it up in the most gorgeous tints my little color-box afforded.

We were told presently that all this excitement was in honor of the day, the festival known in that region as *Black Christmas*.

I doubt if any of my readers, however well they may be acquainted with the most sacred festival in Christian lands ever celebrated a *black Christmas*.

As near as I could learn, the name and the day originated on this wise. When the English occupied Dix Cove, the yearly recurrence of the holy day was recognized by very boisterous mirth, — dinner-parties and hard drinking. I will quote my informant's own words: "When white people live here they have one time when they all get

drunk and they call him Christmas; I s'pose it be time when they get pay; so when black man get him rice cut, him corn husked, then him say it be good time and he get drunk, s'pose him get de rum and call him time *Black Christmas*."

We turned from the exciting scene for a quiet walk up the hill, from whence we judged a good view might be obtained, and we were not disappointed. At the summit we found the ruins of the former Wesleyan Mission House, — which had witnessed so much energy and toil expended for this degraded people, and whose influence for good, however great it might have been at one time, had quite died out, for aught we could see during our brief visit. A few uncared-for orange-trees remained to mark the spot where had been the mission garden, now, but for them, a wilderness of weeds. The many who live in an atmosphere of religious light and truth, and know nothing of the work of missionaries in "that land of darkness as darkness itself," except a short article occasionally glanced over in some missionary paper, cannot feel, on reading this brief description, as we felt standing there at the grave, as it were, of those devoted servants of God, who had in hope sowed the seed and then lain down to their rest, waiting for the great day of days to disclose what manner of harvest the Lord should reap from their portion of his vineyard. The colored representative of the same missionary society, who now resided in the castle, had but lately come out.

On the road we noticed a mud school-house, and were minded to walk in and find what style of education the youths of Dix Cove were receiving; but as the worthy teacher was not there, it being recess, we thought it not worth while to linger. A few boys within caught a glimpse of us through the open door, and, anxious to exhibit their attainments, instantly began shouting, in a chorus of very queer English, the multiplication-table.

At length, hot and weary, we reached

the hospitable abode of Quabina Mensah, the chief man of the place, who treated us most courteously during our stay. His house was one of the large stone buildings already alluded to, very massive and rather stately, especially as compared with the poor dwellings all around. Over the doorway, cut in a large stone, were the owner's name and a date, probably that of the erection of the house. We were ushered up a flight of steps to a long hall, used as a reception-room or parlor; indeed, I know not what name to give the apartment, for it was unlike anything we see in American houses. The furniture was familiar enough; no doubt it had been bought, one piece at a time, from trading-vessels, and might, by dint of considerable polishing and scrubbing, have appeared quite genteel in a cosy sitting-room at home. There were pictures, too, hung along the wall on either side. Evidently, this gentleman had a more correct idea of the use of foreign articles than one whom I had known elsewhere on the coast, and who invested his money in a really handsome set of chairs, and a china dinner-set. The chairs he hung upon nails in the wall of his hut, and the china plates, etc. he piled up on his table by way of ornament, exhibiting them to his less wealthy friends as foreign curiosities. Well, perhaps he was quite as reasonable as we who decorate our parlors with little articles kept by the Celestials and others in as common use as chairs and dinner-plates are with us.

For some time we sat in Mensah's parlor, commenting on his furniture and enjoying what there was of fresh air, after our long walk, conscious all the time of black heads bobbing in and out of the doors, and of the curious glances freely bestowed on us white people.

At last the master of the house, the great man of Dix Cove, appeared and welcomed us. I wish I could paint the portrait of this queer little old man. He was black as if the sun had long looked upon him; shrivelled as the last remaining pea-pod on the vine when

the season is over. His shaven head resembled a polished mahogany ball, and was encircled by a sort of scarf, the ends of which fell gracefully over one shoulder. On his feet were a pair of embroidered slippers, while his lank form was enveloped in a robe covered with beautiful needle-work in bright colors. One caught sight occasionally of some under-garments not quite hidden by the fine robe, of that delicate tint which is known as *couleur d'Isabelle*. As this visit of ours occurred before that peculiar shade came in vogue, I am afraid Mensah appeared in it solely from the scarcity of good washerwomen at the Cove. His thin, old ebony hands set off to advantage immense rings of native gold and manufacture. One, on the thumb of the right hand, was broad and thick beyond any ring I had ever seen. Over his breast hung a massive chain of gold, and to one end of this his keys were suspended, while the other secured a fly-brush, — I know no better name for it, — which every few minutes he caught and shook vigorously about him, and then replaced.

Sundry bows and smiles and hand-wavings from the old gentleman took the place of the polite speeches he would have made had he been master of the English language.

Finally we were all seated, and then came a fresh shaking of the fly-brush, another ceremonious hand-shaking all round, and then we were regaled with a spicy drink, which I supposed at first to be of native manufacture, but found from the label on the bottle to be some European beverage. It was surprising to see a number of such little foreign luxuries as this, while in other respects real African barbarism prevailed.

Meantime some remarkable sounds were again beginning to annoy our unaccustomed ears, from various directions. It would trouble a more learned musician than I to define the peculiar sounds. There were drums certainly, and there were things that squeaked, others that wailed, some that clinked ;

and with all was a steady accompaniment of jabbering in the native tongue, while every now and then a small piece of artillery was fired off.

A crowd gradually collected around the house and on the stairs, and presently one by one the men gathered in the room. Each of these as he entered let fall the drapery on the left side, sufficiently to leave the shoulder and breast exposed, — evidently a mark of respect. They received each a solemn greeting, and then Mensah, standing before them, made a little speech, of which we could appreciate nothing but the emphatic gestures. This done, the little old man took a large bottle of lavender-water and honored our party with some liberal dashes on the hands, dress, or wherever the refreshing liquid chanced to find its way. The ceremony was continued with the native guests, each receiving a most refreshing shower on head, hands, garments, and even on the back. This, to us unaccustomed, act of courtesy we received with all gravity, resolved when in Dix Cove to do as the Dix-Covans did. The natives then left us, and we were attracted to the windows overlooking the street. We there discovered Mensah seated on a sort of throne at the entrance of the house. In front of him were ranged four youths, whisking what looked like horse-tails, whether as fly-brushes or simply as a mark of honor we were unaware. At his side stood a man with a leopard's face for a cap, who at short intervals shouted out a few words and then stopped. He was, no doubt, proclaiming the heroic deeds of the chief, as is the custom on different parts of the coast. Behind the seat stood another attendant, holding a bottle of rum and a glass, and I noticed that the old gentleman pretty frequently demanded his services. The crowd surrounding Mensah was composed first of special attendants, then musicians, then wives and children (of the latter I learned he had about one hundred), and then a promiscuous multitude. Of the special attendants some

held very large and curious-looking cutlasses, the handles plated with gold; others carried huge canes or staves, with strange devices on their tops.

In less time than I have taken to note these things a procession was formed, which marched about town and then returned. The strangest feature in this, perhaps, was a kind of umbrella or tent (the former in shape, but almost the latter in size), made of brilliant-colored cloth, one of them more like a patchwork bedquilt in color and design than anything else. These were carried on long poles, and made to revolve in the hands of the bearers, as they marched. On top of each was the gilded representation of some animal, and no doubt these, as many other things, had a meaning of which we were ignorant. As the company were in motion, we had a better opportunity of noticing the various styles of dress. The men were clad in robes of different colors and materials, but all worn in the same way. They were squares of cloth about the size of ordinary table-covers, wound round the body with one end brought over the left shoulder and suffered to fall over the back in quite a graceful manner. The women wore cloth, some silk and other handsome fabrics, hanging from the waist, and, as is the style all along the gold coast, a large and awkward imitation of a bustle, known to us among the fashions of a period anterior to hoop-skirts. These, however, differed from any I ever saw on civilized belles, being prominent oblong *seats* on the back. As such they were used by the little ones, who each mounted on this block behind his mother, with one end of her drapery sometimes flung around him, or clinging like a monkey with his hands in her arm-pits.

The procession over, there was a dance, in which again we noticed but one at a time occupying the ground. A part of this dance consisted of a number of whirls and flings and frantic gestures, executed with much vehemence, and ending in the prostration of the man before the chief.

At last the old man, who, be it remembered, had been steadily emptying the cups of gin while these ceremonies were going on, himself took a turn in the dance. Having flung aside all his trappings, except a single cloth about his loins, his old limbs went as if on springs, and he kept up the exciting motion longer than any of the rest.

So the dancing, drinking, and tomtomming went on, until the day began to wane, and we were summoned back to the ship. The whole crowd, headed by our host, who by this time was only half conscious of external things, accompanied us to the beach to bid us farewell. A gun was fired as we left the shore, and the British flag was dipped on the pole at the custom-house, and we gladly moved out of sight and sound of these savage festivities.

I must not, however, forget to mention the last feature of the day, which was perhaps the best. Quabina had honored one of our party by the presentation of a "*new (young) wife.*" The recipient of so great a compliment, with all the politeness he could, declined the gift; but, notwithstanding this, the young "*fair one*" appeared with her little bundle, ready to accompany her intended but unwitting husband to the vessel. He managed, however, to excuse himself, and I noticed was careful not to be seen on shore again.

Although we had been so eager to leave the old vessel that had begun to seem to us almost a prison, we were not sorry to regain the quiet deck, and there talk over the events of the day; but a night's rest renewed the desire for land. Soon after breakfast, therefore, we were again in the boat, minus our friend, "*the intended,*" listening to the Kroomen's song as they rowed us toward shore. The sea was not so tranquil as the day before, and we had to encounter some furious-looking waves, where the sea rolled heavily into the Cove. One of these dangerous-looking mounds of water startled a member of our party into an appeal to

the head Krooman to be very careful.

"O daddy," confidently spoke out Sea Breeze, "no be 'fraid. Sea have plenty sass, it be true, but I be old Krooman. sea know dat; he no fit sass old Sea Breeze." The assured tone of this modern Canute established the heart of our fearful friend, and, whether or no old Ocean acknowledged the skill of this boastful ducky, we rode safely over wave after wave, and, after being as usual carried to the beach on the shoulders of the men, walked among the scenes of the previous day. But how changed! The day of drinking and the day of recovering from drink are widely different from each other. No dancing, no procession, no shouting was there to attract us. Dix Cove was in doors to-day, as yesterday it was out. I had come, however, more with a desire to get acquainted with the place than the people; and with sketch-book in hand I sauntered up the hill to take a view, and then to seek out the stream of the sacred crocodiles, of

which I had heard. This latter, when found, I discovered to be a muddy little creek, fenced on either side with mangroves, and here and there a large tree branching over. Here I saw several of the ugly creatures lazily enjoying a nap in the sun. I wondered if there were anything on earth too repulsive for man to select as an object of worship. This West African Coast has a long list of deities that include, at one place monkeys, at another snakes, at another the insignificant little insect called *mantis*, and here the horrible crocodile. The people come to feed them, so that they are not at all shy, being well acquainted with the human countenance; but what they thought of a white face I do not know. One of our fellow-travellers, fond of sport, proposed shooting one of them, but the outcry was so fierce at the mention of such a thing, that for the safety of his own life he spared that of the crocodile.

We returned again to the vessel, and the next day we saw only sea and sky.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

II.

AT the end of my three days' probation, I spent a week constantly with my friends. Our mornings were, of course, devoted to churches and galleries, and in the late afternoon we passed and repassed along the Grand Canal or betook ourselves to the Lido. By this time Miss Evans and I had become thoroughly intimate; we had learned to know Venice together, and the knowledge had helped us to know each other. In my own mind, Charlotte Evans and Venice had played the game most effectively into each other's hands. If my fancy had been called upon to paint her portrait, my fancy would have sketched her with a background of sunset-flushed palace wall, with a faint

reflected light from the green lagoon playing up into her face. And if I had wished to sketch a Venetian scene, I should have painted it from an open window, with a woman leaning against the casement,—as I had often seen her lean from a window in her hotel. At the end of a week we went one afternoon to the Lido, timing our departure so as to allow us to return at sunset. We went over in silence, Mr. Evans sitting with reverted head, blowing his cigar-smoke against the dazzling sky, which told so fiercely of sea and summer; his daughter motionless and thickly veiled; I facing them, feeling the broken swerve of our gondola, and watching Venice grow level and rosy.

beyond the liquid interval. Near the landing-place on the hither side of the Lido is a small *trattoria* for the refreshment of visitors. An arbor outside the door, a horizontal vine checkering still further a dirty table-cloth, a pungent odor of *frittata*, an admiring circle of gondoliers and beggars, are the chief attractions of this suburban house of entertainment, — attractions sufficient, however, to have arrested the inquisitive steps of an elderly American gentleman, in whom Mr. Evans speedily recognized a friend of early years, a comrade in affairs. A hearty greeting ensued. This worthy man had ordered dinner: he besought Mr. Evans at least to sit down and partake of a bottle of wine. My friend vacillated between his duties as a father and the prospect of a rich old-boyish revival of the delectable interests of home; but his daughter graciously came to his assistance. "Sit down with Mr. Munson, talk till you are tired, and then walk over to the beach and find us. We shall not wander beyond call."

She and I accordingly started slowly for a stroll along the barren strand which averts its shining side from Venice and takes the tides of the Adriatic. The Lido has for me a peculiar melancholy charm, and I have often wondered that I should have felt the presence of beauty in a spot so destitute of any exceptional elements of beauty. For beyond the fact that it knows the changing moods and hues of the Adriatic, this narrow strip of sand-stifled verdure has no very rare distinction. In my own country I know many a sandy beach, and many a stunted copse, and many a tremulous ocean line of little less purity and breadth of composition, with far less magical interest. The secret of the Lido is simply your sense of adjacent Venice. It is the salt-sown garden of the city of the sea. Hither came short-paced Venetians for a meagre taste of *terra firma*, or for a wider glimpse of their parent ocean. Along a narrow line in the middle of the island are

market-gardens and breeze-twisted orchards, and a hint of hedges and lanes and inland greenery. At one end is a series of low fortifications duly embanked and moated and sentinelled. Still beyond these, half over-drifted with sand and over-clambered with rank grasses and coarse thick shrubbery, are certain quaintly lettered funereal slabs, tombs of former Jews of Venice. Toward these we slowly wandered and sat down in the grass. Between the sand-heaps, which shut out the beach, we saw in a dozen places the blue agitation of the sea. Over all the scene there brooded the deep bright sadness of early autumn. I lay at my companion's feet and wondered whether I was in love. It seemed to me that I had never been so happy in my life. They say, I know, that to be in love is not pure happiness; that in the mood of the unconfessed, unaccepted lover there is an element of poignant doubt and pain. Should I at once confess myself and taste of the perfection of bliss? It seemed to me that I cared very little for the meaning of her reply. I only wanted to talk of love; I wanted in some manner to enjoy in that atmosphere of romance the woman who was so blessedly fair and wise. It seemed to me that all the agitation of fancy, the excited sense of beauty, the fervor and joy and sadness begotten by my Italian wanderings, had suddenly resolved themselves into a potent demand for expression. Miss Evans was sitting on one of the Hebrew tombs, her chin on her hand, her elbow on her knee, watching the broken horizon. I was stretched on the grass on my side, leaning on my elbow and on my hand, with my eyes on her face. She bent her own eyes and encountered mine; we neither of us spoke or moved, but exchanged a long steady regard; after which her eyes returned to the distance. What was her feeling toward me? Had she any sense of my emotion or of any answering trouble in her own wonderful heart? Suppose she should deny me: should I suffer, would I persist? At any rate, I should have struck

a blow for love. Suppose she were to accept me; would my joy be any greater than in the mere translation of my heart-beats? Did I in truth long merely for a bliss which should be of that hour and that hour alone? I was conscious of an immense respect for the woman beside me. I was unconscious of the least desire even to touch the hem of her garment as it lay on the grass, touching my own. After all, it was but ten days that I had known her. How little I really knew of her! how little else than her beauty and her wit! How little she knew of me, of my vast out-lying, unsentimental, spiritual self! We knew hardly more of each other than had appeared in this narrow circle of our common impressions of Venice. And yet if into such a circle Love had forced his way, let him take his way! Let him widen the circle! Transcendent Venice! I rose to my feet with a violent movement, and walked ten steps away. I came back and flung myself again on the grass.

"The other day at Vicenza," I said, "I bought a picture."

"Ah? an 'original'?"

"No, a copy."

"From whom?"

"From you!"

She blushed. "What do you mean?"

"It was a little pretended Correggio; a Madonna and Child."

"Is it good?"

"No, it's rather poor."

"Why, then, did you buy it?"

"Because the Madonna looked singularly like you."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Brooke, you had n't a better reason. I hope the picture was cheap."

"It was quite reason enough. I admire you more than any woman in the world."

She looked at me a moment, blushing again. "You don't know me."

"I have a suspicion of you. It's ground enough for admiration."

"O, don't talk about admiration. I'm tired of it all beforehand."

"Well, then," said I, "I'm in love."

"Not with me, I hope."

"With you, of course. With whom else?"

"Has it only just now occurred to you?"

"It has just occurred to me to say it."

Her blush had deepened a little; but a genuine smile came to its relief. "Poor Mr. Brooke!" she said.

"Poor Mr. Brooke indeed, if you take it in that way."

"You must forgive me if I doubt of your love."

"Why should you doubt?"

"Love, I fancy, does n't come in just this way."

"It comes as it can. This is surely a very good way."

"I know it's a very pretty way, Mr. Brooke; Venice behind us, the Adriatic before us, these old Hebrew tombs! Its very prettiness makes me distrust it."

"Do you believe only in the love that is born in darkness and pain? Poor love! it has trouble enough, first and last. Allow it a little ease."

"Listen," said Miss Evans, after a pause. "It's not with me you're in love, but with that painted picture. All this Italian beauty and delight has thrown you into a romantic state of mind. You wish to make it perfect. I happen to be at hand, so you say, 'Go to, I'll fall in love.' And you fancy me, for the purpose, a dozen fine things that I'm not."

"I fancy you beautiful and good. I'm sorry to find you so dogmatic."

"You must n't abuse me, or we shall be getting serious."

"Well," said I, "you can't prevent me from adoring you."

"I should be very sorry to. So long as you 'adore' me, we're safe! I can tell you better things than that I'm in love with you."

I looked at her impatiently. "For instance?"

She held out her hand. "I like you immensely. As for love, I'm in love with Venice."

"Well, I like Venice immensely, but I'm in love with you."

"In that way I am willing to leave

it. Pray don't speak of it again to-day. But my poor father is probably wandering up to his knees in the sand."

I had been happy before, but I think I was still happier for the words I had spoken. I had cast them abroad at all events; my heart was richer by a sense of their possible fruition. We walked far along the beach. Mr. Evans was still with his friend.

"What is beyond that horizon?" said my companion.

"Greece, among other things."

"Greece! only think of it! Shall you never go there?"

I stopped short. "If you will believe what I say, Miss Evans, we may both go there." But for all answer she repeated her request that I should forbear. Before long, retracing our steps, we met Mr. Evans, who had parted with his friend, the latter having returned to Venice. He had arranged to start the next morning for Milan. We went back over the lagoon in the glow of the sunset, in a golden silence which suffered us to hear the far-off ripple in the wake of other gondolas, a golden clearness so perfect that the rosy flush on the marble palaces seemed as light and pure as the life-blood on the forehead of a sleeping child. There is no Venice like the Venice of that magical hour. For that brief period her ancient glory returns. The sky arches over her like a vast imperial canopy crowded with its clustering mysteries of light. Her whole aspect is one of unspotted splendor. No other city takes the crimson evanescence of day with such magnificent effect. The lagoon is sheathed with a carpet of fire. All torpid, pallid hues of marble are transmuted to a golden glow. The dead Venetian tone brightens and quickens into life and lustre, and the spectator's enchanted vision seems to rest on an embodied dream of the great painter who wrought his immortal reveries into the ceilings of the Ducal Palace.

It was not till the second day after this that I again saw Miss Evans. I went to the little church of San Cassiano, to see a famous Tintoretto, to

which I had already made several vain attempts to obtain access. At the door in the little bustling *campo* which adjoins the church I found her standing expectant. A little boy, she told me, had gone for the sacristan and his key. Her father, she proceeded to explain, had suddenly been summoned to Milan by a telegram from Mr. Munson, the friend whom he had met at the Lido, who had suddenly been taken ill.

"And so you're going about alone? Do you think that's altogether proper? Why did n't you send for me?" I stood lost in wonder and admiration at the exquisite dignity of her self-support. I had heard of American girls doing such things; but I had yet to see them done.

"Do you think it less proper for me to go about alone than to send for you? Venice has seen so many worse improprieties that she'll forgive me mine."

The little boy arrived with the sacristan and his key, and we were ushered into the presence of Tintoretto's Crucifixion. This great picture is one of the greatest of the Venetian school. Tintoretto, the travelled reader will remember, has painted two masterpieces on this tremendous theme. The larger and more complex work is at the Scuola di San Rocco; the one of which I speak is small, simple, and sublime. It occupies the left side of the narrow choir of the shabby little church which we had entered, and is remarkable as being, with two or three exceptions, the best preserved work of its incomparable author. Never, in the whole range of art, I imagine, has so powerful an effect been produced by means so simple and select; never has the intelligent choice of means to an effect been pursued with such a refinement of perception. The picture offers to our sight the very central essence of the great tragedy which it depicts. There is no swooning Madonna, no consoling Magdalen, no mockery of contrast, no cruelty of an assembled host. We behold the silent summit of Calvary. To the right are the three crosses, that of the Saviour foremost. A ladder pitched against it supports a turbaned execu-

tioner, who bends downward to receive the sponge offered him by a comrade. Above the crest of the hill the helmets and spears of a line of soldiery complete the grimness of the scene. The reality of the picture is beyond all words: it is hard to say which is more impressive, the naked horror of the fact represented, or the sensible power of the artist. You breathe a silent prayer of thanks that you, for your part, are without the terrible clairvoyance of genius. We sat and looked at the picture in silence. The sacristan loitered about; but finally, weary of waiting, he retired to the *campo* without. I observed my companion: pale, motionless, oppressed, she evidently felt with poignant sympathy the commanding force of the work. At last I spoke to her; receiving no answer, I repeated my question. She rose to her feet and turned her face upon me, illumined with a vivid ecstasy of pity. Then passing me rapidly, she descended into the aisle of the church, dropped into a chair, and, burying her face in her hands, burst into an agony of sobs. Having allowed time for her feeling to expend itself, I went to her and recommended her not to let the day close on this painful emotion. "Come with me to the Ducal Palace," I said; "let us look at the Rape of Europa." But before departing we went back to our Tintoretto, and gave it another solemn half-hour. Miss Evans repeated aloud a dozen verses from St. Mark's Gospel.

"What is it here," I asked, "that has moved you most, the painter or the subject?"

"I suppose it's the subject. And you?"

"I'm afraid it's the painter."

We went to the Ducal Palace, and immediately made our way to that transcendent shrine of light and grace, the room which contains the masterpiece of Paul Veronese, and the Bacchus and Ariadne of his solemn comrade. I steeped myself with unprotesting joy in the gorgeous glow and salubrity of that radiant scene, wherein, against her bosky screen of immortal

verdure, the rosy-footed, pearl-circled, nymph-flattered victim of a divine delusion rustles her lustrous satin against the ambrosial hide of bovine Jove. "It makes one think more agreeably of life," I said to my friend, "that such visions have blessed the eyes of men of mortal mould. What has been may be again. We may yet dream as brightly, and some few of us translate our dreams as freely."

"This, I think, is the brighter dream of the two," she answered, indicating the Bacchus and Ariadne. Miss Evans, on the whole, was perhaps right. In Tintoretto's picture there is no shimmer of drapery, no splendor of flowers and gems; nothing but the broad, bright glory of deep-toned sea and sky, and the shining purity and symmetry of deified human flesh. "What do you think," asked my companion, "of the painter of that tragedy at San Cassiano being also the painter of this dazzling idyl; of the great painter of darkness being also the great painter of light?"

"He was a colorist! Let us thank the great man, and be colorists too. To understand this Bacchus and Ariadne we ought to spend a long day on the lagoon, beyond sight of Venice. Will you come to-morrow to Torcello?" The proposition seemed to me audacious; I was conscious of blushing a little as I made it. Miss Evans looked at me and pondered. She then replied with great calmness that she preferred to wait for her father, the excursion being one that he would probably enjoy. "Will you come, then, — somewhere?" I asked.

Again she pondered. Suddenly her face brightened. "I should very much like to go to Padua. It would bore my poor father to go. I fancy he would thank you for taking me. I should be almost willing," she said with a smile, "to go alone."

It was easily arranged that on the morrow we should go for the day to Padua. Miss Evans was certainly an American to perfection. Nothing remained for me, as the good American which I aspired to be, but implicitly to

respect her confidence. To Padua, by an early train, we accordingly went. The day stands out in my memory delightfully curious and rich. Padua is a wonderful little city. Miss Evans was an excellent walker, and, thanks to the broad arcades which cover the footways in the streets, we rambled for hours in perpetual shade. We spent an hour at the famous church of St. Anthony, which boasts one of the richest and holiest shrines in all church-burdened Italy. The whole edifice is nobly and darkly ornate and picturesque, but the chapel of its patron saint — a wondrous combination of chiselled gold and silver and alabaster and perpetual flame — splendidly outshines and outshadows the rest. In all Italy, I think, the idea of palpable, material sanctity is nowhere more potently enforced.

"O the Church, the Church!" murmured Miss Evans, as we stood contemplating.

"What a real pity," I said, "that we are not Catholics; that that dazzling monument is not something more to us than a mere splendid show! What a different thing this visiting of churches would be for us, if we occasionally felt the prompting to fall on our knees. I begin to grow ashamed of this perpetual attitude of bald curiosity. What a pleasant thing it must be, in such a church as this, for two good friends to say their prayers together!"

"*Ecco!*" said Miss Evans. Two persons had approached the glittering shrine, — a young woman of the middle class and a man of her own rank, some ten years older, dressed with a good deal of cheap elegance. The woman dropped on her knees; her companion fell back a few steps, and stood gazing idly at the chapel. "Poor girl!" said my friend, "she believes; he doubts."

"He does n't look like a doubter. He's a vulgar fellow. They're a betrothed pair, I imagine. She is very pretty." She had turned round and flung at her companion a liquid glance of entreaty. He appeared not to observe it; but in a few moments he

slowly approached her, and bent a single knee at her side. When presently they rose to their feet, she passed her arm into his with a beautiful, unsuppressed lovingness. As they passed us, looking at us from the clear darkness of their Italian brows, I keenly envied them. "They are better off than we," I said. "Be they husband and wife, or lovers, or simply friends, we, I think, are rather vulgar beside them."

"My dear Mr. Brooke," said Miss Evans, "go by all means and say your prayers." And she walked away to the other side of the church. Whether I obeyed her injunction or not, I feel under no obligation to report. I rejoined her at the beautiful frescoed chapel in the opposite transept. She was sitting listlessly turning over the leaves of her Murray. "I suppose," she said, after a few moments, "that nothing is more vulgar than to make a noise about having been called vulgar. But really, Mr. Brooke; don't call me so again. I have been of late so fondly fancying I am not vulgar."

"My dear Miss Evans, you are —"

"Come, nothing vulgar!"

"You're divine!"

"*A la bonne heure!* Divinities need n't pray. They are prayed to."

I have no space and little power to enumerate and describe the various curiosities of Padua. I think we saw them all. We left the best, however, for the last, and repaired in the late afternoon, after dining fraternally at a restaurant, to the Chapel of Giotto. This little empty church, standing unshaded and forlorn in the homely market-garden which was once a Roman arena, offers one of the deepest lessons of Italian travel. Its four walls are covered, almost from base to ceiling, with that wonderful series of dramatic paintings which usher in the golden prime of Italian art. I had been so ill-informed as to fancy that to talk about Giotto was to make more or less of a fool of one's self, and that he was the especial property of the mere sentimentalists of criticism. But you no sooner cross the threshold of that little

ruinous temple—a mere empty shell, but coated as with the priceless substance of fine pearls and vocal with a murmured eloquence as from the infinite of art—than you perceive with whom you have to deal: a complete painter of the very strongest sort. In one respect, assuredly, Giotto has never been surpassed,—in the art of presenting a story. The amount of dramatic expression compressed into those quaint little scenic squares would equip a thousand later masters. How, beside him, they seem to fumble and grope and trifle! And he, beside them, how direct he seems, how essential, how masculine! What a solid simplicity, what an immediate purity and grace! The exhibition suggested to my friend and me more wise reflections than we had the skill to utter. "Happy, happy art," we said, as we seemed to see it beneath Giotto's hand tremble and thrill and sparkle, almost, with a presentiment of its immense career, "for the next two hundred years what a glorious felicity will be yours!" The chapel door stood open into the sunny corn-field, and the lazy litter of verdure enclosed by the crumbling oval of Roman masonry. A loutish boy who had come with the key lounged on a bench, awaiting tribute, and gazing at us as we gazed. The ample light flooded the inner precinct, and lay hot upon the coarse, pale surface of the painted wall. There seemed an irresistible pathos in such a combination of shabbiness and beauty. I thought of this subsequently at the beautiful Museum at Bologna, where mediocrity is so richly enshrined. Nothing that we had yet seen together had filled us with so deep a sense of enjoyment. We stared, we laughed, we wept almost, we raved with a decent delight. We went over the little compartments one by one: we lingered and returned and compared; we studied; we melted together in unanimous homage. At last the light began to fade and the little saintly figures to grow quaint and terrible in the gathering dusk. The loutish boy had transferred himself sig-

nificantly to the door-post: we lingered for a farewell glance.

"Mr. Brooke," said my companion, "we ought to learn from all this to be *real*; real even as Giotto is real; to discriminate between genuine and factitious sentiment; between the substantial and the trivial; between the essential and the superfluous; sentiment and sentimentality."

"You speak," said I, "with appalling wisdom and truth. You strike a chill to my heart of hearts."

She spoke unsmiling, with a slightly contracted brow and an apparent sense of effort. She blushed as I gazed at her.

"Well," she said, "I'm extremely glad to have been here. Good, wise Giotto! I should have liked to know you.—Nay, let me pay the boy." I saw the piece she put into his hand; he was stupefied by its magnitude.

"We shall not have done Padua," I said, as we left the garden, "unless we have been to the Caffè Pedrocchi. Come to the Caffè Pedrocchi. We have more than an hour before our train,—time to eat an ice." So we drove to the Caffè Pedrocchi, the most respectable *café* in the world; a *café* monumental, scholastic, classical.

We sat down at one of the tables on the cheerful external platform, which is washed by the gentle tide of Paduan life. When we had finished our ices, Miss Evans graciously allowed me a cigar. How it came about I hardly remember, but, prompted by some happy accident of talk, and gently encouraged perhaps by my smoke-wreathed quietude, she lapsed, with an exquisite feminine reserve, into a delicate autobiographical strain. For a moment she became egotistical; but with a modesty, a dignity, a lightness of touch which filled my eyes with admiring tears. She spoke of her home, her family, and the few events of her life. She had lost her mother in her early years; her two sisters had married young; she and her father were equally united by affection and habit. Upon one theme she touched, in regard to

which I should be at loss to say whether her treatment told more, by its frankness, of our friendship, or, by its reticence, of her modesty. She spoke of having been engaged, and of having lost her betrothed in the Civil War. She made no story of it; but I felt from her words that she had tasted of sorrow. Having finished my cigar, I was proceeding to light another. She drew out her watch. Our train was to leave at eight o'clock. It was now a quarter past. There was no later evening train.

The reader will understand that I tell the simple truth when I say that our situation was most disagreeable and that we were deeply annoyed. "Of course," said I, "you are utterly disgusted."

She was silent. "I am extremely sorry," she said, at last, just vanquishing a slight tremor in her voice.

"Murray says the hotel is good," I suggested.

She made no answer. Then, rising to her feet, "Let us go immediately," she said. We drove to the principal inn and bespoke our rooms. Our want of luggage provoked, of course, a certain amount of visible surprise. This, however, I fancy, was speedily merged in a more flattering emotion, when my companion, having communed with the chambermaid, sent her forth with a list of purchases.

We separated early. "I hope," said I, as I bade her good night, "that you will be fairly comfortable."

She had recovered her equanimity. "I have no doubt of it."

"Good night."

"Good night." Thank God, I silently added, for the dignity of American women. Knowing to what suffering a similar accident would have subjected a young girl of the orthodox European training, I felt devoutly grateful that among my own people a woman and her reputation are more indissolubly one. And yet I was unable to detach myself from my Old-World associations effectually enough not to wonder whether, after all, Miss

Evans's calmness might not be the simple calmness of despair. The miserable words rose to my lips, "Is she Compromised?" If she were, of course, as far as I was concerned, there was but one possible sequel to our situation.

We met the next morning at breakfast. She assured me that she had slept, but I doubted it. I myself had not closed my eyes,—not from the excitement of vanity. Owing partly, I suppose, to a natural reaction against our continuous talk on the foregoing day, our return to Venice was attended with a good deal of silence. I wondered whether it was a mere fancy that Miss Evans was pensive, appealing, sombre. As we entered the gondola to go from the railway station to the Hotel Danieli, she asked me to request the gondoliers to pass along the Canalezzo rather than through the short cuts of the smaller canals. "I feel as if I were coming home," she said, as we floated beneath the lovely façade of the Ca' Doro. Suddenly she laid her hand on my arm. "It seems to me," she said, "that I should like to stop for Mrs. L—," and she mentioned the wife of the American Consul. "I have promised to show her some jewelry. This is a particularly good time. I shall ask her to come home with me." We stopped accordingly at the American Consulate. Here we found, on inquiry, to my great regret, that the Consul and his wife had gone for a week to the Lake of Como. For a moment my companion meditated. Then, "To the hotel," she said with decision. Our arrival attracted apparently little notice. I went with Miss Evans to the door of her father's sitting-room, where we met a servant, who informed us with inscrutable gravity that Monsieur had returned the evening before, but that he had gone out after breakfast and had not reappeared.

"Poor father," she said. "It was very stupid of me not to have left a note for him." I urged that our absence for the night was not to have been foreseen, and that Mr. Evans had

in all likelihood very plausibly explained it. I withdrew with a hand-shake and permission to return in the evening.

I went to my hotel and slept, a long, sound, dreamless sleep. In the afternoon I called my gondola, and went over to the Lido. I crossed to the outer shore and sought the spot where a few days before I had lain at the feet of Charlotte Evans. I stretched myself on the grass and fancied her present. To say that I *thought* would be to say at once more and less than the literal truth. I was in a tremulous glow of feeling. I listened to the muffled rupture of the tide, vaguely conscious of my beating heart. Was I or was I not in love? I was able to settle nothing. I wandered musingly further and further from the point. Every now and then, with a deeper pulsation of the heart, I would return to it, but only to start afresh and follow some wire-drawn thread of fancy to a nebulous goal of doubt. That she was a most lovely woman seemed to me of all truths the truest, but it was a hard-featured fact of the senses rather than a radiant mystery of faith. I felt that I was not possessed by a passion; perhaps I was incapable of passion. At last, weary of self-bewilderment, I left the spot and wandered beside the sea. It seemed to speak more musingly than ever of the rapture of motion and freedom. Beyond the horizon was Greece, beyond and below was the wondrous Southern world which blooms about the margin of the Midland Sea. To marry, somehow, meant to abjure all this, and in the prime of youth and manhood to sink into obscurity and care. For a moment there stirred in my heart a feeling of anger and pain. Perhaps, after all, I *was* in love!

I went straight across the lagoon to the Hotel Danieli, and as I approached it I became singularly calm and collected. From below I saw Miss Evans alone on her balcony, watching the sunset. She received me with perfect friendly composure. Her

father had again gone out, but she had told him of my coming, and he was soon to return. He had not been painfully alarmed at her absence, having learned through a chambermaid, to whom she had happened to mention her intention, that she had gone for the day to Padua.

"And what have you been doing all day?" I asked.

"Writing letters,—long, tiresome, descriptive letters. I have also found a volume of Hawthorne, and have been reading 'Rappacini's Daughter.' You know the scene is laid in Padua." And what had I been doing?

Whether I was in a passion of love or not, I was enough in love to be very illogical. I was disappointed, Heaven knows why! that she should have been able to spend her time in this wholesome fashion. "I have been at the Lido, at the Hebrew tombs, where we sat the other day, thinking of what you told me there."

"What I told you?"

"That you liked me immensely."

She smiled; but now that she smiled, I fancied I saw in the movement of her face an undercurrent of pain. Had the peace of her heart been troubled? "You need n't have gone so far away to think of it."

"It's very possible," I said, "that I shall have to think of it, in days to come, farther away still."

"Other places, Mr. Brooke, will bring other thoughts."

"Possibly. This place has brought that one." At what prompting it was that I continued I hardly know; I *would* tell her that I loved her. "I value it beyond all other thoughts."

"I do like you, Mr. Brooke. Let it rest there."

"It may rest there for you. It can't for me. It begins there! Don't refuse to understand me."

She was silent. Then, bending her eyes on me, "Perhaps," she said, "I understand you too well."

"O, in Heaven's name, don't play at coldness and scepticism!"

She dropped her eyes gravely on a

bracelet which she locked and unlocked on her wrist. "I think," she said, without raising them, "you had better leave Venice." I was about to reply, but the door opened and Mr. Evans came in. From his hard, grizzled brow he looked at us in turn; then, greeting me with an extended hand, he spoke to his daughter.

"I have forgotten my cigar-case. Be so good as to fetch it from my dressing-table."

For a moment Miss Evans hesitated and cast upon him a faint protesting glance. Then she lightly left the room. He stood holding my hand, with a very sensible firmness, with his eyes on mine. Then, laying his other hand heavily on my shoulder, "Mr. Brooke," he said, "I believe you are an honest man."

"I hope so," I answered.

He paused, and I felt his steady gray eyes. "How the devil," he said, "came you to be left at Padua?"

"The explanation is a very simple one. Your daughter must have told you."

"I have thought best to talk very little to my daughter about it."

"Do you regard it, Mr. Evans," I asked, "as a very serious calamity?"

"I regard it as an infernally disagreeable thing. It seems that the whole hotel is talking about it. There is a little beast of an Italian down stairs—"

"Your daughter, I think, was not seriously discomposed."

"My daughter is a d—d proud woman!"

"I can assure you that my esteem for her is quite equal to your own."

"What does that mean, Mr. Brooke?" I was about to answer, but Miss Evans reappeared. Her father, as he took his cigar-case from her, looked at her intently, as if he were on the point of speaking, but the words remained on his lips, and, declaring that he would be back in half an hour, he left the room.

His departure was followed by a long silence.

"Miss Evans," I said, at last, "will you be my wife?"

She looked at me with a certain firm resignation. "Do you *feel* that, Mr. Brooke? Do you know what you ask?"

"Most assuredly."

"Will you rest content with my answer?"

"It depends on what your answer is."

She was silent.

"I should like to know what my father said to you in my absence."

"You had better learn from himself."

"I think I know. Poor father!"

"But you give me no answer," I rejoined, after a pause.

She frowned a little. "Mr. Brooke," she said, "you disappoint me."

"Well, I'm sorry. Don't revenge yourself by disappointing me."

"I fancied that I had answered your proposal; that I had, at least, anticipated it, the other day at the Lido."

"O, that was very good for the other day; but do give me something different now."

"I doubt of your being more in earnest to-day than then."

"It seems to suit you wonderfully well to doubt!"

"I thank you for the honor of your proposal: but I can't be your wife, Mr. Brooke."

"That's the answer with which you ask me to remain satisfied!"

"Let me repeat what I said just now. You had better leave Venice, otherwise we must leave it."

"Ah, that's easy to say!"

"You mustn't think me unkind or cynical. You have done your duty."

"My duty, — what duty?"

"Come," she said, with a beautiful blush and the least attempt at a smile, "you imagine that I have suffered an injury by my being left with you at Padua. I don't believe in such injuries."

"No more do I."

"Then there is even less wisdom than before in your proposal. But I

strongly suspect that if we had not missed the train at Padua, you would not have made it. There is an idea of reparation in it.—O Sir!" And she shook her head with a deepening smile.

"If I had flattered myself that it lay in my power to do you an injury," I replied, "I should now be rarely disenchanted. As little almost as to do you a benefit!"

"You have loaded me with benefits. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I may be very unreasonable, but if I had doubted of my having to decline your offer three days ago, I should have quite ceased to doubt this evening."

"You are an excessively proud woman. I can tell you that."

"Possibly. But I'm not as proud as you think. I believe in my common sense."

"I wish that for five minutes you had a grain of imagination!"

"If only for the same five minutes you were without it. You have too much, Mr. Brooke. You imagine you love me."

"Poor fool that I am!"

"You imagine that I'm charming. I assure you I'm not in the least. Here in Venice I have not been myself at all. You should see me at home."

"Upon my word, Miss Evans, you remind me of a German philosopher. I have not the least objection to seeing you at home."

"Don't fancy that I think lightly of your offer. But we have been living, Mr. Brooke, in poetry. Marriage is stern prose. Do let me bid you farewell!"

I took up my hat. "I shall go from here to Rome and Naples," I said. "I must leave Florence for the last. I shall write you from Rome and of course see you there."

"I hope not. I had rather not meet you again in Italy. It perverts our dear good old American truth!"

"Do you really propose to bid me a final farewell?"

She hesitated a moment. "When do you return home?"

"Some time in the spring."

"Very well. If a year hence, in America, you are still of your present mind, I shall not decline to see you. I feel very safe! If you are not of your present mind, of course I shall be still more happy. Farewell." She put out her hand; I took it.

"Beautiful, wonderful woman!" I murmured.

"That's rank poetry! Farewell!"

I raised her hand to my lips and released it in silence. At this point Mr. Evans reappeared, considering apparently that his half-hour was up. "Are you going?" he asked.

"Yes. I start to-morrow for Rome."

"The deuce! Daughter, when are we to go?"

She moved her hand over her forehead, and a sort of nervous tremor seemed to pass through her limbs. "O, you must take me home!" she said. "I'm horribly home-sick!" She flung her arms round his neck and buried her head on his shoulder. Mr. Evans with a movement of his head dismissed me.

At the top of the staircase, however, he overtook me. "You made your offer!" And he passed his arm into mine.

"Yes!"

"And she refused you?" I nodded. He looked at me, squeezing my arm.

"By Jove, sir, if she had accepted—"

"Well!" said I, stopping.

"Why, it would n't in the least have suited me! Not that I don't esteem you. The whole house shall see it." With his arm in mine we passed down stairs, through the hall, to the landing-place, where he called his own gondola and requested me to use it. He bade me farewell with a kindly hand-shake, and the assurance that I was too "nice a fellow not to keep as a friend."

I think, on the whole, that my uppermost feeling was a sense of freedom and relief. It seemed to me on my journey to Florence that I had started afresh, and was regarding things with less of nervous rapture than before, but more of sober insight. Of Miss Evans I forbade myself to think. In

my deepest heart I admitted the truth, the partial truth at least, of her assertion of the unreality of my love. The reality I believed would come. The way to hasten its approach was, meanwhile, to study, to watch, to observe, — doubtless even to enjoy. I certainly enjoyed Florence and the three days I spent there. But I shall not attempt to deal with Florence in a parenthesis. I subsequently saw that divine little city under circumstances which peculiarly colored and shaped it. In Rome, to begin with, I spent a week and went down to Naples, dragging the heavy Roman chain which she rivets about your limbs forever. In Naples I discovered the real South — the Southern South, — in art, in nature, in man, and the least bit in woman. A German lady, an old kind friend, had given me a letter to a Neapolitan lady whom she assured me she held in high esteem. The Signora B—— was at Sorrento, where I presented my letter. It seemed to me that “esteem” was not exactly the word; but the Signora B—— was charming. She assured me on my first visit that she was a “true Neapolitan,” and I think, on the whole, she was right. She told me that I was a true German, but in this she was altogether wrong. I spent four days in her house; on one of them we went to Capri, where the Signora had an infant — her only one — at nurse. We saw the Blue Grotto, the Tiberian ruins, the tarantella and the infant, and returned late in the evening by moonlight. The Signora sang on the water in a magnificent contralto. As I looked upward at Northern Italy, it seemed, in contrast, a cold, dark hyperborean clime, a land of order, conscience, and virtue. How my heart went out to that brave, rich, compact little Verona! How there Nature seemed to have mixed her colors with potent oil, instead of as here with crystalline water, drawn though it was from the Neapolitan Bay! But in Naples, too, I pursued my plan of vigilance and study. I spent long mornings at the Museum and learned to know Pompei; I wrote once to Miss

Evans, about the statues in the Museum, without a word of wooing, but received no answer. It seemed to me that I returned to Rome a wiser man. It was the middle of October when I reached it. Unless Mr. Evans had altered his programme, he would at this moment be passing down to Naples.

A fortnight elapsed without my hearing of him, during which I was in the full fever of initiation into Roman wonders. I had been introduced to an old German archæologist, with whom I spent a series of memorable days in the exploration of ruins and the study of the classical topography. I thought, I lived, I ate and drank, in Latin, and German Latin at that. But I remember with especial delight certain long lonely rides on the Campagna. The weather was perfect. Nature seemed only to slumber, ready to wake far on the higher side of wintry death. From time to time, after a passionate gallop, I would pull up my horse on the slope of some pregnant mound and embrace with the ecstasy of quickened senses the tragical beauty of the scene; strain my ear to the soft low silence, pity the dark dishonored plain, watch the heavens come rolling down in tides of light, and breaking in waves of fire against the massive stillness of temples and tombs. The aspect of all this sunny solitude and haunted vacancy used to fill me with a mingled sense of exaltation and dread. There were moments when my fancy swept that vast funereal desert with passionate curiosity and desire, moments when it felt only its potent sweetness and its high historic charm. But there were other times when the air seemed so heavy with the exhalation of unburied death, so bright with sheeted ghosts, that I turned short about and galloped back to the city. One afternoon after I had indulged in one of these super-sensitive flights on the Campagna, I betook myself to St. Peter's. It was shortly before the opening of the recent Council, and the city was filled with foreign ecclesiastics, the increase being of course especially noticeable in the

churches. At St. Peter's they were present in vast numbers ; great armies encamped in prayer on the marble plains of its pavement : an inexhaustible physiognomical study. Scattered among them were squads of little tanned neophytes, clad in scarlet, marching and counter-marching, and ducking and flapping, like poor little raw recruits for the heavenly host. 'I had never before, I think, received an equal impression of the greatness of this church of churches, or, standing beneath the dome, beheld such a vision of erected altitude,—of the builded sublime. I lingered awhile near the brazen image of St. Peter, observing the steady procession of his devotees. Near me stood a lady in mourning, watching with a weary droop of the head the grotesque deposition of kisses. A peasant-woman advanced with the file of the faithful and lifted up her little girl to the well-worn toe. With a sudden movement of impatience the lady turned away, so that I saw her face to face. She was strikingly pale, but as her eyes met mine the blood rushed into her cheeks. This lonely mourner was Miss Evans. I advanced to her with an outstretched hand. Before she spoke I had guessed at the truth.

"You're in sorrow and trouble!"

She nodded, with a look of simple gravity.

"Why in the world haven't you written to me?"

"There was no use. I seem to have sufficed to myself."

"Indeed, you have not sufficed to yourself. You are pale and worn ; you look wretchedly." She stood silent, looking about her with an air of vague unrest. "I have as yet heard nothing," I said. "Can you speak of it?"

"O Mr. Brooke!" she said with a simple sadness that went to my heart. I drew her hand through my arm and led her to the extremity of the left transept of the church. We sat down together, and she told me of her father's death. It had happened ten days before, in consequence of a severe apoplectic stroke. He had been ill but a single

day, and had remained unconscious from first to last. The American physician had been extremely kind, and had relieved her of all care and responsibility. His wife had strongly urged her to come and stay in their house, until she should have determined what to do ; but she had preferred to remain at her hotel. She had immediately furnished herself with an attendant in the person of a French maid, who had come with her to the church and was now at confession. At first she had wished greatly to leave Rome, but now that the first shock of grief had passed away she found it suited her mood to linger on from day to day. "On the whole," she said, with a sober smile, "I have got through it all rather easily than otherwise. The common cares and necessities of life operate strongly to interrupt and dissipate one's grief. I shall feel my loss more when I get home again." Looking at her while she talked, I found a pitiful difference between her words and her aspect. Her pale face, her wilful smile, her spiritless gestures, spoke most forcibly of loneliness and weakness. Over this gentle weakness and dependence I secretly rejoiced ; I felt in my heart an immense uprising of pity,—of the pity that goes hand in hand with love. At its bidding I hastily, vaguely sketched a magnificent scheme of devotion and protection.

"When I think of what you have been through," I said, "my heart stands still for very tenderness. Have you made any plans?" She shook her head with such a perfection of helplessness that I broke into a sort of rage of compassion : "One of the last things your father said to me was that you are a very proud woman."

She colored faintly. "I may have been ! But there is not among the most abject peasants who stand kissing St. Peter's foot a creature more bowed in humility than I."

"How did you expect to make that weary journey home?"

She was silent a moment and her eyes filled with tears. "O don't cross-

question me, Mr. Brooke!" she softly cried; "I expected nothing. I was waiting for my stronger self."

"Perhaps your stronger self has come." She rose to her feet as if she had not heard me, and went forward to meet her maid. This was a decent, capable-looking person, with a great deal of apparent deference of manner. As I rejoined them, Miss Evans prepared to bid me farewell. "You have n't yet asked me to come and see you," I said.

"Come, but not too soon?"

"What do you call too soon? This evening?"

"Come to-morrow." She refused to allow me to go with her to her carriage. I followed her, however, at a short interval, and went as usual to my restaurant to dine. I remember that my dinner cost me ten francs, — it usually cost me five. Afterwards, as usual, I adjourned to the *Caffè Greco*, where I met my German archaeologist. He discoursed with even more than his wonted sagacity and eloquence; but at the end of half an hour he rapped his fist on the table and asked me what the deuce was the matter; he would wager I had n't heard a word of what he said.

I went forth the next morning into the Roman streets, doubting heavily of my being able to exist until evening without seeing Miss Evans. I felt, however, that it was due to her to make the effort. To help myself through the morning, I went into the *Borghese Gallery*. The great treasure of this collection is a certain masterpiece of Titian. I entered the room in which it hangs by the door facing the picture. The room was empty, save that before the great Titian, beside the easel of an absent copyist, stood a young woman in mourning. This time, in spite of her averted head, I immediately knew her and noiselessly approached her. The picture is one of the finest of its admirable author, — rich and simple and brilliant with the true Venetian fire. It

unites the charm of an air of latent symbolism with a steadfast splendor and solid perfection of design. Beside a low sculptured well sit two young and beautiful women: one richly clad, and full of mild dignity and repose; the other with unbound hair, naked, ungirdled by a great reverted mantle of Venetian purple, and radiant with the frankest physical sweetness and grace. Between them a little winged cherub bends forward and thrusts his chubby arm into the well. The picture glows with the inscrutable chemistry of the prince of colorists.

"Does it remind you of Venice?" I said, breaking a long silence, during which she had not noticed me.

She turned and her face seemed bright with reflected color. We spoke awhile of common things; she had come alone. "What an emotion, for one who has loved Venice," she said, "to meet a Titian in other lands."

"They call it," I answered, — and as I spoke my heart was in my throat, — "a representation of Sacred and Profane Love. The name perhaps roughly expresses its meaning. The serious, stately woman is the likeness, one may say, of love as an experience, — the gracious, impudent goddess of love as a sentiment; this of the passion that fancies, the other of the passion that knows." And as I spoke I passed my arm, in its strength, around her waist. She let her head sink on my shoulders and looked up into my eyes.

"One may stand for the love I denied," she said; "and the other —"

"The other," I murmured, "for the love which, with this kiss, you accept." I drew her arm into mine, and before the envious eyes that watched us from gilded casements we passed through the gallery and left the palace. We went that afternoon to the *Pamfilidoria Villa*. Saying just now that my stay in Florence was peculiarly colored by circumstances, I meant that I was there with my wife.

H. James Jr.

A PLEA FOR SILENCE.

IRREVERENCE and want of faith are, according to current criticism and popular delineations of life, the prevalent defects of the age. How much of both may be traced to its fluency! Sacredness and silence are twin born; expression is usually in the inverse ratio to conviction, or, rather, the more earnest a belief or an affection the more is it reticent. We discuss subjects about which our fathers only mused; we proclaim what they cherished, we expose what they concealed. Facility of intercourse breeds contempt, badinage begets scorn, talk engenders indifference. We take up a weekly journal and find the mysteries not less than the frivolities of life made a note of; womanhood is dissected as remorselessly as crime; character is assailed as recklessly as faction; society is analyzed as coolly as finance. Each of these primal and permanent elements of humanity has, or should have, to every unperverted man and woman, associations and significance hallowed to memory, to conscience, or to hope. Yet each is flippantly interpreted by garrulous tongues, caricatured by unscrupulous pens. In the vain attempt to talk or write them into "victorious clearness," they are profaned, perverted, betrayed. The distance that lends enchantment is annihilated by egotistic hardihood. Forms and phases of religion are so debated and depicted that no shrine is left whereat the devout may kneel undisturbed; love is portrayed by the novelist, not as an individual sentiment, a personal instinct, but an accidental, social phenomenon; the lofty thought, the comprehensive deed of the statesman evaporates in the jargon of the politician; the essence, the vital principle of civic and domestic integrity being thus diffused, through excess of speech, all that intensifies will and harmonizes sentiment—true passion, dis-

tinct purpose—is lost in the eclipse of faith, which germinates and flowers in silence.

Travellers of moral sensibility unite in declaring that they are brought singularly near the heart of nature in the East; the deserts, shores, ruins, and even cities there, at certain seasons, bring them into what seems like the primeval relation of humanity to the universe,—an experience fraught with grateful mystery to the weary and fevered child of modern civilization. Doubtless much of this occult charm is due to local associations acting upon sensitive minds and to the meditative mood incident to the climate; but no small part thereof is owing to silence, not only as the characteristic of the people, but as the law of life, inasmuch as the press, parliaments, and social usages of the West are in abeyance; the countless intrusions and impertinences, from politics to pastime, have died away on the eager ear of the wanderer; he is thrown back upon himself; only nature and the past appeal to his consciousness, and there is nothing in the present to remind him of the gregarious habits, the perpetual chatter of the busy routine of his life at home. He has entered the realm of silence; his pet phrases, his hoarded quotations, his conventional compliments, his partisan argument, and his table-talk have lost their significance. His soul no longer evaporates in speech, his thought is no longer diffused by expression, but ideas, emotion, and sentiment are fused and fostered in the alembic of contemplation, deepened and purified by silence. He realizes how *les Orientaux trouvent d'ineffables délices dans un beau silence*, and that this heretofore condemned element of life *est une des richesses de l'Orient*. All the poetry of the East sought by imaginative enthusiasts, from Byron to Lamartine, and from Volney

to Chateaubriand, is solemnized by this lapse of speech, by this instinctive reticence, so that a kind of religious experience, a return to the patriarchal feeling, to the simplicity of Scripture sublimity, to the content of the human heart with nature, is apparent. In a word, there is then and there brought home to consciousness a sense of the artificial relation of language to thought; it is clearly suggested to the mind that, after all, this redundant expression overlays and dwarfs quite as much as it expands the vital significance of life; that breath and brain are incalculably wasted in talk; that publicity profanes, discussion disenchant, and that to possess one's soul in peace is better than all triumphs of utterance, whether from rostrum or in *salon*. Nowhere more than in the East is it felt how "silent is the light that moulds and colors all things"; nowhere do the latent facts of consciousness so assert themselves. "Language," says Isaac Taylor, "consisting as it does of arbitrary signs, is manifestly a rudiment of the material system. It is a fruit and a consequence of our corporeity; in the recesses of the human soul there is a world of thought which, for the want of determinate and fit symbols, never assumes any fixed form." This vague but vivid sphere of ideas and feelings becomes conscious and prevalent in the East, and is one secret of her charm.

The silence of Nature is often her most expressive influence. How noiselessly are her wondrous processes carried on, — the growth of vegetation, the condensation of moisture, the ebb and flow of the tides, the gathering and illuminating of clouds, the stainless particles woven into avalanche and earth-shroud, the lull of the wind and wave, germination, efflorescence, harvest, frost, sultriness, crystallization, the tinting of flower, rainbow, and insect; all the means and methods of transformation; all the sublime movements of the universe, from the law that keeps a planet in its orbit to that which paints the lily and poises the

dewdrop! And what a solemn beauty haunts the silence of the forest, beneath leafy arcades and along woodland aisles whose paths are bright with the mosaics of moss, leaves, and flowers! How ominous the hush before the thunder-storm; how serene the still lake, and sublime the calm ocean; what balmy brooding in the Indian summer, and latent vitality in the soft stillness of spring twilight; what luminous tranquillity in winter, —

"Shod with fleecy snow,
Who cometh, white and cold and mute,
Lest he should wake the Spring below";

while

"Without debate,
The stars that are forever to endure,
Assume their thrones and their unquestioned state!"

What a hush of expectancy heralds the gifted orator, and how impressive the silent homage when on

"The singer's lips expires the finished song!"

I have heard a naval hero declare that the most intense experience came to him with the awful silence preceding the battle, and not in the excitement of the fray. To look upon the quiet sleep of a child is to hear the deep, "sad music of humanity," fraught with solemn tenderness; and the tranquillity of death is more awe-inspiring than life's most eager manifestation. Lamb has memorably described the religious silence of a Quaker meeting, and Taine reveals the secret of Fra Angelico's naïve art, when he refers the childlike piety that inspired it to the calm isolation of St. Mark's, where for years no sound breaks the long day's stillness but the echo of the friars' steps, gliding from chapel to refectory. Silence is the nurse of devotion, the conservator of primal instincts; and monasticism has a genuine basis in human needs; not merely penitential may be the system of La Trappe, but recuperative also; only in our age the discipline of silence should be a voluntary penance, that, like so many other forms of voluntary renunciation, it can become, as it were, a renewal, not a lapse of the best conscious life, an æsthetic resource, a physiological refreshment;

"Il repos," says Balzac, "est le silence du corps"; and it may subserve to brain and nerves, to sense and sensibility, the same benign purpose that sleep does to the whole organization. In society, says Foscolo, "we observe much, we do not meditate, but imitate; and, through much discourse, exhale the generous elements whereby we feel, think, and write with vigor."

Between the divine miracle of Pentecost and the bewildering penance of Babel there is an auspicious sphere, hallowed by religion, consecrated by art, and endeared to consciousness, — silence. Herein the complex arrangements of the Romanist and the serene simplicity of the Quaker coalesce in recognizing a spiritual agency,

"An inward stillness, —
That perfect silence where the lips and heart
Are still, and we no longer entertain
Our own imperfect thoughts and vain opinions,
But God alone speaks in us, and we wait
In singleness of heart that we may know
His will, and in the silence of our spirits
That we may do his will and do that only."

Poets and philosophers equally attest its creative power; Keats calls a Grecian urn "the foster-child of Silence and slow Time." And Heber describes the noiseless architect, —

"No hammer fell, no ponderous axes swung:
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprang,
Majestic silence!"

While improvident and tender Steele breaks off his ardent apostrophes to Prue with the declaration that "all great emotions are dumb."

There are crises of life when silence is the forerunner of destiny; when the heart seems to cease its pulsations in the eager, breathless grasp of hope or fear; before the word is uttered that condemns or acquits the prisoner, before the shot is fired in a duel or execution, before the evidence is uttered that clears or condemns the accused, before the whisper is breathed that bids the lover hope or despair, and before the tidings awaited in agonized suspense are borne to the ear of the fond and fearful. Silence has an emphasis far beyond speech, for it is broken only to enrapture or dismay. I once saw a picture representing the "Woman

taken in Adultery, and it brought home to my imagination the overwhelming eloquence of silence. The holy figure of Jesus, stooping to write on the ground; the repentant anguish of the woman at his reticence of rebuke, as he looks abstractedly down rather than reproachfully at her, in divine compassion; the shrinking away of the conscience-stricken accusers, — all suggested a depth of sorrow, a lesson of love and law, beyond the most ingenious homily; and if thus expressive in wisdom, silence is none the less so in courage. "Molti detti ha il codardo, pochi l'eroe," says the Italian tragic poet. "And smote him thus," is all Othello's prelude to suicide. There is a magnetism which speech exhausts and silence hoards. Madame de Kalb said of Richter, that "there was a tone that his mind gave out, without words, sweeter than the sounds of the harmonica." It is related of Fontenelle, whose organization was as delicate as his temperament was sensitive, that he was conscious of the loss of nervous fluid through the voice; and therefore laughed inwardly, never talked in a carriage or argued, but kept a reserved force by virtue of frequent and restful silence, whereby he gained not only in enjoyment but in verbal tact and felicity.

"There's a minute
When a man's presence speaks in his own cause
More than the tongues of advocates."

finely says Massinger; and emotion itself, in proportion to its delicacy and depth, seeks refuge in silence. "There is a gloom in deep love," says Lander, "as in deep water; there is a silence in it that suspends the foot: no voice shakes its surface." Cowper's ideal courtier is he

"Who comes when called and at a word withdraws,
Speaks with reserve, and listens with applause," —

a worldly type which is paralleled by the Italian maxim describing the true lover as one who *drama assai, poco spera e nulla chiede*; and Dante's proverbial phrase applied to all hopeless infamy, "*Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa*." Every poet instinct-

tively pays tribute to silence. "How sweetly did they float upon the wings of silence," is Milton's apostrophe to musical strains. Thomson, in his sense of the inadequacy of language, exclaims, "Expressive silence, muse his praise." To Coleridge gazing at Mont Blanc, it is the *silent* cataracts and pines that awe; and another is won by the spires whose "silent fingers point to heaven."

There is the Roman silence of the stoic, the non-committal silence of the diplomat, the magnanimous silence of the chivalric, the brooding silence of camp, cemetery, and cathedral, of cities at midnight, of deserted shrines, and there is the silence of prayer, of sleep, of death,—always and everywhere an oracle of humanity, a mystery of life, a revelation, an appeal, an episode marking the transitions, hallowing the experience, or signaling the interludes of time, and giving fresh emphasis to the voices of nature.

Our pioneer author, who shrank from public speech, both from innate modesty and refined taste, having been persuaded to utter a brief prefatory discourse in elegiac honor of a brother in letters, naïvely expressed his surprise, when the painful ordeal was over, at the ease of its accomplishment. "I have found out the secret," he said; "you have only to become accustomed to the sound of your own voice, to be fearless and fluent." So many have, in this age, reached this requisite condition of elocutionary success, that the confusion of tongues and the din of words often make inaudible the eloquence of nature. A sensitive lover of books, devoted to a few and intolerant of the passing tide thereof, that bore him from his favorite moorings, was accustomed to say, when pestered by the constant mention of a new work that everybody was supposed to be reading, "O, it will blow over,"—as if it were a disagreeable state of the weather instead of a literary nuisance. But few have the resolution to ignore what is talked about, and so acquire the habit of superficially reading what has no interest for them; overmuch speech in literature

as in life is the bane of their culture, the chaos of their consciousness; and it would prove a benign event if the pens and presses of the world were to stop for a decade, so that such victims might sit beside the river of truth, instead of being swept on a flood, not of knowledge, but of words, "far inland" and away, "from that immortal sea that brought us hither," away from the deep fountain of silence.

The old cherished Anglo-Saxon idea of domestic retracy, of the inviolable refuge which makes every man's house his castle, the sanctity of the individual,—a sentiment which is, so to speak, a radical element of high civilization,—no longer covers, as with the ægis of traditional instinct, the privacy of society. Personal revelations are the staple of daily news; the whereabouts, costume, income, journeys, benefactions, quarrels, and opinions of all are regarded as public property; even engagements of marriage are proclaimed, and for this infringement of what was once understood to be a social law there is no legal remedy. Reiteration makes hackneyed the most fresh and sequestered name; the number of those who "mistake notoriety for fame" is countless; money is deemed equivalent for any liberty of the press. A recent comic journal in France thus humorously states this compromise between scurrility and cash:—

"Monsieur, je brûle de désir de vous appeler. en public goitreux, hydrocéphale et même veau à deux têtes. Combien ces épithètes réunies me coûteront-elles?"

"Monsieur, vous en auriez eu l'année dernière pour trente francs par jour. Mais j'ai baissé un peu mes prix; ce ne sera plus que vingt-cinq francs."

"Tres-bien, monsieur; voici les vingt-cinq francs demandés; je cours vous traîner dans la boue."

The ancient excuse for ostracism, that the opponents of Aristides were tired of hearing him called the Just, is, by the increase of public mediums, grown to be universal instead of exceptional, for never before was it more em-

phatically demonstrated that "Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame." Complacency and complaint are, where wisdom prevails, mute.

"Le bruit est pour le fat,
Le plainte est pour le sot,
L'honnête homme trompé,
S'éloigne et ne dit mot."

An old French writer composed an epilogue called *L'Académie Silencieuse*, wherein little writing, much thinking, and *no speech* was the rule. In our day the satire has renewed significance. Even wit loses its salt by repetition. *Tel mot qui le lundi a paru spirituel en diable, est devenu à force d'avoir été répété, insupportable le samedi d'après.* Among the platitudes of after-dinner speakers, when a new means or method of intercommunication is inaugurated, be it a journal or submarine telegraph, is the complacent declaration that "peace on earth and good-will to men" is the inevitable result of such increased facilities of human intercourse; whereas the truth is, that celerity of expression, whether by tongue, type, or electricity, is often the cause of misunderstanding, simply on account of the absence of those long intervals wherein passion once had time to cool and the sober second thought to triumph.

There is a certain truth, despite the apparent contradiction and the candid subtlety implied in the maxim of the veteran diplomatist, that speech was bestowed on man to hide his thoughts; for when it is the unguarded medium and the careless utterance it is so apt to be with the shallow and the vain, no more treacherous element of character exists. To the limitless mischief of the tattler and the degrading babble of the coxcomb is added the serious risks of the statesman, the soldier, and the publicist. The biography of prominent officials of every class and rank evidences the danger of imprudent speech; words uttered or written in passion or thoughtlessness have sealed the doom of many an aspirant, and compromised the welfare of a people or a cause; and the men whose record is the most clear and authoritative are those of the greatest re-

serve and deliberation, to whom words have been the dictate of reflection, conscientiousness, and foresight. In no one thing was the rectitude and wisdom of Washington more apparent than in his extreme care to proportion his statement to fact rather than feeling in his correspondence, the rough draft of which shows a frequent modification of the original phrase, chiefly in the adjectives, so as to give, as near as possible, the exact degree of meaning. How many a candidate for high office in our country, by an unlucky expression, which passed at once into a verbal exponent of the man, has lost his political prestige or his partisan support, until "masterly inactivity" of tongue and pen have come to be regarded as consummate tact! It is said of an eminent American jurist, that he refused to contribute to the funds of a college society, because it fostered the "gift of the gab," which he deemed the curse of the land; and, within the personal knowledge of us all, how often is this opinion justified by the example of him who with vain words wages a disgraceful strife,

"That leads no whither, till forgotten death
Seizes the babbler, choking out his breath."

Even the present zeal for the acquisition of modern languages often tends to a like perverse estimate of the means, as distinguished from the end, of expression. Polyglot is no synonyme for power, except when associated with superior acumen and broad culture; and the educational system as well as the political and social ideals of the age are tainted with the pharisaic defect, — we are too apt to think we shall be heard for our *much speaking*.

On the other hand, what range for expectancy, what infinite possibilities in silence, when observed by a man of recognized ability! Its latent power is incalculable; it gives new emphasis to speech; it implies a reserved force of character, and suggests original results of thought. We soon learn to distrust the fluent, and to confide in deeds, in the self-control and the self-knowledge implied in silence; what

influence it lends to authority, and how much of the awe that kingship and priesthood have inspired springs from its mysterious sway! It is true, indeed, that mediocrity is sheltered as well as dignity preserved by silence; that cunning lurks therein not less than conscience; and that there is nothing to choose, in point of worth, between the stolid reticence of a Bunsby and the inconsequent prolixity of a Mrs. Nickleby; that conceit has its silence as well as modesty; and that it is equally a resource to the stupid and the soulful; yet none the less is silence the benign provision of nature whereby the elements of character are deepened, its manifestation made beautiful, and its influence hallowed. Exquisite as is the more delicate adaptation of language to thought, elevating to consciousness as are its purely poetic marvels, and refreshing to mind and heart as is its honest and sympathetic interchange, it is none the less a truth that these and all other triumphs of speech are exalted and prolonged by the spell of silence, when we feel what love, wisdom, and faith "lie sepulchred in monumental thought." Many a reign has been less auspicious than that of William the Silent, and the last choice of the American people indicates that they have learned to confide in a Chief Magistrate who does not make speeches.

The Tower of Babel is as significant an emblem of our heritage of woe as the lost Paradise; in the masterful dominion of one, as well as in the confusion of many tongues, individuality, freedom, and progress are overlaid or thwarted; speech becomes an echo, a wearisome refrain, instead of an original utterance; glib expression is mistaken for personal thought, and life in the less highly endowed instead of being an intellectual experience is reduced to a mechanical exchange of words. "A man full of words," says the Psalmist, "shall not prosper upon the earth"; and it is by musing, and not talking, that the heart is kindled into worship, and the mind illuminated by truth. Sydney

Smith enjoyed even Macaulay's "flashes of silence." I remember one of those placid women, neat, calm, and kindly of mien, whose expression as well as garb denotes a member of the Society of Friends, who came into the apartment of a neighbor, seated herself, smoothed the white kerchief over her gentle bosom, and, with a deep sigh of relief, exclaimed, "What safety there is in silence!" She then related, with a kind of plaintive indignation, the experiments of a trader in whom she confided, and with whom she had long had transactions, to defraud her. When the intention became apparent, her wrath rose, but, in accordance with the principles of her sect, she restrained its utterance, and left his presence. "It was hard," she confessed, "to keep the old Adam down," but it appeared the doing so was a rebuke keenly felt. Indeed, no protest is so effective as silence. We felt this on one occasion when, at a table encircled by courteous gentlemen, an underbred man made an inquiry which all present but the interlocutor felt to be indelicate and presuming. The person addressed made no reply; the query was repeated, and one of the guests asked if it was heard. "I never answer impertinent questions," said the insulted gentleman, quietly. The aggressor quailed as no reproaches could have made him. How effective, in certain cases, is what has been aptly called "the conspiracy of silence"! It is the most eloquent form of remonstrance and contempt. Calumny is thus deprived of its sting; injustice is thus down. Even will is weakened by over-expression. "I have always found," says Ruskin, "that the less we speak of our intentions the more chance there is of our realizing them." If any living writer of the English tongue owes his influence and fame to an eloquent and audacious fluency, whereby the reader is carried away on a glowing sea of words, it is John Ruskin; and yet note his recent protest and confession: "I have had what, in many respects, I boldly call the *misfortune* to set my words somewhat prettily to-

gether; not without a foolish vanity in the poor knack that I had of doing so, until I was heavily punished for this pride by finding that many people thought of the words only, and not of their meaning." And elsewhere in the same treatise he remarks: "No true painter ever speaks or ever has spoken much of his art: the greatest speak nothing. The moment a man can really do his work, he becomes speechless about it. All words become idle to him."* In the same spirit Matthew Arnold recognizes the purity and power of expression in Hellenism as the height of culture. And is it not a fatal error in our much-vaunted system of education, that the so-called clever man, in academic phrase, is he who by patient and judicious "cramming" obtains the material whence, by rhetorical elaboration, he complacently utters himself in well-timed phrases from pulpit, rostrum, or legislative halls, in a glib, gracious, but wholly conventional way, having no vital relation either to character or conviction? The historian, Finlay, pleading for Greece, says there is danger that her advanced civilization will relapse to the level of Oriental standards, *except in rhetoric*: how much of our own has no more substantial basis!

It has been said that silence has as many meanings as words, and to realize this we have but to consult the great dramatic and psychological interpreter of human life. Shakespeare tells us that silence "is the perfectest herald of joy"; that "the silence often of pure innocence persuades when speaking fails"; and that the "best part of wit will shortly turn into silence"; he recognizes the "silence of envious tongues"; now it flouts, now freezes, here welcomes, there disdains; and, in all great crises of grief or passion, usurps and transcends the office of speech. "O Imogen, I'll speak to thee in silence,"—"let it be tenable in your silence still." "What shall Cordelia do? love and be silent"; and what touching significance in Lear's salu-

tation, "My gracious silence, hail!" and again in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*,—

"Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I picked a welcome,
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongues
Of saucy and audacious eloquence."

Dante, arguing against the perversion of natural gifts, ascribes the incessant civic troubles of his factious countrymen to making a priest of the warrior, and preferring the man of words to the man of action:—

"But ye perversely to religion strain
Him who was born to gird on him the sword,
And of the fluent phrase-man make your king."

"Scripture," said Boyle, "teaches us like the sundial, not only by its light, but by its shadows." Theologians seem but recently to have discovered the significance of silence in Holy Writ, the suggestiveness of what is hinted rather than revealed; but many and memorable are the tributes to silence in the Gospel narrative, the Proverbial wisdom, and the earnest Psalms. The silence of the persecuted is compared to a sheep that is dumb before his shearers; divine wisdom silences sophistry, "they answered him not a word"; and in the remorseless faces of mendacious accusers the meek and martyred One was mute. "I will keep my mouth with a bridle," says the singer of Israel, "when the wicked are before me." "Who is this," asks Job, "that darkeneth knowledge with words?" And the wisest of kings declares that "a fool's mouth is his destruction"; and that he who "hath knowledge spareth his words."

Enforced silence is indeed a penance, as may be seen in the sad countenances of captives and the restrained eagerness of school-boys. It is a curious subject of speculation to ascertain the effect of vocation upon speech. Why is the barber loquacious and the tailor silent? To the climate and domestic habits of the English their reserved speech is attributed not less than to their temperament; while the out-of-door Continental life favors intercourse and begets an abundance of

* Ruskin's *Mystery of Life and its Arts*.

greetings and casual discussions; a Parisian café is the reverse of a London club in respect of talk, and the high-pitched tones of street colloquies in Naples form a wonderful contrast to the silence inside a British railroad-car: indices these of national character wherein redundant expression and its opposite evidence an essential diversity in the normal traits both as to principle and practice. When the poet of Eden describes the coming on of "twilight gray," her "sober livery" is rendered doubly impressive because "silence accompanied"; and one of our own bards has indicated as a chief attraction of night that, she

"Lays her finger on the lips of care.
And they complain no more."

What a beautiful hint of visual expression is that in Tennyson when he says, "her eyes are homes of silent prayer"; and of sorrow in Goldsmith where he speaks of "the silent manliness of grief"; and of the wonder of discovery in Keats, where he tells how the followers of Cortez

"Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak of Darien!"

The effect of silence in art has scarcely been appreciated even by æsthetic analysts. The appeal to the eye alone gives to architecture and painting an impressiveness which is enhanced by the quietude that so often reigns in gallery and temple. In contemplating these, when no audible interruption mars the spell, a serene eloquence so fills the mind that we sometimes feel conscious of a living presence. Dante has a bold image of darkness when he alludes to the sphere *dove il sol tace*; and there seems to the fancy such a thing as speaking forms and hues where no vital animation exists. How much is the appeal of sculpture to the imagination deepened by its absolute calm, and what a sense of awe is inspired by lofty arch, vast dome, massive pillar, and spacious aisle, by the dream-like lull of earth's myriad voices that seem to have died away on the threshold. The scene in the Winter's Tale, when the living statue of

Hermione is apostrophized, hints the mute eloquence that haunts us in the Vatican by torchlight; and the figure of the brooding Lorenzo in the Medici Chapel not merely looks but seems to breathe unutterable pathos. In the deserted cathedral there is a mysterious hush, in the masterly portrait a latent language; and every genuine work of plastic or pictorial art, when gazed upon by meditative and sympathetic eyes, fills the void of silence with ethereal tones born of beautiful tranquillity or frozen passion; it is as if the music of love, fame, or wisdom had become suddenly transfixed in eternal grace.

There is a great secret of literary art in silence; the emphatic pause in description, the sudden collapse of utterance implying more than details can reveal, and a depth of feeling or a range of imagination too deep and vast for words, is often the most rare and memorable inspiration of the poet. Alfieri renewed the intensity of his beautiful native tongue by this terse expression, this concentrated speech, leaving to the heart and imagination to complete what is so eloquently hinted; from the infinitely suggestive line with which the grim Tuscan abruptly closes Francesca's story, "that day we read no more," an English poet has elaborated a long, sweet, sad tale of love and despair. Terseness of statement is the best eloquence of judicial minds.

It is highly probable that, with the advance of physiological science, what may be called the hygiene of silence will reveal unimagined laws. The connection between the integrity of the nervous system and the use and abuse of speech, and the relation of the latter to character and culture, are as yet but vaguely defined. Dr. Trousdale of Paris has lectured on a disease called *Aphasia*, which indicates how much is to be learned before the philosophy of speech and silence is understood. We are told that "in this malady there remains an integrity of the understanding and a normal condition of the vocal chords. Thus, while preserving all his

mental aptitudes and all his intellectual wants, a man may be sequestered for weeks from his fellow-creatures, although living in the midst of them, and remaining in everything their equal, with the exception of the use of his tongue. Dr. Lordat, Professor at Montpellier, describes his own case. After a period of mental agitation and of strange nervous symptoms, accompanied by an access of tonsillitis (to which he was subject), he suddenly, although convalescing from his indisposition, found himself deprived of the power of speech. During the first weeks of the malady the patient had only lost the external part of the function of speech; the internal part, the thought and understanding, remained intact. He was capable of performing the same amount of mental labor as before his illness; in fact, the mental and physical condition was completely restored, only he could not talk. But gradually in losing the recollection of the signification of words pronounced, he lost also the recollection of their visible signs. Finally, syntax disappeared from the words; the alphabet remained, but the junction of letters for the formation of words had to be restudied. He was in despair at not being able to read the titles of his most familiar books, without spelling them out. His despair, however, did not prevent him from smiling over the absurdity of French orthography. After a few weeks of profound melancholy he perceived one day, to his great joy, that he could read at a distance the titles of the books in his library. From this time forward memory and speech returned, but only fast enough to enable him to notice a change every fortnight. As in other cases, when he first commenced to speak he confounded words, and for a while said invariably 'handkerchief' for 'book.'

It is noteworthy that those who have the greatest sensibility to the delicate and forcible in language as an instrument of thought, who are eminent for the gift of verbal expression, are the most earnest in their protest

against its excess, shrink the most from the senseless overflow of speech, and plead most emphatically for the conservation of silence. Foremost among English popular writers in this crusade is Thomas Carlyle, who, despite his extravagance in opinion and his paradox in speculation, has, in attacking shams and advocating character, will, and individuality, impressed the readers of our vernacular with salubrious powers. "The finest nations in the world, the English and American," he declares, "are going all away into wind and tongue." "Silence," he pronounces, "the eternal duty of man. He won't get any real understanding of what is complex and what is more than any other pertinent to his interests, without maintaining silence." And elsewhere: "All virtue and belief and courage seem to have run to tongue, and he is the most man and the most valiant who is the greatest talker." He seems to think a difficulty in expressing one's self a positive intellectual or moral excellence, as in Cromwell; he praises Johnson for his silence about himself, as contrasted with the egotistical utterance of Byron and Lamartine; "the silence," he observes, "which is said to be golden is not the silence of stupidity, but of self-restraint"; and it is his conviction that "the noble, silent men, scattered here and there, silently thinking, silently working, whom no morning newspaper makes mention of, are the salt of the earth." After more than fifty years had elapsed since he was a student at the University of Edinburgh, he told the young men in his inaugural speech as rector there, that he would give them the benefit of his experience. "The great qualities they should all aspire to," he said, "were strict obedience, humility, and moral conduct, but more especially, as above all, *silence*. What has been done," he asked, "by rushing after fine speech? There is a very great necessity, indeed, of getting a little more silent than we are; rarely should men speak at all, unless it is to say that thing that is to be done, and let him go and do his part

in it and say no more about it." Probably Elia's impediment of speech refined and concentrated his style, made him unconsciously more of an artist in written expression. Procter says: "Lamb knew the worth of silence; he knew that even truth may be damaged by too many words. When he did speak, his words had a flavor in them beyond any that I have heard elsewhere." And who, in our day, has more vitalized that form of speech which has become almost identified with dulness? who has made the sermon so fresh with new significance, an interest transcending sectarian limits, and glowing with reflective humanity, as Frederick Robertson? And yet he says, in one of his letters, "If you knew how sick at heart I am with the whole work of *Parliament*, 'talkee,' 'palaver' or whatever it is called; how lightly I hold the 'gift of gab,' how grand and divine the realm of silence appears to me in comparison!"

As the earth is enriched by lying fallow, as the clouds gather electricity through the calm summer day, as the dew is distilled in the hush of night, so is the soul fed and strengthened by voiceless aspiration and invisible worship. Upon the clearest perceptions and the freshest sensibility there is a pitiless pressure of words, invading the hours of his renewed consciousness with that "map of busy

life," the morning journal, encroaching upon his mental self-possession with the perpetual proclamation of news from everywhere and about everything, claiming his attention now in the report of an African traveller and now in the details of a scientific discovery, here in a new novel and there in a political speech, to-morrow in the tragic rehearsals of a catastrophe, and to-day in the record of a revolution or the platitudes of a charlatan. To announce, describe, discuss, and criticise every event in politics, science, literature, art, and society has become the business of so many tongues and pens, that wise men are fain to seek the woods and the desert, in order to collect their thoughts, to recover their equanimity, and to escape the din of eternal communication. All kinds of rights are advocated but that of silence, all kinds of wrong assailed but that of gabble. Utterance is the ideal of the day; to express a thought is considered the only way to possess it; to disintegrate private intelligence by fusing it in public assimilation, to emasculate convictions by diffusive reiteration, to pervert sentiment by rhetoric, and sense by garrulity, may fill up the vacant hours of those destitute of intellectual resources, or gratify the vanity of shallow minds, but the virile in thought and the profound in feeling are sacrificed in the process.

H. T. Tuckerman.

AFOOT ON COLORADO DESERT.

TO keep cool is the principal concern of life at Fort Yuma. Just across the river, in the streets of that huddle of forlorn, bleak, flat-topped mud-houses known as Arizona City, you see certain ghostly umbrellas moving about, with a faint suspicion of why beneath them. The principal articles of apparel worn in that delectable city are umbrellas and very high-topped boots. At sunset, so the story

runs, they fold their umbrellas, like the Arabs, and as silently steal away to a series of moulds, shaped as if for taking plaster-casts, in the cool sand along the bank of the Colorado, into which they pour themselves out of their boots, and emerge in the morning solidified into the human form again.

The Yuma Indians have a method peculiar to themselves. They smear their heads with a layer of marl or clay

an inch thick, working it well into their long hair, which serves a double usefulness: first, suppressing the parasites there resident; second, screening their heads against the too ardent rays of the sun. Then they go far up the river, procure sticks or logs of driftwood, by which they buoy themselves up, and float tranquilly down the stream, leaving no part of themselves exposed to the action of the sun, except these smooth, shiny globes of mud.

The exceedingly flat banks of the Colorado, together with the low growth of cottonwoods and willows, — low, because so often beaten and broken by the floods, — remind one of the Lower Mississippi. And it is worth more than a draught of the river's thick porridge to venture out across them, for they are perfect man-traps. There is something dismal in the very presence of this great desert river; the treacherous swirl of its current sometimes appalls and drags down the strongest swimmer; and the very beasts, if they have lived their wretched lives awhile on its banks, dread the sight of it, and snort, when one attempts to drive them near it, with undisguised terror. Across the desert through which it flows there stretches a stout rocky rib, which the river plunges through in a perpendicular cañon. Thus the frail mud-walls of Arizona City are protected by a natural bulwark, and on the other side Fort Yuma lifts its walls pretentiously up on the bulwark itself.

Standing on the walls of the fort, I looked out over the haggard and sullen desert, and my soul exulted in the very greatness and the savageness of the desolation. Ah! it will be worth a century of babbling in green fields and fiddling among flowers to grapple once more, hand to hand, with Old Hideous! Words cannot express the utterly worn-out, sad, and lustreless light in which I first looked out upon Colorado Desert. It was like a kind of whitish, damp-looking haze, a condensed and visible essence of heat, as it were oozing from the very home of the heat. Nowhere else have I ever beheld such a wan,

dismal, and haggard sallowness of the sun, as if it were the birthplace of Time, where the very radiance of heaven, grown old with the earth, had worn down to a mere sickly drizzle of light. The air itself seems to be curdled and dimmish, like the eye of a nonagenarian.

Who that has seen can ever forget Cole's "Voyage of Life"? His symbolic voyager, after he traverses in his flowery shallop the still waters of childhood, amid an extraordinary brilliance of floral shores, stretches out his arms in delirious eagerness after the splendid phantoms of youth; then rushes down the frightful and storm-blackened rapids of manhood; is seen at last, an old man, with his boat just entering upon the verge of ocean, over which and all around him lower the heavy mists of death, while his face, though touchingly saddened and furrowed by the long conflict of life, is radiant now with peace, — an unspeakable peace, — as he gazes tranquilly up toward the dim and shadowy walls of Paradise. The counterpart of those walls seemed to lie before me, as I looked upon the mountains of the Colorado, ninety miles away, heaped up ridge on ridge, with their turrets and domes and minarets. Nature is catholic in her architecture. The mandarin shall find yonder his pagoda; the Roman, his basilica; the Norman, his massive cathedral; the Protestant, his slender spire.

Then I went on down the Colorado flat toward Pilot Knob. By the roadside there was a Texan emigrant-wagon, which had turned aside into the almost impenetrable *mesquite* brakes, where a very auspicious event had occurred. There were some lank and haggard squaws squatting about, with sundry watermelons hardly as large as their heads. One of them, who appeared to have no children of her own, was exceedingly interested in the occurrence, and seemed, in fact, to have been playing the part of Mrs. Camp acceptably. There was an older child, with which the father was employ-

ing his time, and this the squaw now wanted to take into her hands. By every mute and pleading gesture known to tender mothers, by every faithful promise by which she could bind herself, she seemed to urge him, and at last he gave it to her for a moment. Her childless soul was overjoyed; she chucked it and chucked it under the chin; she coddled it on her knees; she babbled, and clucked, and chirruped, and tossed it up and down, over and over and over again, as civilized women love to do. Doubtless she would gladly have given all the melons of her tribe, and one over and above, for the privilege of carrying it away to her wigwam.

A mile or two below Pilot Knob I left the flat and ascended a few feet upon the plateau of the desert. I had nearly crossed a continent to see a real desert, and I was a little disappointed. I expected sand, but here was reddish loam. I expected a sea-level, but here were thousands of little mounds. I expected nothing else, but here was *mesquite* and *cheriondia* on the mounds. Dead stems lying everywhere, dead stems leaning everywhere, dead stems standing everywhere, with their worm-eaten and loosened sheathing of bark flapping and ticking in every breeze, or dragging half-way down in cobwebs and powder of wood. The whole appearance of the desert was odiously ragged, blighted, blasted, gaunt, dusty. I had hoped to see something as sublime as the ocean, for the great and solemn remorselessness of the gloom; but this was a thing pecked at by Death, shredded, gnawed, shrivelled, hateful.

But I travelled thirty or forty miles beside the edge of a higher plateau of sand, soft and yellow to see, and most exquisitely ripple-marked in little hillocks, which the fierce simooms that at times sweep over them are continually shifting. How that great ocean of sand wimples and flickers beneath the naked, unwinking eye of the sun! It seems to shiver with a burning impatience to rush upon the luckless traveller, and overwhelm him fathoms deep in the scorch-

ing drifts. The whole vast field quivers with the fiery heat, and all the tops of the hillocks are dancing in the air.

Now the road drags heavily on through deep sand. O, this abhorred winter, with its waste of dead limbs, and its perennial Arctic snows! Wearily, wearily I tramp in their drifts, thrust into this arid middle and heat of autumn, with its gaunt and hungry air, its pallor, its blinding white-hot shimmer, and its stifling winds! Sometimes I hear the faint chirrup of the cicada, and think with Antipater that it is sweeter than the swan. Sometimes a gadfly hurries past me in its wide and lonesome flight. Even the crow, which labors heavily along with a strangely sharp, metallic winnowing of the air, holds a moody and solemn stillness, as if it were the last crow of time flapping over the charnel-house of all the centuries.

But the most ghastly of all ghastly things on this hideous wild was the half-eaten and blackened body of a deserter, who, avoiding the stations for fear of detection, had perished miserably on the sand and been slightly covered up, but had been dragged forth by the foul coyotes. Ah! who can picture a more fearful thing than such a death upon the desert! Fallen at last, faint with the raging thirst, he beholds the yelling beasts already gathering about him. His wild and haggard eyes strain out into the lurid glare of the desert. The burning wind sweeps in a little rounded hollow past his head, and with its hot breath sucks away his own. The hissing sand eddies thick upon him, creeping insidiously up, inch by inch, till it rests upon his glazing eye.

One forenoon, amid a fiery heat, I heard at a distance singular sounds, and stopped to listen. At first it was a discordant and rasping sound, something like that of the saw-filer; then it quickly changed to a sharp tinkling jangle, like the chime of little tea-bells, except that there was that strange half-clang which may be made by striking bells under water. I rejoiced much thereat, thinking this was a genuine

acoustical delusion; but a few steps farther brought me to the bed of a dry lagoon, in which there were flowers and buzzing bees, and again I rejoiced,

"As some lone man who in a desert hears
The music of his home."

Is it not just possible that all these "acoustical delusions," reported from Sahara and other deserts, are delusions indeed, which a little honest examination would have resolved into phenomena as natural as the humming of bees? Certain it is that for a moment I heard the saw-filing and then the tea-bells as distinctly as ever in my life. But where in all this hideous desert—for it was seventy miles to mountains—do these feeble bees store their juice, unless, like those of Samson, they make a hive of a carcass? It is said that on the great plains of the central basin of California bees often perish from their long wanderings; how, then, could these wing their way through this dreadful weather and return?

In approaching New River one quits the sand and enters upon a vast sea-level plain of reddish soil, which is absolutely denuded of every green thing, and stretches away to infinity, lying bare and blistering in the sun. What is this? Frost? There are patches and acres of white, which look like the early rime, but, upon close inspection, one discovers it is only the minute shells of periwinkles strewn in myriads. Mile upon mile, league after league, I strode across this naked wild, this old and hungry negative of all things, in the centre of a magic circle, frozen in on every hand by a mystic film of ice. Far out as I could see, till it rounded down below the dim horizon, stretched this arctic sheet, glistening deliciously cool and watery-blue in its delusive brilliance. If I brought down my eyes to the level of the desert, then I was frozen in within ten rods; when I rose and walked on, there hovered before me faint and phantom shapes, palaces, domes, gorgeous tropic islands, enchanted mountains, which seemed to roll up and away, far back, to make room for others constantly rising. A

fanciful and proud ovation was that lone march on the desert, when weird cities danced in the air about me, and far caravans moved upon the clouds, and all the magnificent pomp of armies was seen in the shadowy panorama!

New River, unlike all well-regulated rivers of which geography brings us any knowledge, has a river for its source, and ends nowhere. Branching from the Colorado near its mouth, it glides easily down across the desert, through a "swale" a quarter of a mile wide,—a mere creek in its proportions,—till it is swallowed up on a level seventy-five feet below the Pacific.

Whom of all men should I find, away here in this desolate sink of the continent, but genuine Vermont Yankees? Northern emigration has flowed westward to the Pacific, then down the coast, then far out here on the desert, and even to Arizona City, beating back the Southern. And, what is still more characteristic, here, where the two streams meet and mingle, you find the Yankee keeping the station or owning the little grocery, while the Southerner is the teamster, or the aimless vagabondizing emigrant, coming to California this year, returning to Texas the next. There were three stations on this desert owned by an old gentleman and his sons, and so well had the father at least preserved his characteristics among the large-handed Californians, that his reputation for stinginess met me ninety miles from his station. This structure was of the usual description; a mud-built quadrangle, of which the house formed one side, while the other three sides were horse-stalls roofed with brushwood. Americans seem to become Mexicanized very soon in regard to mud. In the house part there were whole broadsides of California wine, gorgeous in heraldry of brass and scarlet labels, the fatal sardines, chewing-tobacco, heaps of sacks of barley, and canned fruits blooming in unhealthy colors on their labels. The little old man had a hard, pinched face, which the desert had burned almost black, and he kept all the while insinuating into his

nose pinches of snuff, and inflicting upon that organ most unjust and abusive thrusts with a very hard-wadded silk handkerchief, first upon one nostril, then upon the other. He was serving discharged soldiers with great assiduity: From one of them he received a currency note, which he stretched out straight; then he winked very hard at it with both eyes, examined it with his spectacles, and finally made it a part of a roll nearly as large as his hat, and carefully inserted it into his pocket.

Thirty-six miles now without a drop of water! I slung a canteen full over my shoulder, and started at sunset. All through a long September night, by the soft desert light, in the soft desert coolness, I plodded through the brooding solitude, till moonset, then slept an hour till daybreak, then forward again till three o'clock in the afternoon. Crunch, crunch, crunch forever through the gravel. When the moon went down, it disappeared before it reached the level of the desert; and though I could see nothing, I knew by the ragged outline of that which swept over it in ghostly eclipse that it had found the Sierra Nevada. Could I repress a shudder when I saw my sole companion of the night sink into blackness? Alone, all, all alone, in the darkness of the gaunt and hungry desert! There came to me something of that feeling which breathes through the noble speech of the dying Ajax, when he bids farewell forever to the beautiful light.

But on the cool, hard gravel I soon fell asleep. O, it was a mighty large bed, so big that you could n't kick off the clothes at all! And only one in a bed! I slept well therein, but the rascally coyotes awakened me at last by their yelping. Leaping up suddenly, I came within two or three rods of gripping one by the tail. As they galloped away across the cool gray gravel, in the dim light of the daybreak, it looked precisely as if they were skating away on ice.

Continuing my journey, I presently passed off the gravel, and began to traverse bald yellow or whitish knolls

and steep gulches, where everything was absolutely and hideously naked. I walked among peeled hills, and through gullies rasped and washed and rinsed of every green thing. But all was hard now, and stiff in crusts, — the bleak stare of the soil, — baked, and skinny, and glistening in the heat with a painful incandescence, — the hopeless reign of hardpan. Sallow old hills, lean old hills, sad old hills, forsaken by all fresh and pleasant things, they grin, and leer, and shiver through an eternal sterility.

Two spurs of the Sierra Nevada straddle far out into the desert, like a pair of tongs, and between them flows feebly down the Carrizo. I had hoped to find some shade or fertility generated by this mountain stream, but the valley is nothing but a broad vacuous sheet of sand. Some distance below the point where the waters of this creek sink, I met some Mexicans with enormous ox-teams, just venturing out into the great desert, going toward Fort Yuma. One of them had with his hands scooped a little pit in the sand, and was waiting for the water to rise. I sat down opposite him, and informed him that it was a good day, whereupon he imparted to me a like piece of intelligence, without once looking in my direction. Then he doubled his hands together, and dipped up water, which he drank. Let a man used to the springs of New England approach one, and he will bow down upon his knees to drink, but a Mexican dips it in his hands. Is it that he fears the insects which live in his warmer climate?

"How long will it take you to reach Fort Yuma?" I asked him.

"*Quien sabe, señor? Mucho tiempo.*" He said this with that exquisite mellifluous languor, which makes the veriest trifles of a peon's talk sweeter than all the eloquence of Everett.

A characteristic answer. "Much time." An American, looking only to the result, would have said, "A long time"; but this Mexican, having all the centuries for his own, and diffusing his consciousness through all the hours

as they pass, for whom mere existence is a guaranty of enjoyment, answers, "Much time."

As one advances up the valley, the mountains draw nearer together, with fringes of foot-hills, frozen-looking and stark in their ghostly pallor. Here, as everywhere in these regions, the mountain ranges gather all the moisture from the clouds, and on their yellow knobs there are a few stunted shrubs, which quiver in the heat, like green-tinged tongues of flame. Occasionally there stands up one among the foot-hills whose heart of fire seems cooled with hidden waters, and on it there are a few shrubs, in singular contrast with this polar nakedness, these grim tropical icebergs.

A little above the Carrizo Station I was rewarded for my early rising with an almost goblin spectacle, worthy of the "golden prime of good Haroun Al-raschid." The tips of the mountains were just reddened by the dawn. Before me lay the immaculately white sand-floor of the valley, sprinkled over with the *cheriandia*, in its bright sea-

green; dead greenwoods, in a foliage of a crisp, cool, watery gray; and sage-bushes, in a dusty yellowish-green. All the valley and the mountains around stood dim in the violet-white haze of the desert, than which

"Never a flake
That the vapor can make
With the moon-tints of purple and pearl"

could be more tenderly tinted. As soon as the blood-red sun was well above the mountains, all the haze forsook the western horizon and gathered thick about it, shrouding its beams into a cold, pallid stare. This sickly light, falling full down into this white graveyard and among its occupants, the weird, spectral, arctic foot-hills, wrought a wonderful transformation. The *cheriandia*, in this mildew of sunshine, blanched its green brightness, and the whole valley seemed blighted, as if at the approach of the haggard King of Terrors in his pale vestments. Not on the final morning of time shall the sun fling his wan glare so cold through the sickening air upon the last man, freezing his thin blood.

Stephen Powers.

FATHER BLUMHARDT'S PRAYERFUL HOTEL.

IN no part of Europe has the student of the religious or political condition of peoples more difficulty in making sure of his observations than in Germany. This is due in part to the want of uniformity among the people of the different sections, requiring the observer to adopt a different standard when he passes from Bavaria to Austria, or from Saxony to Prussia or the Rhineland; but more perhaps to the extreme individuality of thought which prevails throughout Germany. In no country is the influence of public or class opinion less evident than here. The right to hold peculiar religious, philosophical, or political opinions is more generally acknowledged in all

classes of society and among all religious sects than in any other country of the world.

In their waning interest in sermonizing the Germans are not much ahead of the cultivated peoples of other lands, though their manifestation of it may be a little more evident. In the cities of Germany, as in the cities elsewhere, the priest counts for little in a social way. Parochial visitation unquestionably loses its power in a dense population, where there are many more exciting matters than the visit of the minister is apt to be; but in the rural districts of Germany the Pfarrer has still all the power that it is desirable he should have, and far more than is held

by clerical official in any other Protestant country.

In 1866 I had the pleasure of visiting an old tutor of mine, — he from whom I had learned my first German lesson, — now returned to his fatherland, and Pfarrer in the hamlet of Sitzbirg, two thousand feet above the sea, on the western boundary of the canton of Zurich. I left the railway near Wyl, and went some four or five miles across the country on foot, without other guidance than my map; for the people whom I questioned, with the perverse spirit so common among the Catholic parts of the country, did not or would not know even the names of villages just across the borders of their canton. I found my friend in charge of a small but thrifty congregation of Protestants, who tilled the summit of the arid hills separating the basin of Lake Zurich from that of Lake Constance. The relation between the Pfarrer E—— and his flock seemed to be of the happiest description: he was their guide in matters temporal as well as spiritual, — not their preacher alone. He seemed to have the authority possessed by the Catholic priest, with the additional power given by his having a family which could serve as an elevated example for his parishioners, and make them feel that he was a fellow-citizen. A man of profound learning and extensive experience in the world, he had already seen that the time when the sermon could be trusted as the main agent of religious guidance had passed, and sought to replace it by the influence of example and that continual incitation which the rural clergyman can still bring to bear on his flock. By many it would perhaps have been thought that the flock of the good Pfarrer got far too little of doctrinal theology; but if we may judge the work by its fruits, the pure lives, leading through contentment and cheerfulness to a hopeful end, surely warranted the omission. In no community which I have ever visited were the happy effects of the guidance of a spiritual teacher so clearly visible. I could wish no rural parish a happier

fate than to be led in the way of life by such a Christian and philosopher, who gives his valuable life to the work of shaping the humble careers of a few hundred mountaineers.

That the spirit of the enthusiastic and blind religious devotion of this people during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is not dead I am fully convinced. Its demonstrativeness is gone, for that always disappears with intellectual culture; and in Germany intellectual culture has affected a larger part of the social mass than in any other region. A chance experience which befell me in Suabia may give the reader a clearer idea of the religious fervor which lies dormant beneath the stolid exterior of this people than all the assertion which can be made.

I once had occasion to visit Boll, in Southern Württemberg, a watering-place of much note in times gone by, but its springs have since dried up and all memory of their peculiar virtues is forgotten. My friend, Dr. F—— of Stuttgart, in answer to my inquiry about an inn, wrote the name of Pfarrer Blumhardt in my note-book, and his own beneath it, — a simple form of introduction in vogue in Germany, — telling me at the same time that I would find the place of the good parson as interesting, perhaps, as the rocks which I went to study, but that he would tell me nothing about it, leaving me to form my own impression. My experience showed that he acted wisely in allowing me to see what I afterward saw without the prejudice which would have been given by previous description. The conveyance from Geislingen, where we left the railway, brought us, after a drive of a couple of hours, to the door of an ancient and stately edifice of great size, which was evidently the hotel of the old watering-place. We were warmly welcomed, not only by the usual throng which greets the wanderer as he descends at the gate of a German country inn, but by the motherly wife of the pastor whose name I had brought, and many of the pleasant faces of the guests of the place bade

us a welcome by their looks. There was a touch of affection in these greetings which showed at once that there was something peculiar about the place, and made me half suspect that I was mistaken for some long-expected brother. We were led into the reception-room, — a pleasant apartment, where there were on every side evidences of refined taste, though everything showed that simple comfort was the end in view. We were met at the door by the good Blumhardt himself, who welcomed us with the cordial grasp of both hands and a genial earnestness which characterizes the greeting of an old German friend. My attention was so engrossed with the personal appearance of this remarkable-looking man, that I for a while forgot to show him my brief introduction. Though years have passed since that meeting, I recollect his whole appearance with marvellous distinctness: a body rather below the average in height, but much beyond it in every other dimension, and which seemed almost absurdly round and fat in his cumbrous dressing-gown, supported a head which was also round and fat and disproportionately large. Although excessive flesh had done all it could to make its bearer appear gross and animal, there shone through it all one of the cheeriest expressions I have ever seen. The features were noble, forehead and top-head high and broad, eyes of that friendly hazel which is so often seen in Germany, traces of a fine Roman were visible in the nose, and the mouth had lost nothing of its pliant, sympathetic expression from the excess of fat. One felt that there was a handsome, vigorous fellow under the load of flesh, and longed to put him in training to bring out the buried man. The most remarkable feature was the commanding look, which the affable smile and bland musical tone did not hide. It was evident that here was a good, strong nature, a determined will, long accustomed to rule; any doubts on this point would have been at once solved by the behavior of those about him. When he spoke,

all others cut short their remarks and listened.

The reader may correct this picture by that of the leader of the German Reformation. To me the good father has always been Martin Luther, quite filling my perhaps imperfect conception of the physique of that giant. When I had, in the course of five minutes, got a satisfactory impression of my host, I recollected my introduction. I thought I detected a shade of doubt on his face when he read it, but it quickly disappeared. When I answered his question as to my profession, our welcome was reiterated, and we were escorted to our rooms in a remote part of the edifice and bidden prepare for the noonday dinner.

The fourscore or more present, assembled at the long tables of the dining-room, were on all accounts the most remarkable-looking collection of people I had seen in Germany. It was evident at first sight that a considerable part of the throng were invalids, which led me to suppose that the old springs had broken out afresh, and that after all the good father was only the keeper of a bathing-place; this hypothesis fell through, when on inquiry I found that there was no chance to bathe, not even enough water from the springs to drink. It also seemed so well accepted that I was one of them, and in earnest sympathy with their object, whatever that might be, that I could not with propriety ask any point-blank questions. When the whole company had assembled and stood in waiting behind their chairs, Father Blumhardt appeared, and, after greeting the whole company, seated himself at his place at the table and read a chapter of the Bible; he then gave out a hymn, which was sung by the whole company, each being provided with a book, and afterwards made a long, earnest, and well-worded prayer, which closed this rather formidable preamble to the meal. The dinner took less time than the introduction to it, as it consisted of a single course of meat and potatoes, — an abundant but rather simple repast. For

dessert we had another hymn, an explication of Scripture and a blessing, which closed the performance, of which ten minutes had been given to the inner man, and one hour and fifty minutes to the religious part of the feast. It must be said, however, that the whole company seemed to care far more for a word from Father Blumhardt than for the carnal repast. There were on every side evidences of religious enthusiasm, more subdued but as intense as that which one finds in a Methodist revival-meeting.

After dinner the whole company mingled in pleasant, social conversation, and we had a chance to study the character of the people here assembled. One half could safely be set down as belonging to the rather ignorant middle class, — easy material out of which to make religious enthusiasts, and in no essential feature different from the persons whom one always finds in any scene of religious excitement; the rest, however, were evidently above the level. There were several Lutheran clergymen, university bred, and showing marks of culture; a number of ladies of refinement of manner, well read, not only in their own literature, but conversant with that of the English and French languages; — a better average, on the whole, than would be found in the ordinary churches of a large city. Nor was it a local gathering; they were from many parts of Germany, Prussia, and Austria, as well as South Germany being represented. At first sight, it was evident that the good father was the source of all the life of the place; that the greater number of those there would have at once bowed down and worshipped him, if they thought he would have allowed them to do so. The excessive devotion of the women was particularly conspicuous; it was evident that his power over them was unlimited.

In the evening, at the simple supper the religious ceremony was even longer than at dinner, lasting from seven till half past nine, and ending with the Lord's Prayer from the boy at

the foot of the table, a lad of twelve years old. It seemed to be a part of the order of the services that the day should be ended by this prayer from the boy.

I was so fortunate after the supper as to find among the guests in this strange hostelry a gentleman who could give me the key to the character of the place. Father Blumhardt was one of the religious enthusiasts of the day; a strict Lutheran in faith, he had gradually added to his creed a firm belief in the curative power of his prayers. It seemed as if this conviction had been gradually forced upon him by outside influence rather than evolved from his own mind. He was in the habit of praying at the bedside of the sick, as is the custom of clergymen of all denominations. The conviction gradually grew among his parishioners that his prayers were more often answered than those of other ministers. The fame of his cures had brought so many converts to and seekers after his aid, that he was at length compelled to open a hotel to accommodate those who came to him. Besides those who came hoping to be healed, there were many others, and they constituted the better part of his guests, who resorted to his house in order to enjoy the Christian society they found there, leaving the distractions of the outside world to live the quiet, innocent life which was to be found within the old walls of Boll Bad. A very intelligent old lady told me that she came there every year to pass a few weeks, not that she believed that Pfarrer Blumhardt's prayers were more often answered than those of other ministers, but because she felt it did her soul good to live in the religious atmosphere she always found there. I owed most of my information concerning the place and its people, other than that my eyes and ears supplied, to a Scottish clergyman who, strangely enough, I found here attentively studying the strange phase of religion before him. He was a tall, stern-looking Scot who had passed many years in missionary labor in India, whence he had

just come, his Presbyterian earnestness undiminished by ten years' fight with all the discouragements which the zealous missionary meets. To him I could see that the cheerful, genial sort of Christianity which he now encountered was unaccustomed if not disagreeable. Father Blumhardt he believed, as every one who came in contact with him necessarily did, to be an honest man, misled and misleading by enthusiasm; but with the better educated of those about him he seemed to have small patience. It was exceedingly interesting to see his stern, critical face as he scanned the long lines of adoring countenances eagerly dwelling on the Pfarrer's lips. Surely there never was such a dramatic contrast between two faces, or two conceptions of Christianity as these two men afforded.

From the disciple of John Knox I learned the cause of my high favor on my first arrival, and the slight cooling which had since taken place. In answer to the question as to my profession, I had stated that I was a *Geolog*, thinking that the good man would the better understand why I appeared at Boll, which is one of the most famous places for the geologist in Europe. Owing to my bad pronunciation or his preconceived opinion, the good Pfarrer had understood me to say *Theolog*, and had welcomed me as a brother. What a triumph for the good man to have an American theologian sitting at his feet! a triumph even Luther had not had. What wonder that we got the best place at the table and in the affections of the good Pfarrer, or that when the mistake was explained I fell from grace!

The peasantry of the neighborhood were in the habit of coming to the house in the evening and on Sundays to be prayed for, in order to be healed of their bodily disorders. They came one by one to the minister, who gave them, even to the poorest, his cheery greeting, which alone was as health-giving as sunshine; then he placed his hands upon their heads, they kneeling before him, and prayed silently, or in a low

voice, for a minute or two. One could see, as the patient rose, that there had been a great mental impression made, and that he believed that healing had been done upon him. This may seem absurd in description; but I am free to confess that religion, in the ordinary sense of the word, never seemed so attractive to me as when I saw these things. One may live a lifetime, nowadays, without hearing a prayer made in the unflinching confidence that it is to be at once answered. But when the good father prayed, you felt that he was convinced that he spoke with the Omnipotent, and that if it was fitting the prayer should be granted, the sick one would be straightway healed. To his power to convince the crouching penitent beneath his hands that his prayer was heard by the Omnipotent may be attributed his singular success. I cannot convey a better idea of the strange effect of his prayers than by saying that a person the most incredulous of the power of prayer to affect the physical world would not have been surprised to see the lame rise up and walk, or the blind made to see, under their influence, so powerfully did he appeal to the instinctive confidence in prayer which is born within us all.

On Sunday there were two services in the chapel, — once a dancing-room in the old life of the place. The pastor was not as great in the pulpit as in the more familiar intercourse with his people. It was a clear, well-composed sermon, showing no erratic views, unless his unbounded confidence in prayer in general and his own in particular can be called such; on the whole, a more reasonable discourse than could have been expected from an enthusiast. In the afternoon, my patience being somewhat exhausted, — for I had listened to about four hours of religious exercises that day, — I slipped away to have a little quiet among the hills. I was detected on my way with the end of the handle of my hammer sticking out of my pocket, and on my return the bag of fossils completed my discomfiture. Henceforth I was treated very politely,

but made to feel that there was a great difference in my position. And, as on the other days of my stay it was absolutely necessary for me to "cut" the after breakfast and dinner performances, I soon found that I was rather out of place. That I could find the society of Ichthyosauri and Ammonites more edifying than the wisdom which dropped from Father Blumhardt's lips was an offence not to be forgiven, though I used all the German at my command to exculpate myself.

I have never seen any place richer in studies of character. There was a poor student with disease of the eyes, which had destroyed one eye and nearly ruined the other, with no chance of the days on earth ever being brighter to him, clinging with desperation to the hope that the Pfarrer could persuade the Almighty to do a miracle upon him. There was a clergyman, with university culture, in whom the scepticism of the educated German was contending with the spirit of credulity which was naturally strong in him. Others dying with consumption and equally fatal maladies were confident that the intercession of Father Blumhardt could change their fate. Even the aged, who were on the verge of their graves, seemed to think it might be that the fountain of youth flowed from the lips of the good father. Nothing could be more pitiful than to see those who were doomed by the inevitable laws of their bodies clinging with enthusiastic desperation to the skirts of this deluded man.

Boll was a revelation to me, and I

am sincerely thankful that accident and the kindness of my friend in Stuttgart led me thither. Coming to it, as I did, at the beginning of a half-year journey through Southern and Middle Germany, it enabled me to see further into the character of the people than I could otherwise have done, and led me not to mistake their carelessness of the external signs of religion for a decay of the religious feeling. There was one thing, however, which, more than all the rest, had a peculiar interest for the student of the miraculous. It was that you could see the progress of miracles from the simple origin to the inexplicable mystery. A sprained ankle which would have got well of itself in a day or two, and which recovered as quickly under the influence of prayer, was soon magnified, until it was a broken limb which had healed under the miraculous touch of the inspired Blumhardt. The peculiarly excited condition of the people at this place seemed to deprive them of all critical power. One could have obtained willing and honest testimony to the most impossible things.

Although out of sympathy with the matters of interest and belief which brought those good people together, and thus in a somewhat awkward position, I confess it was with no slight regret that I found it necessary to leave these earnest Christian people. I paid a reckoning so modest that it could hardly have covered the cost of even the simple food we had eaten, and bade good by to Boll.

RUDOLPH: A MONOGRAPH.

[The editors print the following paper with the assurance of the author that it is substantially a statement of facts.]

PERHAPS Daines Barrington might have gone down to posterity unknown, save for having coupled his name with the youthful Mozart, in a paper illustrative of the wonderful genius of the child. With no attempt at such distinction, having a minor subject to describe, I still believe a meagre yet truthful account of Rudolph, a lad of ten, may be worth recording.

The Blimber hot-house atmosphere of the present time has forced so much precocity, that wonderful children scarcely attract attention. There are so many mental sowers, croppers, reapers, and harrowers, tearing through and pulverizing the soil, that children are producing untold crops of something immature, — we may call it fruit, if you please. Two-year-old children are pitted against two-year-old Derby colts, brains against hoofs, and, regardless of future strains, spavins, and founders, so that a rousing stride is arrived at early, a fearful pace is acquired; the future race, the long, steady pull, trying matured wind and muscle, is entirely forgotten. The escapes from this overwork are very rare; with a few most brilliant exceptions, brain or body suffer, sometimes both, mostly the latter. I should, perhaps, dislike quite as much to be taxed with the perverse taste of attending public executions, as to be laid under the imputation of a seeker-out and annalist of wonderful children; yet a strange fatality has thrown me, I believe, in contact with several precocities, and involuntarily I have kept a mental record of them.

Mélanie N. — was born in a French garrison town. At two years of age, when a strolling band passed, — her nursery was off the street, — she could distinguish every individual instrument, saying, "I hear a clarionet, a cornet, a harp, and a bass-viol." At four, by ear,

not by sight, she would instantly determine what military band was performing, indicating the regiment, as, for instance, "That is the music of the 22d Chasseurs," or, "Of the 14th Infantry." There happened to be a rivalry between the two band-masters; they were contending for some musical prize, and both performed similar pieces. On being asked how she knew one from the other, she would reply, "Because the 14th has one more ophicleide than the 22d, and the drum of the 22d differs from the drum of the 14th; and, besides, if you will only wait a little while, the new ophicleide of the 14th, before he gets through, is sure to be flat." At five she improvised on the piano, and, though inaccurately, was able to note down what she composed. Then all objects animate and inanimate had a sound for her. The water-butt ran off its contents, when full, in a sliding scale commencing with *re*, or the sheep bleated in *fa*, the cows lowed in *mi*. At seven, on the occasion of the Curé's *fête*, she wrote an *Agnus Dei* in four parts, charming from its *naïveté* and harmony, still performed, as far as I know, in the departmental church; and at eight she died. Mélanie's parents were well-to-do shopkeepers, both fair musicians, but I cannot tax them with having forced the inclinations of their only child. If the piano was closed, Mélanie was ill and would sob herself into hysterics; yet she was a sweet and amiable child. An accursed musical-box placed under a pillow when she was a twelvemonth old had started this wonderful musical machinery, had fired the train which ultimately consumed her. She was diminutive to a degree, with an oversized head; her health was wretched, and she died of a spinal complaint with cerebral disturbance.

The philological child I think I

found once in New Orleans, in Patrick. His father was an Irishman, his mother a Bavarian; their profession, keepers of a sailors' boarding-house. At nine years old Patrick spoke German, French, Spanish, Italian, and Swedish. Of course, English was his vernacular, but his German was as good as his English. In French, as to accent and genders, he was absolutely perfect. His Spanish was fair, and the peculiar *j* always right. Italian he knew less about, but in Swedish he was again perfectly at home. It was strange to see a ragged little Mezzofanti in a squalid room, from a filthy bar, dispensing spirits to all the drunken nationalities, having a word or two for each, and sometimes, when encouraged by his father, urging the payment of an old score, by the hour, with some foreign sailor. Patrick could scarcely read; his language-acquisitiveness, of course, is well understood; he had heard all manner of strange sounds from his birth, he was nothing more than a linguistic mocking-bird. Ten years ago, I chanced to meet him as a boat-hand on the Ohio River. He told me he had forgotten "all the lingo," as he expressed it. On asking the captain of the boat what kind of a person he was, he replied: "Pretty fair for an ordinary hand; not much brains, and not strong enough for boat-work." I forgot to mention his dialect was changed to that of the Hoosier; it struck me then, that the gift of language had not entirely disappeared, there was still some very faint persistence.

The inventive child, I think, very rare, because, unable to handle tools, he cannot produce materially his mental creations. Yet I must ever remember a farmer's son of seven, just able to spell, who, miles away from any mill, with a spool, some umbrella-wire, and a shingle, made an under-shot wheel, and ran it in a little brook. It was as near a turbine-wheel of a peculiar form as possible, so close that, had this child's invention been able to claim a priority, it might have settled a patent suit which eight years afterwards involved a

fortune. What is, however, wonderful in this case is its pleasant *dénoûment*. At ten years of age he went to school, at fifteen he entered a machine-shop, and at twenty-two, for distinguished talent and inventive power, having made a speciality of marine-engines, he now occupies the position of second engineer in the work-shop of a foreign government. He has no drawbacks, body and mind being in perfect tone and condition.

The subject of this article, whose name we will call Rudolph, is a few months over ten years old; he lives in the South, and his origin is a foreign one. This is evident from his pronunciation, shown principally by placing a wrong accentuation on the syllables. Grammatically he never makes an error; his language in treating commonplace things is stilted; for instance, he will say, having something for my children in his pocket, instead of, "Boys, I've got something good for you," "I have brought something excellent, to propitiate you little ones with." In appearance he is somewhat below the average size; the head is rather large, the eyes blue, subdued, and dull, the complexion pallid, the mouth large and mobile, the chin massive, the ears too large and at right angles with the head, and the whole contour of the face crowned with a forehead not so high as immensely wide. Did a good mother of healthy children pass him, she would say, "That boy wants sea-bathing, careful diet, and change of air."

Rudolph is playing with my children, and the marbles are spinning over the floor, and shouts of, "Knuckle down!" "My first!" and "Fen dabs!" resound. Presently a marble rolls along and is stopped by a kaleidoscope left by one of my boys on the floor.

"What is that, Rudolph?" asks a friend of the house, a stranger to Rudolph.

"A kaleidoscope, sir," is the reply.

"Would you like to know something more about it, my lad?" inquires the gentleman, kindly.

Rudolph looks at him in a puzzled way, and shows a disposition to resume marbles. I make a sign to my friend, and motion him to allow Rudolph to explain, and the boy commences. "Sir David Brewster invented it. It is an optical toy. Copies of the forms it produces are sometimes used as designs for goods. It is made in this way: you take a tube, close one end with a double glass, the outside one semi-transparent; between these two glasses you place whatever small objects you please; in this instance it is bits of colored glass and beads; on the other side is a small aperture to look through. Inside are two mirrors or reflecting surfaces joined at an angle of sixty degrees, and the image *must be reflected* or repeated five times, causing an exact combination of images, in fact, a regular figure." This is gotten off easily, glibly, without hesitation; the only error in pronunciation is in "reduplicating," the third syllable having been over-accentuated.

My friend says to me in Latin, "A parrot." I reply in French, "Have a care, for, as far as I know, the boy will understand you." Somewhat nettled, the gentleman says: "All right, Rudolph; but pray explain to me what you mean by reflected."

"In this instance it is a plane surface which reflects. Sometimes it is a concave or convex surface which reflects; do you want the simplest, in this case, the reflection from a plane surface? When an image is thrown on a surface, it is either absorbed and is lost, or a luminous recoil takes place, visible to our senses, and the image is said to be reflected. The substance giving the picture again is called the reflector; the image is said to be reflected." This was said very quietly, with a marble in his hand. The boy paused, and then the marble dropped on the floor, and his mien changed. "Don't you think there may be other reflections than those of heat, sound, and motion? Other imponderable agents might be reflected, there is such a close connection between them all. Is it a fair inference —" and here the brain com-

menced to assume entire mastery of the body; the boy swerved from right to left, walked in an agitated way from side to side, entirely absorbed in his thoughts.

"Bless me, Rudolph," I interposed, "this is speculative science. Do you ever think on these subjects? Have you read anything about them?"

"No, nothing; will you give me something to read which would explain these things? But I wanted to ask you something. I precipitated a salt of copper with ammonia, and redissolved it, *of course*, in ammonia with an excess; I went further with my ammonia, and got a second trace, faint, though, of a precipitate. Now I have every reason to suppose my solution was chemically pure, as I made it myself; I used, though, a piece of an old galvanic battery, and perhaps —"

Just here Henry, who had been standing near with mouth wide open, sung out, "I say, Rudolph, come finish your game. Your first, and my second, and knuckle down!"

Rudolph joins the game, though I think the action is accomplished with a painful mental jerk.

Said my companion: "I thought at first this was an awful little prig, some little Sandford and Merton brute; but I must express myself amazed; why, it seems to me that baby is absolutely venturing on the realms of speculative science; but a word or so more, and he would have been lecturing on latent galvanism, its influence on chemical affinity. Is this cramming, or is it not? I do hate cramming so, and agree with old Epictetus, when he expresses his disgust, and how men differ from sheep in this respect; whereas the sheep give the shepherd the fragrant curd and fleecy wool, and not the undigested food of a year's grass-croppings. I should so like to find out what more this wonderfully little wretched child knows; but I deem it sinful, murderous, to tax him further. I do so hate to be a Pumblechook."

"You will not have to wait very long," I replied; "you have awakened

Rudolph; unfortunately, he never plays long enough." And presently the child abruptly left the game and approached the study-table. On it was "Tyndall on Sound." He singled it out, among numerous volumes, opened it at hazard, and in an instant, with his eyes not more than three inches from the page, was utterly lost in its contents.

"Rudolph," I said, waking him up from a brown study, taking the book gently from him, "have you ever seen this book before?"

"Never."

"Know anything about sound?"

"Acoustics? Not much; very little." Then, simply started with some elementary question, he commenced with the theory of sound, its wave motion, the exact figures of its rapidity, its differences of transmission through various media; talked of sirenes, vibrations, pulsations; presently I stopped him, and, opening the book haphazard at page 257, figure 138, asked, "What is this?" He paused for a moment, examined it eagerly, and replied: "I should think it is the form a liquid would probably take — perhaps in this particular instance mercury — when a disturbance takes place on its surface. I should think that here there may be more than one centre of disturbance; perhaps two or three." This reply from a boy of ten would have doubtless pleased the distinguished author who so worthily has taken up Faraday's mantle. "Did you ever see this picture before?" asked my friend. "No," was the reply; and Rudolph is perfectly truthful. I then sought out Chladni's figures, caused by the vibrations of glass affecting some light substances placed on them. Rudolph knew all about them, and told me he had been comparing them with somewhat similar figures caused by magnetic influences on metal-filings. My friend, in mockery of spirit, says something about singing flames: he thinks he has nonplussed Rudolph. We allow the boy a chance, and he clearly shows that he understands rather more about it than either of us.

"What more does this boy know?" asks my friend, in despair.

"Know," I reply, "why, there is scarcely a question in inorganic chemistry he cannot reply to, and as a recreation he will give you every prescription in Wood and Bache, if you want it; since you have broken the ice now, you might as well go on.

Questioning recommences, and every possible metal and earth, solids, fluids, acids, alkalis, bases, oxides, sulphates, chlorides, nitrates, we can think of are asked about. Equivalents, atomic proportions, all ordinary and extraordinary processes of manufacture, are included; the new methods of iron reductions are thrown in. We try to blow him up with the fulminates; he retorts by going into the formations of the gaseous compounds arising from their combustion. And now, as he warms up to his work, he drops all the common terms, uses the scientific nomenclature, and, as far as we know, has not made a single error. Rudolph has certainly gone through an examination which perhaps only one in a thousand of medical graduates could have stood; and, as far as chemistry is required, would have passed as assistant surgeon before an army or navy board. As he concludes he naïvely remarks, "But I don't know anything at all about organic chemistry"; and yet he takes up the alcoholic transitions, the ethers, the fermentations, gives the elements of all the common and uncommon substances we ask about, with their complex O, C, N, and H's, gives the theory of their analysis, and somehow or other, by what seemed to us to be a natural transition, winds up with the solar-spectrum, the Newtonian theory, the separation of the rays of light, the polarity, Fraunhofer's lines, a description of the new metals, the constant presence of sodium; and then Henry captures him, just as he has started ozone, and the game of marbles is resumed; we are only too glad of it, for Rudolph has exhausted us.

It is not my intention to give here

the impressions made on us. I should simply state that amazement, pain, and irritability were commingled. It required a constant mental effort fully to appreciate that it was a mere child talking. He is crammed, crammed, crammed, would be always uppermost in our minds. The feeling of irritability is most difficult to explain; there is intense sympathy for the child, and none for the tremendous mental power which takes the form of a monstrosity, and the two feelings clash. As to the boy himself, the physical disturbances became more manifest, the voice was even affected, the pronunciation more *outré*, the words, though correct, would sometimes halt, as if language would not come fast enough for thoughts. Any interruption (though he never would leave the train of thought commenced) was so apparently painful, that we let him have his bent.

It would be wearisome did I catalogue all this boy has at his finger's end. Chemistry is his forte, though all the kindred sciences are familiar to him. I defy a lecturer to explain to his class the process of telegraphy, its history, the nature of the instruments now in use, or that have been in use and discarded, with the entire theory, better than Rudolph can. Some time ago I lent him "Faraday's Lectures to his Younger Classes"; he returned it, saying, "I was acquainted with the facts, and it is too elementary," which, undoubtedly, it was.

But how is he in his general studies? He goes to a public school, and the head-master says: "He is first in his class in everything. He never misses. Sometimes he leaves his books in school, and I think I will pass him his recitations for the day, but he knows them perfectly. He comes five minutes before school and studies them. I never think of requiring his attention during school hours, so necessary for most other children; so he is orderly, that is all I require. I do wish he could get up a passion for butterflies. Of course he would know all about them entomologically before long, but

then he would have the run of the fields, and it would do him so much good. My boys are all devoted to him; if you wanted to see a right down good fight, only let anybody crook a little finger at him. I have taught a great many children in my time, but Rudolph is the most wonderful child in every respect I ever saw. I do so wish he was stronger."

A day or so ago I met Rudolph under the trees, seated, book in hand, whilst his comrades were riotous over base-ball. "Why don't you join them, Rudolph?" I asked. "I cannot see the ball clearly enough to seize it. I tried to do so the other day. It struck me in the face. It hurt me exceedingly. I saw all the constellations. I wonder why, when the optic nerve is contused, you see a *delirium of colors*?" Just then Henry and Frank enter *en scène*, and Rudolph calls Frank "a six-legged spider."

"Why a spider, my boy, and why six-legged?" I ask.

"Because he has legs, arms, eyes, ears, a mouth, and a brain. The legs are amputated, the arms remain; the eyes are blind, the ears still hear; the mouth becomes silent, yet the brain may think: we are all six-legged creatures." The way this was said, its half intensity, its half comicality, struck me. Presently, with head down, that fearful brain of his working up, perhaps further elucidating this grotesque idea, he left us.

At my tea-table some friends were talking Max Müller, and a very weak philological conversation, adapted to the heat of the climate and the occasion, was going on. A very kind lady, not a bit *femme forte*, said Semitic-Aryan, and talked "Lothair." The boy was busy with his supper, — and, by the way, his table manners savor of the adolescent Dr. Johnson, — when this *enfant terrible* commenced on Sanscrit-Pali, spoke of the origin of languages, gave some derivations, traced it roughly up to English, and, though ignorant of any general rules, was more conversant with it, had a greater foundation to

build upon, than would have had one in ten thousand of thoroughly educated people, such as we might meet in a drawing-room.

Again, is all this cramming? Is Rudolph aught else than a mental hopper, into which all kinds of miscellaneous facts are thrown, to be discharged again? It may be so, but yet, by some wonderful adaptation, a power of assortment takes place, and the substances are separated, classed, and generalized. We may be surprised at the mental property of retaining so much, but we must think it supernatural that he should dare even to speculate on them. At three Rudolph read; it is impossible that he should have been able to take any interest in scientific subjects before seven; we know that two years ago he was ignorant, comparatively, of chemistry. How surprising, then, it must be, to think how much this boy has absorbed in two or three years! I may be taxed with an exaggeration prone to make me ridiculous, but if Humboldt at forty, in his universal knowledge, was a cosmologist, then Rudolph at ten, comparing age for age, is quite as wonderful.

Perhaps some kindly people may accuse me of cruelty towards this child. I am free to acknowledge that only once, when ignorant of his powers, I thoroughly examined him; but from that time until now I have done all I could, not to suppress exactly, — for that would, I believe, kill him, — but gradually to lead him through other paths, and to teach him how to play. "If he must devour books and digest all facts," I argued, "suppose lighter food be placed before him." To this new food, fiction, he took too eagerly, and what he did with it was *sui generis*. Alexander Dumas once told the writer, "I never enjoy my own plays or anybody else's after the curtain is up and the characters all chalked out (*calqué*). I don't know how it is, but I have a wretched way of appropriating them, just as does poor Mr. Morphy playing blindfold several games of chess. I run my characters through three or four entirely dif-

ferent plots; sometimes the author does as I do, but often my new *dénouement* is the better." Just so did Rudolph; when he had mastered the story, he changed everything, and made new scenes, new incidents. Of course, this I could not consider as very injurious, but, nevertheless, chemistry, physics, kept on aggregating.

Will this boy's brain be able to sustain the tension? I fear not; but should the Almighty keep up his mind and body, and the power increase, there is stuff in him to make an Arago, a Laplace, a Humboldt, or a Faraday, — perhaps the scientific illumination of this century; but I am afraid the balance between brain and body is too far apart. What he wants is a careful, tender guide, one whose task would be more than difficult. You would likely kill the child did you attempt to suppress the brain entirely at one rude push. Physiologically I believe the brain circulation is so flooded that a reflux wave might cause the blood to surge on some weaker part, and drown him. This child's intellect should be unfolded leaf by leaf, and just as tenderly, as gently, as the expert divides the old Egyptian papyrus; the question of physique might or might not be easy. We suppose a physician of undoubted talent and change of climate might effect something; and why is this not done? Because the gifts of this world are sometimes very unevenly distributed.

Here he comes now, very wan and pale, and sidles up to my table, and looks wistfully at my books. Henry is trying all he can to read "Little Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and can't. On the table is a compass; all Henry knows about the instrument is that it will keep pointing one way, and that if he faces that way it is north, and then the back of his head is south; east and west he is not very sure about yet, and Henry is seven years old.

"O Rudolph, do now do tell me about the compass. Father says I am too young yet to know much about it. I know that you know all about *her*."

(My eldest delights in the negro field-hands' peculiarities of genders and pronouns.)

"My son," I say, "have I not requested you not to bother Rudolph with questions? Go out on the veranda and play tag; make all the noise you please. Rudolph is invited here to play, not to teach you things; so clear out, both of you."

Said Rudolph, "It don't trouble me, and I am not in the mood for playing to-day." And away they go, and through the open window I watch Henry, eager at first, with mouth and eyes wide open ready to swallow the compass. I hear Rudolph, who commences at the commencement, with the Chinese, the load-stone, magnetic iron, the horse-shoe magnet, the needle, the true pole, the various methods of suspension, the artificial deviations caused by iron ships, English admiralty experiments, the natural progression of variations, how these disturbances were noted in 1576, when it varied easterly $10^{\circ} 15'$, when it got right again, how it went westerly again; and here he paused, for Henry, I am thankful for it (it was such a

warm summer's afternoon), was sound asleep. Rudolph looked at him a moment, laughed a pleasant chuckle, then resumed his grave countenance and lounged into my study. I offer him a ball, wishing devoutly it was a pony, so that his pale face might get hale and hearty and blowzed as my boy's, with sun and wind and play. He takes the ball, then asks about the *mitrailleuse*, then develops (he who has perhaps never shot a gun, perhaps not a cracker) the theory of projectiles, talks trajectory, gravity, windage, recoil, gun-cotton, nitro-glycerine! I am not inclined to talk, so he takes the nearest book, "Galton on Hereditary Genius." In a moment he is deep in it; I surreptitiously substitute Hans Andersen; he smiles, and says, "Taboo."

If commonplace Henry, when grown to man's estate, can understand, theoretically only, as much about the compass as Rudolph does now at ten, I shall be satisfied. But I do so thank God that Henry is sound asleep, sprawling at full length on the veranda. I think when he is eight he ought to be made to read.

Barnet Phillips.

INDIAN SUMMER.

THE Widow Collins sat on the arm of a large easy-chair, ironing. The odor of lilac-blossoms from the great bush outside the window drifted in and mingled with the prosaic fragrance of what the widow called "boiled pot." A great yellow cat sat blinking and purring on the doorstep with the shifting shadow of the maple leaves wavering over his back; and a robin somewhere overhead chirped tenderly to his brooding mate. Without and within life seemed like an unwrinkled lake, with nothing darker to be reflected than a floating fleecy cloud.

For a long time there was only the purring and chirping and boiling, with

the measured *chud* of Mrs. Collins's iron, and now and then the creaking of a discontented board as she walked across the floor to change it. Then of a sudden the garden gate swung to with a clack, and there came a step up the path and then a shadow in the doorway.

"I want to know if that is you, Mrs. Evelyn," said the widow, looking up and running the hot iron against her finger.

"Yes, I suppose it is," rejoined Mrs. Evelyn, heavily, dropping upon a chair and beginning at once to pull the stems from a basin of currants she held in her hand. "I thought I might as well

run in here and pick over my currants as to do it at home."

"That's right; I am glad you did," returned the widow. "And when you go home, don't forget to take some artichokes to the children."

"Thank you," replied Mrs. Evelyn, absently. "I am worried half to pieces about my husband," she added, throwing a handful of currants out of the window and putting the stems in her bowl. "Where do you suppose he is?"

"Your husband! I'm sure I don't know," rejoined Mrs. Collins, glancing at the corner cupboard as though wondering if it were possible she had put him away by mistake along with her bunches of sweet-flag root and wild mint. "No," she added, shaking her head as if she had made up her mind on that point. "Why, where do you think he is? Where did he go?"

"He went to Boston yesterday morning," replied Mrs. Evelyn. "He brought me in a pail of water after breakfast, and then said he, 'I've a great mind to go over to the city to-day. Anything you want to send for?'" said he. Then I named over half a dozen little things, and he wrote them down in his note-book and went off. I expected him back to supper, sure, but he has n't come yet."

"Gone out to Framingham, likely. His brother or some of the folks was in with a team maybe, and so he took the chance to ride out and see his mother," returned Mrs. Collins, with satisfied assurance.

"I wish I knew it," replied Mrs. Evelyn, throwing another handful of currants out of the window.

"He'll be at home to-morrow all right," pursued Mrs. Collins. "See! Is n't that he coming now?"

No! no! It was nobody but Captain Fanning, who stopped as he came against the window, nodded, and said, "Pretty good weather we are getting nowadays."

"Very growing weather," responded the widow, glancing at her garden.

"See here, Captain!" called Mrs.

Evelyn, as with another nod he was about moving on. "You have n't seen anything of my husband, have you, to-day or yesterday?"

"Your husband? No. Why, he has n't run off and left you, has he?" replied the Captain, with a sailor laugh.

"He went to the city yesterday, and I suspect he must have gone out to his mother's to spend the night," replied Mrs. Evelyn, in a tone of cheerful carelessness, but with a nervous quickness of manner that belied her tone.

"Likely. He told me last week he was making his calculations to go to Framingham before long, and I believe this is the week of old Hunt's *vandoo* out there," responded the Captain, swinging off down the street.

Mrs. Evelyn looked relieved.

"Sure enough, so it is, and I know James never thought of it before he left home," said she, stooping to pick up some stray currants from the floor. Then she went home, singing along the path in happy thankfulness for the stone rolled away from her heart. But "day called unto day and night answered to night," while no one answered to her calling. It seemed Mr. Evelyn had not been to Framingham. He had not been to Boston, so far as anybody could prove. From the moment when his wife, calling after him at her door to be sure and not forget the saleratus, had seen him looking back with a smile and nod, he had vanished as the dew vanishes.

"Did your husband take much money with him?" asked Captain Fanning, who never found time to attend to his own affairs.

"He could n't have taken much," replied Mrs. Evelyn. And she might have added, neither could he leave much.

"What for clothes did he have on when you saw him last?" queried Captain Fanning, who was self-appointed detective police for the whole village.

"A mixed pepper-and-salt suit, with a soft hat and a blue necktie," repeated poor Mrs. Evelyn for the hundredth time, — for the hundredth time in an

agony of dread, lest *this* time she was furnishing proof for some fatal identification.

No! Not this time, nor another time. From the pitiless blue sky to the pitiless blue sea, all things were dumb.

One evening Captain Fanning stopped at Mrs. Evelyn's door, as he often did of an evening.

"My papa's come! Him has come!" cried little Jamie, turning his eager face toward the sound of the coming footsteps. But when he saw the stout ruddy figure of the Captain on the threshold he opened his mouth, threw back his head, and began to call, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, "Dames! Dames! Dames! Come, papa, come! Damie wants you!"

"Poor little fellow!" said Captain Fanning, stroking the child's head tenderly. "He takes it hard, does n't he?"

Mrs. Evelyn sighed in a dreary way. "He fairly worries me," she said. "He won't eat a meal of victuals without a plate and chair being put for his father. And every time a cart stops before the door he calls out that he has come. He cries for his father in his sleep almost every night, and sometimes I am afraid he will fret himself to death."

"It is pretty rough on you all round, that is a fact," observed the Captain, pitifully. "There is one thing we have n't thought of," he continued, after a pause.

Mrs. Evelyn's white face grew whiter. What horrible thing could there be that she had not already fancied, dragged at the heels of one dreadful foreboding after another that flew with her like wild horses?

"Lincoln's Woods, they have n't been searched," said the Captain.

"What should take my husband to Lincoln's Woods?" rejoined Mrs. Evelyn, impatiently. So many weary nights she had lain awake groping with the fingers of her mind under every heap of last year's leaves and among the boughs of every thicket in Lincoln's Woods, and with the dawning light of

so many mornings she had thrust aside the hideous suggestions of the night!

"Lincoln's Woods would be a master handy place to secrete a dead corpse," observed the Widow Collins, who sat with her white sun-bonnet on in Mrs. Evelyn's rocking-chair, her nose looking more like a weasel's than ever.

The Widow Collins was not what one would call a sentimental woman. She knew no difference between having a thought and expressing it in bald English. So she did not understand the shiver that ran over Mrs. Evelyn and the dash of pain that touched even the Captain's sturdy frame, but went on.

"There's no doubt in my mind but what Evelyn has been made way with. There is a plenty of rough fellows that would as soon kill you as not for sixpence," said she, sniffing cheerfully at a great red peony.

"I suppose it would be best to have the woods searched; but don't give yourself any trouble about it, Mrs. Evelyn; I'll see to that," resumed Captain Fanning, wishing to the depths of his great warm heart that he could take also the heavier trouble of the spirit from the fragile woman who looked like an anemone trying to breast the north-wind. Captain Fanning "saw to that." He saw to fifty other things with and without Mrs. Evelyn's knowledge. There was not an unknown body found in a hundred miles around but Captain Fanning went to see if he could identify it. He visited every prison and hospital, and saw the face of every convict and patient. He put the police of Boston and also of New York upon the search, and gave all his whole time to it for weeks. Meanwhile he beamed in like the afternoon sun at Mrs. Evelyn's door. He carried candy to the children and all the comfort he could find or imagine to the mother.

"I thought I must drop in to kind o' chirk your spirits up," said the Widow Collins, one evening, coming through the shed door just as Captain Fanning went out the front way. "No news, I

take it. 'No news is good news,' as the saying is; but I tell them it is n't so in every identical case."

Mrs. Collins seated herself and drew from her pocket a long gray stocking that she was toeing with black yarn.

"You need n't think I have n't got any gray yarn," she pursued. "It's that I don't want to get clear out and then not have any. You'll find, Mrs. Evelyn, you'll have to be pretty frugal now you have n't got any provider. I know what it is to be *left*, and I can tell you a good many ways how to contrive. Do you lay out to put on mourning?"

Mrs. Evelyn drew her breath with a sharp cry.

"Barbara Collins!" said she, "why do you speak like that to me? My husband is coming back."

Mrs. Collins shut her eyes and shook her head. "Don't you give him up yet?" said she. "Well, I don't know: but kinder seems to me as though 't would n't be any privilege to think your husband had deserted you. He would n't be more than half a man if he would do such a thing as that. I would n't give fifty cents on a dollar for such a kind of a man. And now that we are on the subject, as it were, I will say, there is one thing I've had it on my mind to give you a warning word about. I would n't have Captain Fanning calling here so often if I was you. It'll make talk, and in your situation you can't be too particular. If you feel delicate about giving him a hint, I'll do it."

Mrs. Evelyn did not reply to this proffered kindness, and when Mrs. Collins looked around she found Mrs. Evelyn had gone in her bedroom and shut the door.

The widow sat and knitted complacently away till she had toed off her stocking. Then she went serenely home in the self-approving consciousness of having done her duty as well as "chirked up" her neighbor's spirits.

"Are you brought me some candy, ma? Did you?" called out a little creature standing in her own doorway, with

corn silk for hair and bachelor's-buttons for eyes.

"My g'acious!" responded the mother, fondly, "where do you think I've been to get candy, Clara? I'd have had to pick it from the currant-bushes."

"Jamie Evelyn he's always got a crumb of candy in his drawer," returned the child, looking aggrieved and stepping on her mother's dress in her eagerness. "He's *never* without a drop of candy. When he gets a *little ways* out, then he goes and buys more. He's got some when he buys more: sticks, and lozenges, a-a-a-n-d candy-rabbits, and lots o' things."

"Fanning's work!" said the widow, rolling her eyes. "That's where it comes from."

One year, another, and another were "added to the mass of buried ages," when suddenly Mrs. Evelyn disappeared.

"Where's your ma *gone*?" asked the Widow Collins of Jamie as he came in to bring Clara a red rooster's feather.

"I do' know. To Framingham I guess, or else to Townsend," replied Jamie, who was entirely absorbed in watching Clara try the effect of the feather on her hat.

"How long does she calculate to be gone?" pursued the Widow.

"She did n't tell. Polly Slicker is there," returned Jamie, over his shoulder. "Clara," he continued, "the rain has budded up the rose on my rosy-bush, or else I was going to carry it to you."

"O, Polly Slicker! I've a good mint I'll slip over and borrow a cup of molasses. My jug is pretty low," soliloquized the widow, picking up her sun-bonnet that was always lying conveniently near.

She found Polly Slicker mopping the sitting-room floor, — a little berry-faced woman with a mouth like a knot-hole, that she never opened if she could help.

"So you're here, Polly," began Mrs. Collins.

Polly gave an extra wring to her mop, by way of admitting that she was.

"Come to stay a spell?"

Polly nodded, without looking around.

"Mrs. Evelyn gone farther than Framingham?"

Polly grunted a grunt that might mean yes or it might mean no; but it did not mean anything.

"Funny that Mrs. Evelyn should go off so, without saying nothing to nobody. But Mrs. Evelyn's a little peculiar, and she don't care for the speech of people. Not so much, I think sometimes, as she ought to," pursued Mrs. Collins. "I don't calculate there is anything wrong about her, though. I've always looked upon her as a likely woman. Did she take a carpet-bag?"

"Certain," replied Polly, beginning to pump a pail of water.

"I never could determine," said Mrs. Collins to herself on the way home, "whether Polly Slicker is a *compos* or a *non*. But it is odd as election in the winter, for Mrs. Evelyn to steal off in the dead of the night, as you may say, without a word to her nearest neighbor."

For two weeks Polly Slicker drew up her mouth, stuck a little brass comb in her back hair, and kept Mrs. Evelyn's house. And then one morning, as Mrs. Collins was picking lettuce in her garden, always with an eye upon the things that were her neighbor's, according to Scripture, she saw Mrs. Evelyn shaking a tablecloth at her own door, and at the same time Captain Fanning going in through the front gate.

"The land!" ejaculated Mrs. Collins, referring perhaps to her lettuce-bed, but with *two* eyes now upon her neighbor.

Mrs. Evelyn shook her tablecloth, folded it mechanically in the old creases, smoothed it out, and put it in the table-drawer, as Captain Fanning entered the open door.

"Did you see him?" he asked at once.

"Yes, I saw him, but it was n't he," replied Mrs. Evelyn, steadying her voice. "I *knew* it would n't be," she added, with a touch of pride.

"Jabe was very confident, and he said

he ought to *know* Evelyn," said the Captain, in a musing way.

"Not so well as I do," she replied.

"And I saw that man was n't my husband before I heard the sound of his voice, though to be sure there is a resemblance."

"Did you have any conversation with him?" asked the Captain.

"Only a general one. I did n't tell him my object in going to Indiana, and the postmaster promised he would n't mention the letters from you to him. I should be sorry to have the man's wife hear there had been even the rumor of a suspicion about her husband," said Mrs. Evelyn.

Captain Fanning sat picking at a shred on his coat for a long time in thoughtful silence. Then he looked up suddenly.

"Mrs. Evelyn," said he, "I don't think there is a possibility that your husband is living."

The blood curdled back upon Mrs. Evelyn's heart, but she did not speak, and the Captain went on. "I wish I could tell you how glad I would be to take his place," said he, softly.

"My husband is not dead," replied Mrs. Evelyn, putting out her hand with a warning motion.

"Then he has left you," resumed the Captain, more boldly. "Do you know you can get a divorce now, for desertion?"

There was a tender and longing look in the Captain's face that made it luminous, as he stood there offering help and home and love, while on the other side stretched out a lonely road hedged in by care and poverty. But Mrs. Evelyn turned away her head and waved him back.

"Never, never! My husband is not dead," she repeated. "He is coming back."

Captain Fanning went away, and the years slipped on and on and on; while Mrs. Evelyn did everything that could be done without leaving woman's sphere; and unless digging her own potatoes belongs to woman's sphere, she sometimes overstepped it. She

sewed straw, she bound shoes, she sold garden vegetables and milk, she dried apples and picked berries, and took boarders when she could get them to take; until at last her two boys, with her help and their own, were through Harvard, and her two girls were well educated, the one teaching in the city and the other married and gone to California. Then Captain Fanning came again.

"Don't you give him up yet?" he asked.

"I don't give him up yet," replied Mrs. Evelyn, without a ripple of doubt.

"I'll be buttered if I don't believe she knows all the while where Evelyn is," quoth the Captain, as he walked away stroking his silver-gray beard, and casting one backward look at the silver-gray dress among the trumpet-honeysuckles, where he had come upon her as she stood nailing them to the wall. Mrs. Evelyn's lovely bloom was all gone, her shining hair faded and thin, her delicate skin parched and wrinkled. But along with the soft Quaker colors into which she had slipped had come the look of peace and repose we see on the faces of elderly Friends, as of those who after great tribulation have overcome at last. The quiet face was only the title-page to a quiet heart, as the Widow Collins knew, although she did not express it exactly so.

"Proud! I never saw a woman who wore higher heeled shoes than your ma used to, but she has mellowed down since her trouble, like a russet does when it comes June," she was saying at this very time to James Evelyn, who sat on her threshold making frogs of house-leeks, and waiting for Clara to appear.

James heard Mrs. Collins's steady drip of words, as he heard the old eight-day clock ticking behind her. So he had no idea upon what bridge her conversation crossed, when suddenly he heard her say, "'A wild goose never laid a tame egg,' as the saying is, and I can't give my consent for a daughter of mine to run a chance of

undergoing any such a trial as your ma has underwent."

James clasped his hands behind his head, and lay back upon the kitchen floor.

"O, now, Mrs. Collins, you know I'm the tamest kind of an egg," said he, lightly; "just my mother right over again. Ask Captain Fanning if I am not; he knows."

"What do I know?" asked Captain Fanning, who stood, as though James had been a diviner, at the gate.

"O you're there, are you, Captain? Well, I say you know Mrs. Collins can't do better than to give Clara to me."

The Captain threw his arm around the gate-post, and swung himself off in a sailor-like way.

"That's all right, but Mrs. Collins can do one thing still better," said he, after a pause.

Mrs. Collins looked out from behind the lilacs, sharp-eyed and positive, and Clara peeped through the shutters in the chamber above, with wet eyelashes and pink blotches on her pretty young cheeks.

"One thing still better," repeated the Captain, "she can give *herself* to somebody."

"To whom, for instance?" asked James, pulling a blade of grass by the doorstep and beginning to eat it."

"To whom? To *me*," rejoined the Captain. "I'm in sober earnest, Mrs. Collins. You need n't look so incredulous. I've made up my mind to be married, and I wish you would make up your mind to the same thing."

The widow rubbed her forehead.

"What *do* you mean, Captain Fanning?" said she.

"I mean exactly what I say," he replied. "Seriously, I am heartily sick of boarding-house fare, and wish to come and keep house with you."

"He has an eye on your apple-dumplings, Mrs. Collins," interposed James. At which a faint giggle sounded from behind the chamber window blinds. But the elderly admirers took no notice of these asides.

"Have you any objection to taking me in?" asked the Captain.

"I don't know as I think of any," answered the widow, after a little consideration, having apparently argued the case for and against in her own mind. "I'd sooner marry you than any other man I know."

"Then don't let's make two bites of a cherry. For my part, I've no time to lose," rejoined the Captain, immediately coming in with the air of the proprietor.

"And as sure as you live, mother, they are going to be married on the 25th," said James Evelyn, an hour after. "But whether the Captain had thought of such a thing as marrying five minutes before, or only threw himself into the gulf to distract Mrs. Collins's attention from us, Clara and I can't make out. He is self-sacrificing enough to do it, I've no doubt. Anyhow he made it all right; I don't exactly know how, but you know he has what Mrs. Collins calls a *coaxing* way; and Clara and I are going to be married on the 25th too," continued James, crowning himself with one of Clara's ringlets. "Mrs. Collins was going to begin to take care of Clara, so she had got her up stairs crying; little Miss Silliness, just as though I should have stood that!"

"Mother seemed very decided, Jamie; and I did n't believe I should ever smile again," protested Clara, with a happy quiver in her voice.

So there were two weddings on the 25th; and then Captain Fanning took his two dogs, Lill and Fan, his canary-bird with one eye and his canary-bird with one leg, his writing-desk and reading-chair and his Encyclopædias, over to the house of "her that was" the Widow Collins.

On the other hand, several boxes of ribbons and laces, five bottles of cologne, and a closet full of pink and blue dresses, moved across the garden to Mrs. Evelyn's front chamber. At the same time, along went a great many curls the color of pecan-nuts, several deep dimples, a pair of tender eyes,

and two cheeks like the heart of a watermelon.

James edited one newspaper and wrote for a dozen, his mother kept house, and Clara smiled and said, "Yes, indeed!"

Somewhat in this way the family labors were divided, until Mrs. Evelyn's hair was as gray as her gowns, and there were four little Evelyns with dimples and tender eyes and ringlets the color of pecan-nuts.

"Mother," said James, upon one of these far-off Junes, "had n't you better take the children and go up to Hatt's? The change will do you good."

"O no, my son," replied Mrs. Evelyn, "I'm getting too old to travel. Harriet must come here if she wants to see mother. I doubt if I ever get so far from home as that again."

Harriet was Mrs. Evelyn's youngest daughter, who was married and living on a farm in Vermont. Her brothers had each furnished themselves a chamber in her house as a summer resort.

But this year James's children went to the country with their nurse, while Mrs. Evelyn slipped farther and farther into the ways of an old woman.

One day Captain Fanning and his dog Lill happened in James Evelyn's editorial office, and found him sitting with his hands behind his head, and his hair stuck full of pens.

"I've had the most remarkable letter from Emily," he said, at once. "She has seen father."

The Captain dropped upon a chair, and felt that if he had been a woman he might have fainted. As it was he only stared at James without speaking, which showed how far gone he was.

"Emily says the day father disappeared he happened on an East Indian that was lading, and before he knew it she had left her dock," continued James.

"Your father always had a great itch for travel, but your mother was as much of a stay-at-home as an oyster, and she never would hear a word to it," interposed the Captain.

"So Emily says. And father thought,

seeing he had been taken off without his intention, he'd make the best of it and see something of the world. He does n't seem to have realized the worry and trouble he was giving the folks at home," said James, with a kind of filial apology in his tone.

"No. It was n't his make to think much about anything that was out of sight," again interposed the Captain. "He was always as easily diverted and as thoughtless as a child."

"So he drifted about," continued James, "pretty much wherever it happened, till he found himself in California. Then he took a fancy he would make a fortune before he came home. But I judge his success has n't been great."

"I can easily believe it," returned the Captain, dryly. "Does your mother know it?"

"No," replied James, "and that is what I'm considering, how best to tell her. Mother is getting old and is rather feeble, and I am afraid of the shock of an excitement."

"Send for her husband and let him tell her himself," said the Captain, decidedly.

And so, wisely or unwisely, it was done.

James sent the old appeal, though not in the old pathetic words of his childhood. And in good time the answer came.

A gray, weather-worn man, with the eagerness and hopefulness of a boy, with the heart of a kitten, and the foresight of a lamb: that was Mr. Evelyn.

Mrs. Evelyn had put the yeast rising and gone to her room for the night, when he arrived, and they would not excite her by the news till morning.

So in the morning she went unconsciously into the breakfast-room with her muslin cap, her silvery gray gown,

and her placid face. She paused at the doorway at sight of a stranger, looked sharply at him, went forward a few steps, stopped and looked again, then going forward with her hands out she said, "The Lord be praised, James! I knew you would come."

They need not have feared for the excitement on her. It was like a draught from the fountain of youth. She sat all that day with her hand in her husband's, but the next she was up and doing with her old energy.

"I want Penelope should see something besides Essex County," said Mr. Evelyn, comfortably. "She has always been rather homebound, but she is foot-free now, and there seems to be nothing in the way of her taking a tour and enjoying herself."

"Yes, we've concluded after we've been to see Harr'et and William, that we'll pay Emily a visit," assented Mrs. Evelyn, radiantly. "Poor thing! she misses us all, off there by herself so. I always was rather skittish about the water, but now the cars have got to running through, it does n't seem like much of a journey to California."

"To see that poor bewitched woman you'd suppose she'd just had her first offer," said Mrs. Captain Fanning, paring apples for a dumpling, by her kitchen window. "She has got herself a regular setting out of clothes. I counted laid out on her bed one day, ready for packing, eight India silks, all different shades of this 'ere dirt color she takes such a notion to."

And so, on a hazy brooding-day in late autumn a train of cars glided off over the first mile of its journey to San Francisco, bearing the married pair, who, after the heats and tempests of summer and the harvests and vintages of early autumn, had now begun together the Indian summer of their wedded life.

Frances Lee Pratt.

THE MIRACLE PLAY OF 1870, IN BETHLEHEM, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

ONE does not need to go to Ammergau. On a night, not of appointment beforehand, so far as we knew, we went to sleep in Bethlehem, N. H. We were content, but not expectant. Ranges of mountains, solid, blue, and stately, hedging us round, yet leaving open for our untiring gaze so wide a circle, that at its outer rim, even in clearest days, lingers a purple haze; near fields of brown ferns, scarlet cornels, and gray boulders frosted with myriad lichens; woods, spicy and sheltered with firs, soft under foot with unnumbered mosses and mats of Linnaea, and rich in all sorts of forest growths of bush and shrub and low flowering things: all this seemed enough. We went to sleep, as I say, content, but not expectant of more than we had had. We heard no sound in the night. We made no haste in the morning.

With the delicious leisureliness which wraps solitary people in the warm, autumn mountain weather, we set ourselves to beginning the day, and by chance looked out of our window.

Like children at sight of a merry juggler's show, we first shouted with delight, then drew in long, silent breaths, with bewilderment too like awe to find easy shape in speech. O whence! O who! How had their feet passed by so noiselessly? Who had touched with this enchantment every leaf of every tree which stood within our sight? Every maple-tree blazed at top with tint of scarlet or cherry or orange or pale yellow. Every ash-tree had turned from green to dark purple or to pale straw-color. Every birch-tree shimmered and quivered in the sun, as if gold-pieces were strung along its branches; basswoods were flecked with white; beeches were brown and yellow; poplars were marked and spotted with vermilion; sumachs had become ladders, and bars, and fringes of fire; not a sin-

gle tree was left of solid, dark green, except the pines and the larches and the firs; and they also seemed to have shared in the transformation, looking darker and greener than ever, as setting for these masses of flashing color. Single trees in fields, near and far, looked like great hewn jewels; with light behind them, the tint flickered and waved as it does in transparent stones held up to the sun. When the wind shook them, it was like nothing but the tremulousness of distant seas burning under sunset. The same trees, filling in by tens of thousands in spaces of the forests, looked not like anything which *we* know and name as gem, but as one could fancy midair spaces might be and look in some supernatural realm whence the souls of ruby and amethyst and topaz come and go, taking for a little while the dusty shapes of small stones on earth.

All this in this one night! To north, to south, to east, to west, it was the same. Scores of miles away, at the very feet of the farthest green mountains, shone the glory; within our hands' reach, at neighbors' gates, stood the stately splendor.

With reverent eyes we went close into territory after territory; coming nearer, we found that the scarlet or the claret or the crimson or the orange, which we had seen from the distance as one pure, uniform tint, was no longer scarlet or claret or crimson or orange, but all of these, and more than all of these, shading up and down and into each other by gradations indistinguishably fine and beyond all counting; alternating and interrupting each other, in single leaves or in clusters on boughs, with an infinity of change and combination almost like caprice or frolic.

I have seen our Western prairies in June flowering; I have seen also the

mosaic fields of blossoms in the Ampezzo Pass, at which one cannot so much as look without shaded eyes, and from which Titian learnt color; I have seen old altar fronts on which generations and centuries of kings have lavished jewels, till they are so thick set that not one more dot can be added: but I have never seen such flaming, shading, shaping, changing, lavishing, rioting of color as in this death of the autumn leaves on these Bethlehem hills.

Every day we said, "This will be the last"; and it was the last, bearing away with it its own tint of glory never to return. But the next day was as beautiful, sometimes we thought more beautiful, except that the brilliance of the long royal line before it had dulled our sense. Bright days dazzled us and made us leap in their sun. Gray days surprised us, revealing new tints and more gorgeous heats in the colors; we had unthinkingly believed that sunshine helped instead of hindering. In this was a lesson. Also in the sudden discovering, hour by hour, tiny hidden leaves of unnoted things, under foot in fields, tucked away in hedges, lying low even in edge of dusty roads, but bright and burnished and splendid as any one of those loftiest in air. Strawberry leaves dappled with claret spots, or winy red with rims of yellow; raspberry and blackberry shoots as brilliant as maples; the odd little shovel-shaped sorrel leaves a deep, clear cherry just pricked with orange; patient old "hardhack" sticking to its heavy plumes of seed through thick and thin of wind, its pretty oval leaves all tinted with delicate browns and yellows and pinks blended; "fireweed" by thickets, in desolate places, six feet tall, and no two of its sharp, slender, spike-shaped leaves of a tint, some mottled, some yellow, some scarlet, some green; — all these we found and more, whose colors I cannot define, and whose names, more shame to me, I do not know. And so the days of the miracle play went on, to seven, to ten, to two weeks. There were few to see it; but even the

busy and usually unobservant farming people took note of it. "Never 'n all my days did I see such a sight 's 'tis here naow," said one man, driving his oxen off to the right of the road to make room for me with the best part of a maple-tree on my shoulder. And, "Hev yew ben daown on the Winy Road?" said another.

"No," said I; "are the leaves very fine there?"

"Wall, I jest wish you 'd go 'n see! I was a thinkin' about yew only last night, 'n' I sez to my wife, 's we wus drivin' along ther, sez I, 'Naow them folks that 's allers a gittin' these 'ere leaves 'd better come daown this road.'"

And another, a good old deacon, in pathetic mixture of piety and poetry, with grammar left out: "Wall, I 've lived here on this Beth'lem Street all my born days, 'n' I never see no sich a color to these 'ere woods afore. I guess the Lord he knows about 's well haow to fix this world o' hisn 's any on 'em do thet 's allers a tryin' to make aout haow he might ha' done it."

There is no doubt that many years will come and go before Bethlehem hills will see such sights again. All her people agree in saying that they never saw such before; and I myself, during fifteen autumns of such mountain living and rambling as only a passion for them can inspire, have never seen anything like it. As I write, the air is full of whirling leaves, brown and yellow and red. The show is over. The winds, like noisy carpenters, are taking down the scenery. They are capricious and lawless workmen, doing nothing for a day or two, and then scurrying about madly by night to make up for lost time. Soon the naked wood of the stripped trees will be all that we shall see to remind us of last week's pomp and spectacle. But the thing next in beauty to a tree in full leaf is a tree bare; its every exquisiteness of shape revealed, and its hold on the sky seeming so unspeakably assured; and, more than the beauty of shape and the outlining on sky, the

solemn grace of prophecy and promise which every slender twig bears and reveals in its tiny gray buds.

Last night, as if in final symphony to the play and grand prelude of welcome to the conquering winter which draws near, the color spirits took possession of the sky, and for three hours shook its very folds with the noiseless cadence of their motions. There they all were, the green, the pink, the fiery red, which we had been daring to touch and pick in leaves off stems, now floating and dancing in disembodied ecstasy over our heads, wrapped and twined in very light of very light, as in celestial garments. Fixed stars seemed reeling in their embraces; the whole firmament seemed to furl and sway and undulate, as if it might presently be borne off like captured banner in their passing. From the zenith to the eastern and western and northern horizons, not one spot was dark. If there had been snow on the ground, it would have been lit to redness as by fire. The village

looked on in solemn silence; bare-headed men and women stood almost in awe at every threshold and gate. This also was such sight as had never before been seen from their doors. The oldest man here does not remember such an aurora. It is hard to believe that Lapland itself ever saw one more weird, more beautiful.

Next morning white frost and a clear, sparkling air, the first of the autumn; the very street seemed alive with quickening sense of its stimulus. There was separate delight in each footfall; it felt like a wing stroke.

"Guess it's cleared off naow, the right way," called out one old man to another, as they passed on the road.

"Wall, yes. I call this about 's pooty a day's ye ever see fur *enny* kind o' bizness," replied his friend.

I did not smile at the phrase of his speech. Our hearts were in unison; and he was better off than I, for his homely simplicity had found words where I had been dumb!

H. H.

FLITTING.

I WOULD not willingly repose upon the friendship of a man whose local attachments are weak. I should not demand of my intimate that he have a yearning for the homes of his ancestors, or even the scenes of his own boyhood; that is not in American nature; on the contrary, he is but a poor creature who does not hate the village where he was born; yet a sentiment for the place where one has lived two or three years, the hotel where one has spent a week, the sleeping-car in which one has ridden from Albany to Buffalo, — so much I should think it well to exact from my friend in proof of that sensibility and constancy without which true friendship does not exist. So much I am ready to yield on my own part to a friend's demand, and I pro-

fess to have all the possible regrets for the house that was lately home.

When the new house was chosen, we made preparations to leave the old one, but preparations so gradual, that, if we had cared much more than we did, we might have suffered greatly by the prolongation of the agony. We proposed to ourselves to escape the miseries of moving by transferring the contents of one room at a time, and if we did not laugh incredulously at people who said we had better have it over at once and be done with it, it was because we respected their feelings, and not because we believed them. We took up one carpet after another; one wall after another we stripped of its pictures; we sent away all the books to begin with; and by this subtle and ingenious pro-

cess, we reduced ourselves to the discomfort of living in no house at all, as it were, and of being at home in neither one place nor the other. Yet the logic of our scheme remained perfect; and I do not regret its failure in practice, for if we had been ever so loath to quit the old house, its inhospitable barrenness would finally have hurried us forth. In fact, does not life itself in some such fashion dismantle its tenement until it is at last forced out of the uninhabitable place? Are not the poor little comforts and pleasures and ornaments removed one by one, till life, if it would be saved, must go too? We took a lesson from the teachings of mortality, which are so rarely heeded, and we lingered over our moving. We made the process so gradual, indeed, that I do not feel myself all gone yet from the familiar work-room, and, for aught I can say, I still write there; and as to the guest-chamber, it is so densely peopled by those it has lodged that it will never quite be emptied of them. Friends also are yet in the habit of calling in the parlor, and talking with us; and will the children never come off the stairs? Does life, our high exemplar, leave so much behind as we did? Is this what fills the world with ghosts?

In the getting ready to go, nothing hurt half so much as the sight of the little girl packing her doll's things for removal. The trousseaux of all those elegant creatures, the wooden, the waxen, the biscuit, the india-rubber, were carefully assorted, and arranged in various small drawers and boxes; their house was thoughtfully put in order and locked for transportation; their innumerable broken sets of dishes were packed in paper and set out upon the floor, a heart-breaking little basketful. Nothing real in this world is so affecting as some image of reality, and this travesty of our own flitting was almost intolerable. I will not pretend to sentiment about anything else, for everything else had in it the element of self-support belonging to all actual affections. When the day of moving

finally came, and the furniture-wagon, which ought to have been only a shade less dreadful to us than a hearse, drew up at our door, our hearts were of a Neronian hardness.

"Were I Diogenes," says wrathful Charles Lamb in one of his letters, "I would not move out of a kilderkin into a hogshead, though the first had nothing but small beer in it, and the second reeked claret." I fancy this loathing of the transitional state came in great part from the rude and elemental nature of the means of moving in Lamb's day. In our own time, in Charlesbridge at least, everything is so perfectly contrived, that it is in some ways a pleasant excitement to move; though I do not commend the diversion to any but people of entire leisure, for it cannot be denied that it is, at any rate, an interruption to work. But little is broken, little is defaced, nothing is avoidably outraged or put to shame. Of course there are in every house certain objects of comfort and even ornament, which in a state of repose derive a sort of dignity from being cracked, or scratched, or organically debilitated, and give an idea of ancestral possession and of long descent to the actual owner; and you must not hope that this venerable quality will survive their public exposure upon the furniture-wagon. There it instantly perishes, like the consequence of some country notable huddled and hustled about in the graceless and ignorant tumult of a great city. To tell the truth, the number of things that turn shabby under the ordeal of moving strikes a pang of unaccustomed poverty to the heart which, loving all manner of makeshifts, is rich even in its dilapidations. For the time you feel degraded by the spectacle of that forlornness, and if you are a man of spirit, you try to sneak out of association with it in the mind of the passer-by; you keep scrupulously in-doors, or if a fancied exigency obliges you to go back and forth between the old house and the new, you seek obscure by-ways remote from the great street down which the wagon flaunts your ruin and

decay, and time your arrivals and departures so as to have the air of merely dropping in at either place. This consoles you; but it deceives no one; for the man who is moving is unmistakably stamped with transition.

Yet the momentary eclipse of these things is not the worst. It is momentary; for if you will but plant them in kindly corners and favorable exposures of the new house, a mould of respectability will gradually overspread them again, and they will once more account for their presence by the air of having been a long time in the family; but there is danger that in the first moments of mortification you will be tempted to replace them with new and costly articles. Even the best of the old things are nothing to boast of in the hard, un pitying light to which they are exposed, and a difficult and indocile spirit of extravagance is evoked in the least profuse. Because of this fact alone I should not commend the diversion of moving save to people of very ample means as well as perfect leisure; there are more reasons than the misery of flitting why the dweller in the kildrkin should not covet the hogshhead reekling of claret.

But the grosser misery of moving is, as I have hinted, vastly mitigated by modern science, and what remains of it one may use himself to with no tremendous effort. I have found that in the dentist's chair, — that ironically luxurious seat, cushioned in satirical suggestion of impossible repose, — after a certain initial period of clawing, filing, scraping, and punching, one's nerves accommodate themselves to the torment, and one takes almost an objective interest in the operation of tooth-filling; and in like manner after two or three wagon-loads of your household stuff have passed down the public street, and all your morbid associations with them have been desecrated, you begin almost to like it. Yet I cannot regard this abandon as a perfectly healthy emotion, and I do not counsel my reader to mount himself upon the wagon and ride to and fro even once,

for afterwards the remembrance of such an excess will grieve him.

I mean to imply by all this that moving sometimes comes to an end, though it is not easy to believe so while moving. The time really arrives when you sit down in your new house, and amid whatever disorder take your first meal there. This meal is pretty sure to be that gloomy tea, that loathly repast of butter and toast, and some kind of cake, with which the soul of the early dining American is daily cast down between the hours of six and seven in the evening; and instinctively you compare it with the last meal you took in your old house, seeking in vain to decide whether this is more dispiriting than that. At any rate that was not at all the meal which the last meal in any house which has been a home ought to be in fact, and is in books. It was hurriedly cooked; it was served upon fugitive and irregular crockery; and it was eaten in deplorable disorder, with the professional movers waiting for the table outside the dining-room. It ought to have been an act of serious devotion; it was nothing but an expiation. It should have been a solemn commemoration of all past dinners in the place, an invocation to their pleasant apparitions. But I, for my part, could not recall these at all, though now I think of them with the requisite pathos, and I know they were perfectly worthy of remembrance. I salute mournfully the companies that have sat down at dinner there, for they are sadly scattered now; some beyond seas, some beyond the narrow gulf, so impassably deeper to our longing and tenderness than the seas. But more sadly still I hail the host himself, and desire to know of him if literature was not somehow a gayer science in those days, and if his peculiar kind of drolling had not rather more heart in it then. In an odd, not quite expressible fashion, something of him seems dispersed abroad and perished in the guests he loved. I trust, of course, that all will be restored to him when he turns — as every man past thirty feels he may when he likes,

and has the time — and resumes his youth. Or if this feeling is only a part of the great tacit promise of eternity, I am all the more certain of his getting back his losses.

I say that now these apposite reflections occur to me with a sufficient ease, but that upon the true occasion for them they were absent. So, too, at the first meal in the new house, there was none of that desirable sense of setting up a family altar, but a calamitous impression of irretrievable upheaval, in honor of which sackcloth and ashes seemed the only wear. Yet even the next day the Lares and Penates had regained something of their wonted cheerfulness, and life had begun again with the first breakfast. In fact, I found myself already so firmly established that, meeting the furniture-cart which had moved me the day before, I had the face to ask the driver who they were turning out of house and home, as if my own flitting were a memory of the far-off past.

Not that I think the professional mover expects to be addressed in a joking mood. I have a fancy that he cultivates a serious spirit himself, in which he finds it easy to sympathize with any melancholy on the part of the moving family. There is a slight flavor of undertaking in his manner, which is nevertheless full of a subdued firmness very consoling and supporting; though the life that he leads must be a troubled and uncheerful one, trying alike to the muscles and the nerves. How often must he have been charged by anxious and fluttered ladies to be very careful of that basket of china, and those vases! How often must he have been vexed by the ignorant terrors of gentlemen asking if he thinks that the library-table, poised upon the top of his load, will hold! His planning is not infallible, and when he breaks something uncommonly precious, what does a man of his sensibility do? Is the demolition of old homes really distressing to him, or is he inwardly buoyed up by hopes of other and better homes for the people he moves?

Can there be any ideal of moving? Does he, perhaps, feel a pride in an artfully constructed load, and has he something like an artist's pang in unloading it? Is there a choice in families to be moved, and are some worse or better than others? Next to the lawyer and the doctor, it appears to me that the professional mover holds the most confidential relations towards his fellow-men. He is let into all manner of little domestic secrets and subterfuges; I dare say he knows where half the people in town keep their skeleton, and what manner of skeleton it is. As for me, when I saw him making towards a certain closet door, I planted myself firmly against it. He smiled intelligence; he knew the skeleton was there, and that it would be carried to the new house after dark.

I began by saying that I should wish my friend to have some sort of local attachment; but I suppose it must be owned that this sentiment, like pity, and the modern love-passion, is a thing so largely produced by culture that nature seems to have little or nothing to do with it. The first men were homeless wanderers; the patriarchs dwelt in tents, and shifted their place to follow the pasturage, without a sigh; and for children — the pre-historic, the antique people of our day — moving is a rapture. The last dinner in the old house, the first tea in the new, so doleful to their elders, are partaken of by them with joyous riot. Their shrill trebles echo gleefully from the naked walls and floors; they race up and down the carpetless stairs; they menace the dislocated mirrors and crockery; through all the chambers of desolation they frolic with a gayety indomitable save by bodily exhaustion. If the reader is of a moving family, — and so he is as he is an American, — he can recall the zest he found during childhood in the moving which had for his elders — poor victims of a factitious and conventional sentiment — only the salt and bitterness of tears. His spirits never fell till the carpets were down; no sorrow touched him till order re-

turned ; if heaven so blessed him that his bed was made upon the floor for one night, the angels visited his dreams. Why, then, is the mature soul, however sincere and humble, not only grieved but mortified by flitting ? Why cannot one move without feeling the great public eye fixed in pitying contempt upon him ? This sense of abasement seems to be something quite inseparable from the act, which is often laudable and in every way wise and desirable ; and he whom it has afflicted is the first to turn, after his own establishment, and look with scornful compassion upon the overflowing furniture-wagon as it passes. But I imagine that Abraham's neighbors, when he struck his tent, and packed his parlor and kitchen furniture upon his camels, and started off with Mrs. Sarah to seek a new camping-ground, did not smile at the procession, or find it worthy of ridicule or lament. Nor did Abraham, once settled, and reposing in the cool of the evening at the door of his tent, gaze sarcastically upon the moving of any of his brother patriarchs.

To some such philosophical serenity we shall also return, I suppose, when we have wisely theorized life in our climate, and shall all have become nomads once more, following June and October up and down and across the continent, and not suffering the full malice of the winter and summer anywhere. But as yet, the derision that attaches to moving attends even the goer-out of town, and the man of many trunks and a retinue of linen-suited womankind is a pitiable and despicable object to all the other passengers at the railroad station and on the steamboat wharf.

This is but one of many ways in which mere tradition oppresses us. I protest that, as moving is now managed in Charlesbridge, there is hardly any reason why the master or mistress of the household should put hand to anything ; but it is a tradition that they shall dress themselves in their worst, as for heavy work, and shall go about very shabby for at least a day before

and a day after the transition. It is a kind of sacrifice, I suppose, to a venerable ideal ; and I would never be the first to omit it. In others I observe that this vacant and ceremonious zeal is in proportion to an incapacity to do anything that happens really to be required ; and I believe that the truly sage person would devote moving-day to paying visits of ceremony in his finest clothes.

As to the house which one has left. I think it would be preferable to have it occupied as soon as possible after one's flitting. Pilgrimages to the dismantled shrine are certainly to be avoided by the friend of cheerfulness. A day's absence and emptiness wholly change its character, though the familiarity continues, with a ghastly difference, as in the beloved face that the life has left. It is not at all the vacant house it was when you came first to look at it : for then hopes peopled it, and now memories. In that golden prime you had long been boarding, and any place in which you could keep house seemed utterly desirable. How distinctly you recall that wet day, or that fair day, on which you went through it and decided that this should be the guest chamber and that the family room, and what could be done with the little back attic in a pinch ! The children could play in the dining-room ; and to be sure the parlor was rather small if you wanted to have company ; but then, who would ever want to give a party ? and besides, the pump in the kitchen was a compensation for anything. How lightly the dumb-waiter ran up and down, —

"Qual piuma al vento !"

you sang, in very glad-heartedness. Then estimates of the number of yards of carpeting ; and how you could easily save the cost from the difference between boarding and housekeeping. Adieu, Mrs. Brown ! henceforth let your "desirable apartments *en suite* or single, furnished or unfurnished, to gentlemen only !" — this married pair is about to escape forever from your extortions.

Well, if the years passed without

making us sadder, should we be much the wiser for their going? Now you know, little couple, that there are extortions in this wicked world besides Mrs. Brown's; and some other things. But if you go into the empty house that was lately your home, you will not, I believe, be haunted by these sordid disappointments, for the place should evoke other regrets and meditations. Truly, though the great fear has not come upon you here, in this room you may have known moments when it seemed very near, and when the quick, fevered breathings of the little one timed your own heart-beats. To that door, with many other missives of joy and pain, came haply the despatch which hurried you off to face your greatest sorrow,—came by night, like a voice of God, speaking and warning, and making all your work idle and your aims foolish. These walls have answered, how many times, to your laughter; they have had friendly ears for the trouble that seemed to grow by utterance. You have sat upon the threshold so many summer days; so many winter mornings you have seen the snows drifted high about it, so often your step has been light and heavy upon it. There is the study, where your magnificent performances were planned, and your exceedingly small performances were achieved;

hither you hurried with the first criticism of your first book, and read it with the rapture that nothing but a love-letter and a favorable review can awaken. Out there is the well-known humble prospect, that was commonly but a vista into dreamland; on the other hand is the pretty grove,—its leaves now a little painted with the autumn, and faltering to their fall.

Yes, the place must forever be sacred, but painfully sacred; and I say again, one should not go near it unless as a penance. If the reader will suffer me the confidence, I will own that there is always a pang in the past which is more than any pleasure it can give, and I believe that he, if he were perfectly honest,—as heaven forbid I or any one should be,—would also confess as much. There is no house to which one would return, having left it, though it were the hogshead out of which one had moved into a kilderkin; for those associations whose perishing leaves us free, and preserves to us what little youth we have, were otherwise perpetuated to our burden and bondage. Let some one else, who has also escaped from his past, have your old house; he will find it new and untroubled by memories, while you under another roof enjoy a present that borders only upon the future.

W. D. Howells.

A VIRGINIAN IN NEW ENGLAND THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

IV.

"Thursday, July 3d. NORTHAMPTON.

"A CANAL, for boats drawn by horses, with locks and tow-path, is nearly completed from New Haven to a point $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles above this place, where it is to *lock* into the Conn. River. All except the 20 miles, from Westfield to that point, is already done; and in a month this little remainder will be completed. It is designed to be continued hereafter, into Canada; i. e. to Lake Memphremagog, and thence to

the River St. Francis: all by an incorporated company,—the State no share in it. Stock worth only 20 or 30 per cent. Lumber, and other bulky articles, are chiefly expected to be carried on the canal. Before breakfast, I walked along the tow-path, to its meeting with the river— $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Locks, 70 feet long, boats, 60 or 65 feet. Width of canal, 20 feet. Returned,—went into a barber's stall to be shaved. A white barber. Talkative, like all his tribe,

but curiously concealed. I asked him the time o' day. 'I guess it's half past six—but I don't wear a watch—I'm no fop.' The old reply, about 'the greater pride of Diogenes,' would have been perfectly put.

"To breakfast with Mrs. and Miss S.

"Afterwards, walked out with the latter. Ascended Round Hill, an eminence overlooking the village, and the valley for many miles around. It is a prospect unrivalled, in my experience. Man and Nature have vied together, in crowding it with beauties. Villages, and spires, and scattered buildings, orchards, gardens, and crop-fields; the winding and majestic River, hills, woods, gorges, and mountains—these last forming an enclosure, fantastic yet magnificent, of the beauteous and vast amphitheatre comprising all the rest;—are swept by a slight turn of the eye. Mount Holyoke fronts the view, due eastward from Round Hill. On its top stands a house, reduced by distance to the size of a hut—with a flag waving over it. Down the side, between us and the house, seemed a flight of steps, made to climb the mountain by. I afterwards found it to be only a naked rocky steep, down which stones had been rolled by visitors, or tumbled by frost and storms, till trees and shrubbery were swept away. Northward from Mt. Holyoke stretched a chain of mountains, whose top seems curled like a snow-wreath. Near the foot of Round Hill, is the house of a Mr. Bowles, made (as are the stable, and other outhouses) in the Gothic style—all of wood. His handsome garden is cultivated in a great degree by his own hands.—Round Hill has some fine buildings, once occupied by an Academy of great renown, under the care of Messrs. Cogswell and Bancroft, two eminent scholars. They had once, several hundred pupils. It has now gone down.

"Returned by the Court House. Its interior was shown us by an elderly gentleman, Mr. Stebbins, the County Treasurer. Its conveniencies surpass all that I have before met with, in such

a building. Mr. S.'s office is in one room. He had quite a collection of curiosities: and producing a pile of Agricultural Addresses delivered in past years by different persons at meetings of the Hampshire A. Society, he would have made me take them all; but I got off with only five. An old bachelor, I warrant him.

"My landlord is a sulky scrub: and though I complained of his dining room maid's officiousness, there is in general a plentiful lack of proper attentions to a guest at his house.

"After an early and loathed dinner, having directed that my trunk be sent by tomorrow's stage to Hartford, I set out on foot, westward, into the country; with no baggage but an umbrella. Crossed the canal. Poor lands—pine and hemlock hills. Hay growing, or 'being mowed,' in three fourths of the fields. Roads ridged up in the middle, like turnpikes. Met two young ladies, driving unattended in a chaise, going to N. Hampton. Called in at a right large but shabby looking farm house, for a draught of water. The owner looked intemperate: yet he asked if strong drink was not the cause of the late riot and murder among the Irish on the Rl. Road near Baltimore.—A school house, where a good-looking young woman taught. Longed to go in, and see how it was managed: but could not frame an excuse, or muster boldness enough. Westhampton meeting-house, 9 miles from N. Hampton. There I meant to stay all night; and asked quarters of a decent man, who kept a sort of store near the meeting house—his wife, to whom I first applied, referring me to him—Mr. Jordan, or Mr. Judd,—uncertain which. After saying there was a tavern but a mile off, and being told by me that I was tired, and wanted to see the ways of private houses, he consented to my stay. I asked him to sell me a sheet of paper. He offered to *give* it. Wrote a letter for the mail: and then my host and I ascended the church steeple to see the prospect. It was sunset; and

he had but a dim spy glass. However, the view was extensive, and fine if not compared with that at Round Hill. It reached to East, and South-hampton—six or 8 miles off. Just above the church rose a mountain, offering a far wider prospect. Before writing my letter, I had joined them in their evening meal; taken, in the sensible New England manner, at six o'clock, instead of near bedtime. It consisted of tea, with brown sugar, currant tart, and warm rolls, leavened with *saleratus*. The master prefaced it with a grace, which showed him evangelical. Another, giving thanks, when we had done.

"He has much to esteem. Was a student at Williams College, among the mountains of Berkshire, in the extreme N. W. of Massachusetts. There, Dr. Justin Edwards, the great Temperance champion, was also a student—used to walk thither from his home near this place where he was born—and back again.

"After our descent from the steeple, my host went out to milk the cow for his wife. He filled one pail brimming, and called for another—18 quarts a day!—Rich butter.

"Temperance and Colonization, he says, flourish hereabouts. When he attended me up stairs to bed, (intending to set out very early in the morning,) I offered him the usual compensation, for my entertainment. He would not touch a doit. 'He had always heard much of Virginia hospitality; and if he should ever visit Va., perhaps I might show him some of it.'—After I got into bed, I heard him at family prayers.

"Friday, July 4th.

"It was not 4 o'clock when I rose, dressed, and left the house—no one else being awake, that I could perceive.

"Took the road to Southhampton. At Sunrise, heard cannon, at North-hampton or Springfield, welcoming the FOURTH.—Country hilly, and wooded—barren. Much of the fern, which I saw the day before yesterday. Hem-

lock too, and white pine. Approaching a cabin, where an old man and his family were at breakfast, I plucked a sprig of fern, and asked him what it was? 'Why, that's sweet *farn*,' said he, rather testily. No invitation to breakfast, or to come in.—Hay fields; and cattle grazing.

"Reached S. hampton (6 miles) at 7 o'clock; and asked for breakfast at the Tavern. It was soon ready,—a good breakfast. Price, 17 cents! Tipplers there. Landlady.

"Off towards Springfield—eastwardly. Come again to yesterday's canal. At it, met an erect old man, of 75; 6½ feet high, and very well proportioned; who with alacrity entered into conversation, though he had seemed in a hurry, driving some oxen. He 'was out agin Burgyne,' in '77. Inveighed against the canal, and its Company. It was useless, and an imposition. For lands taken to dig it, the damages assessed were paid in *canal-stock*! Can it be so?

"Presently a man overtook me, who was in a Jersey wagon, collecting rags to make paper. He invited me to ride with him. Accepted, of course. He was chatty to a degree! and quite intelligent—the very man I needed. The tall, fine looking malecontent I had just parted with was old Squire Judd. My new *Palinurus* and *Automedon* (both in one) explained to me a simple and admirable system of mutual insurance against fire, which is concurred in by almost every householder hereabouts. Example—On a valuation of \$ 1000, the insured pays a premium of \$ 12 for 7 years, and gives bond for \$ 25 more, to answer quotas, should losses require them. Thus, for \$ 37 at the utmost, he is insured 7 years to the amount of \$ 1000.—Cost of painting a house 40 feet by 30, \$ 60. Renewed every 5 or 6 years.—Passed a natural mole, or mound, dividing the 2 Springfield Ponds. They are a mile long; ½ wide.—Here my new friend and I parted.

"Passed through W. Springfield, along the stage road of day before

yesterday. Got a man to ferry me over Connecticut River in a canoe. It was 80 rods (440 yards) wide, and swollen with rain; yet he asked only 6½ cents. A by-path carried me through fields into a public road. Some fine oxen grazing. — Stood half an hour to see a man cutting shingles out of white-pine blocks, with a circular saw. It made I forget how many hundred, or thousand, revolutions in a minute. The machinery was turned by the water of Chickopee River; and just beyond was a cotton factory, in the Lower Chickopee Village. The factory was not at work, as it was the 4 of July.

"Being informed that the famous Paper-Mills, nominally of Springfield, were at the Upper Chickopee Village, 2 or 3 miles up the River, I proceeded thence, guided a little way by a strapping fellow in a round jacket, and of the surliest manners that I had yet encountered. He strode on so far before, regardless of my briefer stride and jaded limbs, that I let him go his ways, with a muttered curse upon his rudeness; and trusted to my own sharpness in finding the road, — which was quite plain.

"The Paper Mills were shown me thoroughly by an obliging man who belonged to them. Luckily, they were not stopped, in honor of the day: and all stages of the curious and interesting process were for the first time presented to my view. Perhaps the greatest curiosity was a newly invented cylinder (hollow, and filled with steam) for drying the paper which passed under it. — 'T was near 2, p. m. I was then 4 miles from Springfield. The sun had been, all day, and still continued, absolutely torrid: feet sore, and somewhat blistered. Signs of drinking, rife as I walked. Between Lower and Upper Chickopee, a man staggered on before me, and after many diverting tacks and gyrations in his course, losing his hat by the way, he tripped and tumbled into a ditch by the roadside. I 'left him alone in his glory.' Rum is here the popular drink; not whiskey.

"Proceeded to Springfield, along a fine turnpike road, thickly planted with

sorry-looking refectories, or grog shops, and now and then, sumptuous dwelling houses. Bought a bottle of spruce beer, and drank it. Approaching Springfield, heard cannon. Presently, saw a group, who were firing it. Went to them. Close by was an extempore enclosure, boarded over at top, whence waved a flag. In it, I was told, a dinner was 'being eaten' by a large company, in honor of the Fourth. The toasts began. A man near the flag waved it when a toast was announced; and immediately the cannon was fired. Then followed loud cheers from within. This was the Jacksonian celebration, and was near the U. S. barracks, and arsenal, where a body of troops are stationed. The cannon had its name, 'La Perilleuse,' stamped upon it — a brass 6 or 9 pounder. A bystander said, it was one of those taken from Burgoyne. I stood by, till 18 or 20 discharges had been made; a silent spectator and listener: then went on into the town — but not the thickest, or genteelst part of it. Entered a 3d. or 4th. rate tavern, where people (rustics, evidently) were crowded to get refreshments. Ate a poor dinner, and then sat, to rest, and hear, and talk, in the portico.

"The glass, manifestly, had circulated and was yet circulating very freely. The buzz of voices was incessant; equal to what I am used to on a Louisa Court day. — Specimens of Yankee speech abounded; *guessings* were numberless. — A decent young man (perhaps of my own age, or older — i. e. 32), in blue broad-cloth, with metal buttons — reminding me of the South — and with head perhaps half as gray as mine, entered into conversation with me. He was communicative and right sensible, though no scholar. His reverent demeanor towards me, whether for my gray-hairs, or for my being a stranger, was marked, and amusing. '*Legis's-lature*,' was his pronunciation of that word; with a strong accent upon the 2d. syllable. He says that *breeds* of horses are not much thought of. The serviceable ones are sought. — Racing almost unknown. — Not a race-course

in Massachusetts, or (as he supposes) in New England. Does not know whether colonization is popular or not.

"Two orations were delivered in town today; one to the Jackson party, by Mr. Eldridge, editor of the *Hampden Whig*; one to the National Republicans,* by Wm. B. Calhoun, speaker of the Mass. H. of Representatives. The latter seems to fill a large space here, in the public eye.

"At 4 or 5, p. m., I walked down the hill, towards the dense part of the town—a mile from my first hostelry. A company of volunteers, in uniform, enlivened the walk by their music, and marching with me. The arsenal was closed, so that its interior could not be seen.—Entered, and explored an extensive Brewery, and drank a glass of the porter made there—pretty good. It makes 1700 barrels a year, each containing 144 bottle-fuls, i. e. a gross. Worth \$23 a gross, including bottles. Barley sells for 90 to 100 cents a bushel. It is *malted*, then dried, then cracked, between rollers. After malting, it is sweet, because the saccharine principle is retained, while others pass off.

"Chose for mine inn a Temperance Tavern, kept, as the sign said, by B. Fuller Jr. very churlish, and unaccommodating—Either every body is put out of mood by the festivities of the Fourth, or this is a house whose doors ought never to be darkened by another traveller. However, my beard was long, and I must have looked very shabby.

"Heard conversation about Temperance, between Mr. Fuller and Mr. Morris, a lawyer, who said he had been out into the country today, to make a Temperance address.

"Paid my bill before going to bed. For supper and lodging, it is only 42 cents!—Distances today,—to Southampton 6 miles, to Lower Chickopee 10, to Upper do. 2, to Springfield 4—Total 22, of which 4 were performed in the carryall of my friend the paper-mill agent.

* The name of *Whig* was not then taken by the Anti-Jackson party.

"Saturday, July 5.

"Up at 4. Legs and feet very sore, and aching. Off at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4. Nobody up, as I walked the street, except a man 2 or 3 hundred yards before me.—Met an old woman going to market, and asked her which was the road to Enfield. 'Well, you keep straight ahead, and you 'll come to it in time. Ah, you slept too late this morning!'—What or whom could she take me for?—Not far out of town, along the bank of the Connecticut, met sundry laughing lads and lasses, in curricles; returning, probably, from some place of pleasure, where they had spent 'Independence,' as the 4th. is called here. From a curve in the river and its bank, 2 miles below Springfield, is a view of the town &c. which would that I could spread upon canvas. The graceful bend of the stream—its glassy smoothness, reflecting houses, trees, church, and spire, clouds and blue sky—The adjacent hills, with some shagginess of woods and rocks—made the whole scene, soon after sunrise, one of rare beauty.—Two or 3 miles yet lower down was the State line, between Mass. and Conn. On the boundary stone I sat 20 or 30 minutes, writing the notes from which this paragraph is penned. 'Long-Meadow,' a neat village, is not far above—Several handsome houses.

"Having walked 8 miles,—the heat waxing tropical, again—my lower limbs began to feel much worried. The Enfield Hotel, said to be near the meeting house, which of course was near the centre of that village, was to be my breakfasting place. Asking a rough fellow in a carter's frock, how far to Enfield? in my civilest manner,—he replied, in a tone of curdling surliness, and without looking at me, 'Little more 'n a mile to th' meetin' house'—not stopping—his voice coarse and ill-natured in the extreme.

"Enfield (Conn.)—Meachum's Hotel, at 7—shaved—breakfasted—and walked on. The village extends 5 or 6 miles, at least, along the road. Handsome and populous. While my breakfast was getting ready, I took a short

nap on a bench in the bar room. Landlord's razor passing dull, and all his appointments for shaving no better than would be met with at a country tavern in Va.

"In ten or 15 minutes after leaving the Hotel, reached the village Meeting house. Large—with a cupola, and spire of immense height.—Presently, not far to my right, and down upon the River Bank, appeared *Thompsonville*, a manufacturing village,—tho' I did not hear of any but a carpet-factory. The shuttles are thrown by hand, without steam, or water power. *Warehouse point* was another village. Canal. *Windsor*, township and village.

"Saw a bluff, fat, and extremely stupid old man at his own door, churning cream with a paddle, in an earthen pot. I could not, by any cross-examination, extract from him an intelligible account of how the churches are built here. From his house-door, on a beautifully swelling knoll, was a prospect more extensive and hardly less beautiful than that of the early morning, just below Springfield. It commanded E. and W. Suffield, 7 or 8 miles up the river, Warehouse point, and Windsor,—with a large extent of farm-land, meadows, hills, woods, and water, agreeably diversified.—The low grounds near Warehouse Point contained much tobacco; 100 acres of it, in one body. A long shed there for curing it. It looks nearly or quite as well as ours usually does at this season. The corn very thickly planted, and luxuriant—knee high, and more.

"Just before reaching the stupid old man's house, I lay down for an hour under a walnut-tree, on some deliciously soft grass; napping, part of the time. While there, heard the church-clock at Warehouse Pt., nearly a mile off, strike 10 and 11.

"Stept into a tinner's shop by the road side. Process of wiring tin pans. Saw much of the ware making, which in childhood used so to dazzle me, when displayed by the pedlers.—East Windsor—West Windsor.

"Two carryalls drove by me. No

invitation to ride. But one seemed in a prodigious hurry; and 't other carried a fat man, of 250, at least, with a horse poor and small.

"Many good rye and hay crops—fed away on the farm, or sold in Hartford, or at some neighboring tavern.

"About 3 miles from Hartford, overtook a low, weather beaten, badly dressed man, walking with apparent difficulty, in darned and ragged socks and no shoes, with an especially shabby old Leghorn hat, half brimless, and no coat. He greeted me with much frankness, and proposed having my company to H.—We were forthwith *hail fellows* &c. to each other. He presently told me that he was an English seaman, just 2 months from Plymouth, in the brig of war *Falcon*, of 18 guns, commanded by Capt. Auplin, a great tyrant, from whom he had deserted at Halifax. Had walked all the way from Bath, Maine; was moneyless, shoeless—feet blistered and sore—now suffering under a fever and ague. Evidently (as he self-complacently said he was) a right well informed man. Spoke far better English than many of our gentry—said he knew something of navies, could write a good hand, &c. Had begged his way,—and never asked for food or lodging in vain, among these Yankees. Going to Elizabeth Town, N. J., where he has an uncle. His name, Robt. Johnson.—Was once given to drink; and is now, if appearances do not deceive me. On being paid off once, he had £ 123, 5, 6—It was all gone in 3 weeks!—Expressed great surprise at my asking for a glass of water, by the wayside: a gentleman of my appearance, he said. He thought I should have called for wine, ale, or cider. No Temperance reform in the British Navy, that he ever heard of. The grog-ration (half a pint daily) still drawn, and drunk. Is quite sure that sailors never can be cured of drinking. A good deal staggered at hearing of the reform in our service.—Said he had been at the Battle of Navarino, and received 2 wounds. Sir E. Codrington was promoted only from the *Asia*, a 2

decker, to the Caledonia, a 3 decker [quare?]. Thought, or pretended to think, that I was beyond all doubt a naval officer, — from some of my phrases and demeanor. —

"As he said a Doctor had prescribed flannel for him, I took him to a clothing store in the suburbs of Hartford, near the river, and gave him a flannel shirt and drawers, a new hat, jacket, &c. He begged earnestly to know my name, but I childishly refused — and we parted. He said he should embark in a small steamboat, which goes hence to New York.

"Bought a summer frock-coat, (of faded green bombazette), pantaloons, and waistcoat as a walking suit for myself: directing the bundle to be sent to the City Hotel.

"On my way thither, called at the storehouse and counting room of Mr. Charles Sigourney, husband of the poetess, and delivered to him a letter of introduction from Mr. Cresson to her. — He will do himself the pleasure to wait on me at the Hotel in the morning; and engages me to call and see Mrs. S. tomorrow afternoon.

"Found my trunk at the Hotel; brought by the stage from N. hampton. Peeped into Miss Sedgwick's Hope Leslie, lent me by Miss H.* S.

"I have walked 26 miles today. The Thermometer has been at 91 or '2. — I am overdoing the matter. Such fatigue takes away much of the pleasure, and profit, of travel. — To bed at 9½.

"*Mem.* The factory at Thompsonville, Enfield, makes 800 yards of carpeting a day. 200 hands employed. The fly shuttle not used, because it cannot be changed readily enough, for the different colors. The highest priced made there, \$ 1.75 per yard.

"Sunday, July 6th. HARTFORD.

"Rose at half past 5 — stiff, sore, and feverish — with a headache. Lounged in the Barroom, conversing with several gentlemen; especially a young Mr. Horace Barber, a native of Connecticut, who seems to have lived in Louisville, Kentucky — a lawyer, I take

him to be — intelligent, clever, accessible. He confirms, that N. England contains not a race ground; nor any race horses, proper.

"Judges in Conn. chosen by Legislature: judges of county courts, for one year; of Sup^r courts, during good behavior, or till 70 years of age, when they are disqualified by the Constitution. This provision sometimes deprives the state of matured and most valuable minds; but perhaps oftener, saves the Bench from being incumbered by dotage or its cousin german. Clerks, appointed by the respective courts.

"After 10, Mr. Sigourney called to take me with him to Church (Episcopal). A grand, solemnly elegant structure. Nothing could better suit its reverend nature and imposing ceremonies, than the dark, yellowish brown sandstone of which it is built, from the Chatham quarry, 14 miles down the river. The material has an appropriate gravity, which, connected with the great height and bulk of the building, is absolutely awe-striking. The steeple is not a "taper spire," but has a tower-like top. It surpasses in beauty and grandeur any church that I have ever seen. Cost \$70,000! — We sat in Mr. Sigourney's pew — Mrs. S. not being there this morning. The organ seemed to me the best-sounding I had ever heard. Mr. S. read the Bible passages of the Service in a copy of the Greek, Septuagint Bible, and a Greek Testament of 1592, "Coloniæ" — Cologne. (?) I read with him — never having seen the Septuagint before. The chapter we read (in Exodus) was very easy. I marked some strange freedoms which either the Greek version, or the common English one read by the preacher, had taken with the original: for they differed from each other in a startling manner. The New Testament chapter (Acts) was in the contracted letter, hardly decipherable to me. Short, and indifferent sermon: a preparation for the Lord's Supper — finished soon after 12. Mr. S. invites me again to his pew in the afternoon, and

then to his house, to see Mrs. S. — Agreed.

"P. M. To Church again at 3. Took my seat in Mr. S.'s pew, alone. Survey of the church, inside. Four very large, Gothic arched windows, on each side — sashes divided into small panes of the *rhombus*, or diamond form — catercornered squares — about 6 or 7 inches long and wide. Galleries and pews, painted of a sort of jalap color — rest of the interior, white — some gilding about the orchestra and pulpit. Presently, Mrs. and Mr. Sigourney entered the pew. A bow, as courteous as might beseem the Synagogue, — an appearance of conjectural recognition, — met me from Mrs. S. — I sat by her during the service and sermon — she putting her own prayer book into my heathenish hand, and pointing out the several places to be read. The heat was still oppressive: and she lent me her fan. She looked not over 40, if so much. Her cheeks bloom like 18. With bonnet on, countenance very pleasing. Mr. S. seems 55 or 60.

"Sermon by the morning preacher — Mr. Wheaton, of Rh. Island — rather better. His cousin (a Mr. Wheaton too) is pastor of this church, and read the services, hymns, &c. The latter is of decided ability. He announced a Colonization Meeting for next Saturday, and his own design to enter at length then into the Abolition question, — which, he said, he regarded as a most delicate one; doing, or threatening, great mischief to the community. His few words betokened power; and a justness of thinking on that topic, highly grateful to me.

"Mrs. Sigourney accepted my arm — her husband politely affording me the opportunity: and we chatted all the way to their house, a beautiful retreat, 100 rods or more (5 or 600 yards) from church, and just out of town. Among her inquiries, was 'Do you enjoy many religious *privileges* in Virginia?' My answer, blundering out something about our Act of Religious Freedom, and the perfect unrestraint upon conscience which we enjoy (for

I was dunce enough not to see at first, that she used the word *privileges*, evangelically) plainly showed her what a pagan I was.

"Common-schools, and the fund (\$2000000) in a great degree useless, because people did not pay out of their own pockets for their schools. A plan like that of Massachusetts is talked of; where the State gives a sum towards a school in a district, only upon condition that its people raise an equal sum. This makes them feel an interest in the school; and send their children punctually, to get the worth of their money. Female Academy. Female education much attended to in Connecticut. Girls not seldom taught the learned languages. Infant schools discontinued in Hartford, because the Doctor said they injured the brains, and nervous systems of children, by over-excitement. The mental effect not good, either learn like parrots, by sound, by rote, alone — without exercise of thought. Domestic education now preferred, for young children. Infant schools perhaps still useful, for children of very poor parents, who else would have to leave them at home alone, at working hours. College here, of which Mr. Wheaton the Episc^l pastor, is President. Mr. S. had asked him to tea with me, but he was pre-engaged. Some wine produced, which my host said was genuine Samian.

"Mrs. Griffin, wife to an eminent lawyer of N. Y. was with us. After Tea (which was at 6) Mr. S. proposed to attend me to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and introduce me to the principal, that I might more conveniently find access tomorrow. Went. It is not above a hundred yards or so from Mr. S.'s. Miss Peazlee, the matron, — whom I called Miss Beazley, — and Mr. Weld, the principal — I called him Mr. Wells. Julia Brace, deaf, dumb, and blind. Her clothing, mostly made by herself. Laurent Clerc, a polite Frenchman, (a teacher) deaf and dumb, and so is his wife: yet their children not. One of them a blooming, beauti-

ful daughter of 16. "This," said Mr. S., "solves an interesting problem in physics."

"On our return, rambled thro' Mr. S.'s grounds — garden — corn — truck patch — grove, on a rather steep hill side. I verily thought there were 50 acres at least, astonished to learn that there were but 5! Between it and town was a moderate stream, called Mill River. A flour manufacturing Mill on it, makes 8 or 10000 barrels a year. Flour is worth 5 or 6\$ a barrel. &c. &c. &c. Went to my lodging at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8. Read half and more of the 1st volume of Hope Leslie.

"Monday, July 7. HARTFORD.

"Up at 6. After breakfast, Mr. Barber offered me his guidance about the city; with expressions which showed a delicate sense of a stranger's wants and embarrassments. Thankfully accepted. The State House — Senate Chamber, and Representatives' Hall. Portrait of Washington by Stuart in Senate chamber. Top of Cupola. View of city, and surrounding country. Obligingness of Mr. Huntington, comptroller, and Mr. Butler, keeper of the keys. Compensation "out of the question," — said Mr. Barber.

"To Deaf and Dumb Asylum again. Miss Peazlee and Mr. Weld. Prayers about to be held, in the chapel — we were invited in. A text explained, and prayer uttered, entirely by signs of the hands, fingers, and eyes. Asked Mr. Weld if in his exposition and prayer, he had spelled words on his fingers? "Oh, no!" (with a look of some chagrin at my supposition.) "I did not make a single letter. The signs express *ideas*, only." He then ran over some of them to me. The Asylum has 133 pupils, or patients — 57 girls. 127 were at prayers.

"Witnessed the morning's instruction given to two classes — 1st Mr. Clerc's, and 2d Mr. Turner's, in whose absence Mr. Weld has it in charge. Examination on Saturday's lesson. During these exercises, and at the prayer, the pupils' faces indicated won-

derful depth and fixedness of attention. There was legible, too, in their looks, the highest love and respect for Mr. Weld. Many, very intelligent countenances. Those aged from 12 to 16 learn the best. Adults, usually with difficulty — exception, one young woman of 25 or 26, from Wethersfield. Their writing, extremely plain and exact. Term of stay, 4 years. Deaf-muteness sometimes superinduced by disease and hardship: not always from birth. Alms-box for Julia Brace.

"Back to town. With my new friend Mr. Barber, who seems to think he cannot do enough for my entertainment, — visited two of the belles of Hartford — Miss Woodbridges. One of them handsome — both tall, clever, and agreeable. No dancing parties in Hartford — no ball for the last 6 years. No theatrical amusements in N. England, except in Boston.

"Called at the law-office of Messrs. H—— and C——, leading lawyers here. Many particulars concerning Law-practice in Connecticut — fees — income of lawyers. No special pleading. Chancery and law jurisdiction blended in same judges. Superior Courts held by judges of supreme court. Salary only \$1000, and no mileage. — No Rhode Isl^d lawyers come into Conn., unless perhaps some borderer. Mr. H—— says that Mr. Burges is not eminent as a lawyer. C—— is a young man, of 22 or 25. Mr. H—— about 50. Has a singular and unpleasant twich upwards, of his nose and upper lip, — two or 3 times a minute. Articulation, and delivery in general, not good — ideas, not original, or striking, or well-clothed. Yet he is near the head of the Bar here. Concentration of faculties is the secret, (no doubt) of his success. — Roger M. Sherman lives at Fairfield — practises in the Supreme court here. Best mind in Connecticut, Mr. Barber says. [Supreme C^t sits once a year, in each of the 8 counties].

"Call at Mr. Sigourney's counting room. He gave me a copy of the last Report of the Deaf and D. asylum — and an engraved view of his residence.

He had a selfish aim, he said, in wishing me to take, and exhibit that engraving: as, he regretted to tell me, embarrassments in his fortune obliged him to offer the place for sale. Worth \$20,000; but he expects it to bring less.—Offered me letters of introduction to Mr. *Perdicaris*, a native Greek, now teaching and lecturing at New Haven; and to Mr. *Richmond*, a great Greek scholar at Salem, Mass. He tells me, too, of one *Demetrius* ***** a native Greek, engaged in teaching, 25 miles from Hartford; who, as himself and Mr. Sigourney think, has the right, ancient pronunciation of ancient Greek. Homer is not musical, as read by him. He disregards quantity, and goes by accent altogether. [Such is Mr. S.'s account.]

"To dinner at City Hotel. At the bar, found a parcel containing two books from Mrs. Sigourney (author)—"Letters to Young Ladies," and "Sketches by Mrs. Sigourney." Also, letters from Mr. S. not only to Mr. *Perdicaris* and Mr. *Richmond*, but to "Hon. Nathan Smith, U. S. Senator," New Haven.

"At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 p. m., set off in stage for New Haven, by a route lying some miles W. of that by which I came up thence on the 1st instant. Wethersfield on our left—also Rocky Hill, in

the same Township. New-Britain on our right. Through Worthington (once Berlin). Kensington on the right. Meriden. Chinipiack River. Wallingford. Hampden on the right. Saltmeadow. Farmington Canal, and basin. New Haven. Put up at the Tontine Coffee House, reputed to be equal to any other Hotel in the city. While on the road, having no stage-companions who seemed to promise interest, and rendered listless by the heat as well as by remains of last week's fatigue, I read through the 1st vol. of Hope Leslie; and the Report of the Deaf and D. Asylum.

"At the Tontine, met in the parlor, with a young N. Ca. lawyer named Huske, whom I remembered to have seen on board the steamboat between Baltimore and Philadelphia. There, we were shy and unsocial towards each other: but here, so far from our homes, we seem near neighbors, and coalesce in a moment. He seems, like me, to be travelling for curiosity. Agreed to walk over the town with him before breakfast tomorrow: and then, to bed at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$.

"The Heat has been extreme, today. A gentleman at Hartford told me it was 97° of Fahrenheit. But this was doubtless an exaggeration—from not having the instrument fairly secluded."

JOHN BULL AT FEED.

IF London were not the most wonderful result of civilization, the commissariat of London would be. I hate statistics, for they give no more idea of great concatenations of fact than logarithms do of the relations of the heavenly bodies; and the Arabian substitutes for the Roman numerals, though more convenient for the purposes of arithmetical calculation, are equally impotent in expressing the magnitude of assemblages of units. Very

few men have a clear conception of how large a crowd ten thousand men make, still less what I should mean when I say that a definite number of thousands of beef and mutton animals are driven into London every day to be eaten *two or three days after*. My dislike for figures has always justified itself by their extreme inutility.

And then the wonder of London's commissariat is not in its raw material, but in its use of it; a realizing sense

of London dining might be induced into the average brain, while the huddles of oxen and sheep, the clouds of all kinds of fowl, and schools of all kinds of fish (known to London tables), the torrent of wheat, and the high-piled wagon-trains of vegetables that pour steadily, unvaryingly into that unvarying vortex, that maelstrom of comestibles, would defy a mind trained on study of the Arabian Night's Entertainments to gather them into simple conception.

Looking over the list of labels with which we ticket our conceptions before putting them into their places, we find, dealing with the genus *homo*, the proper one for the species *Britannicus* to be *prandialis*. The Frenchman makes love (love never returns the favor by making him), the Italian conspires, the German smokes, the Yankee *enterprises*, but the Englishman alone dines. It is n't the only great thing he does; even *we* admit him to the compliment of a comparison with *ourselves*, which is more than ever occurs to us with respect to any other nationality (and if we knew him as well as ourselves, we should probably be less boastful); but dining is his greatest achievement, and is the parent of most of the minor ones. To work as John works, to build as he builds, to grow rich as he grows rich, to be at once great and strong, and humane and merciless as he is; to grasp heaven with one hand and hell with the other as he does; to exalt his eldest children to such thrones and crush his youngest into such devil's mud as his are lifted to and crushed into, he must dine as he does. Nothing else will answer the purpose.

Solid, substantial, leisurely eaten, well-digested, contemptuously exclusive of all dubious nutriment, and taken at the end of the day's work, John's dinner brings oblivion for to-day and strength for to-morrow. You may palm bad architecture and wretched pictures on him for the best, make him believe that an improvement on the Japanese praying-machine is the gate of eternal happiness (i. e. for John rich),

put his money in a railroad to the impossible, — do anything (*except generalize*), — but you can't make him take bad beef for good, eat it too much done, or keep his temper over a bad dinner.

In that mysterious and uncreeded religion which is, despite the nominal and external Church Establishment, the true faith of the unmitigated John Bull, — a religion I cannot define because it never defines itself, and because, with many years of acquaintance, I have never got to know John *well*, but which I conjecture to be a peculiar and subtle form of *I-worship*, — dinner is the great rite. The celebration is surrounded with precaution and ceremony, the initiated are required to appear in a peculiar costume and to observe a most sedate deportment; and before the conclusion of the rite, ladies are expected to retire, from a belief that their presence interferes with the efficacy of the observances; and as it is never celebrated in perfect form except in a place whose sacredness no idle gossip should desecrate or satirical intent invade, where indeed, I may say, no one capable of social sacrilege should ever be permitted to enter, — an English gentleman's home, — I am permitted only to say *here*, that in no other place is the dinner, in all its perfections of form, substance, and surrounding, ever to be known.

Who, indeed, to whom it has been permitted to enter into these elysian mysteries, and whose heart was properly attuned to the concomitant influences, can ever look back to the old land without the sympathetic recurrence of some flash of the emotions due to his participation in John's worship, and a simultaneous fading out of the satiric and pugnacious impulses which Americans almost always retain towards the land whence we derive our best blood and brain, the most of our national virtues, and not all of our national vices!

One occasion I remember above all others (which, if I should, as I hope I may, participate in these rites a hun-

dred times, will remain their crown), where all the conceivable perfections of accident or intention combined. The high-priest was one of those to me most charming of all civilized men, a true Englishman, who understands and likes America, and the priestess,—O reader, do you know a perfect Englishwoman, the *juste milieu* between our nervous American type and the too docile and sedate Teutonic in one direction; and between the *mitrailleuse* Frenchwoman, exploding with reparation and bristling with coqueries, the fair, fond, and incomprehensible (incomprehending too) Fleming in the other,—wise, faithful, housewifely, and so well educated that you only know how well by never finding her at fault, so well-bred that you never suspect that she thinks you ill-bred if you are,—do you know one such? Then I suspect you know *her*. No matter who beside was there, or what; wit and beauty, letters and arts, titled and untitled, there were. I felt like one of those wayfarers whom the Caliph Haroun al Raschid used to invite to his suppers, and I never think of the occasion without remorse. I violated the social law; I wore a black cravat! I never wear white ones; I detest and abhor them; I regard them as the last of the malignant contrivances of the devil Fashion to disfigure mankind; but I always regret that I did not sacrifice my antipathy on the peculiar altar for that particular dinner. I did not appreciate the audacity of my sacrilege till too late. It was not the first time that I had dined in a black cravat; but in this case I felt that mine was a halter, that I had gone to the wedding without a wedding garment, and deserved putting into the outer darkness.

I am inclined to believe that all this form and formality are necessary to the perfection of the dinner; certain conventionalisms enter into all the fine arts; the *prima donna* brings the house down with her conventional cadenza, foreseen and heard *ad infinitum*, but a necessary part of the aria; Turner curls his black dog's tail in the fore-

ground of his pictures; Phidias, without a doubt, thought his straight nose and conventional brow the sign and seal of his work's perfection. Art always stands on one eminence, Nature on another, and the conventional is the bridge between them; and the difference between the two is that between the dinner and Charles Lamb's roast pig.

In speaking of the dinner as a religious rite, I am mindful of the fact that all religious rites are surrounded by mysterious formalities; and when religion is freed from mystery, it becomes rationalism at once, and is repudiated by every devotee; there is no sense of worship without mystery and mysterious formality. The Eleusinian mysteries no doubt wound up with a banquet, and (being a *pagan* celebration) we are permitted to believe that the so-called mysteries and secrets were only an invention of the priests to add to the solemnity of the real event, the banquet; and so when I have said that the dinner rites are only *perfectly* known in the notoriously inviolate Englishman's house, I have (not being Jenkins) precluded myself from divulging their mysteries. If my reader (Yankee) would know the enchantment thereof, let him (or her) drift about the world until he has forgotten the Yankee speech, lost the Yankee inquisitiveness, and found the invisible cap of a cosmopolitan manner (more or less), acquired the conviction that there is something that cannot be done in Yankee land, get a letter of introduction to an English gentleman, and give himself up to the hierophant, doubting and cavilling in no wise; and afterward imitate my wise discretion, if he hopes ever to dine again.

I know Americans who have an idea that they can dine in Paris; no, no nation has more than one art. In Paris they *can* cook dinners, but in England only can they be eaten. He who thinks of a French dinner thinks of Vefour, the Trois Frères, etc.; but who in thinking of an English dinner recalls Simpson or The London? Who ever

dreams that he dines in New York, except in the restoratorial sense? In Boston, before the war, perhaps, — but now the deadly ferment of Americanism is invading even the veins of the capital of our Puritan forefathers.

We are too feverish, too hurried, too prosperous, for the leisure, the impassiveness, the self-satisfaction necessary to dine. The bill of fare in America is by far too important a part of the dinner. The *embarras des richesses* of our market spoils the dinner, and would even if we knew how to cook.

The one secret of an Englishman's dinner which I may be permitted to disclose is, that the dinner and the company are perfectly *d'accord*, and the dinner is for the sake of the company, not, as in one of the imperial spreads of New York, to display the state of the entertainer. When this element enters into the ceremony, the goddess withholds her face. The English hostess whom I like most of all I ever knew said to me once, "To get your friends around you, you must give them something to eat; they won't come to tea and toast." And though the London market is poor and limited compared to that of New York, it has two things which are not to be found anywhere else, — perfect beef and mutton; and this is a difference so radical, that all our advantages cannot compensate for it. Multiply courses as you will, you can no more make a dinner perfect (in that element which depends on the cook) without a good roast, than you can build a ship without a keel. For we must now dismiss from our consideration that better part which neither taking thought will provide nor cookery attract, but only the magnetism of the host and hostess, the guesthood, which is Hamlet to the play, the gods to Olympus.

John's market is a poor one; his fish are few; the cosmopolite salmon, the turbot, and sole are in their respective provinces all that any one can have; all other kinds are better elsewhere. His oyster is an abomination, though people do get used to it as to tobacco;

his venison poor stuff; his grouse, indeed, is his only good game. Veal is only to be eaten in Paris, which is also the *habitat* of the fowl; the turkey, if not wild, is only to be known in the Levant: the canvas-back can scarcely be said to be known on English tables. John entertains the innocent fallacy that his hothouse pines are better than any the tropics can produce, his wall-clinging peaches comparable to those of our Southern States, and the fruit of his grapery equal to that of Sicilian and Levant vineyards; and I know Englishmen who believe that the figs which struggle into insipidity on the north side of their fog-besieged gardens are sweeter than those which burst with their ripeness on Neapolitan shores, or those which one eats in the early morning amongst the Sabine hills, still cool from the chill of the midsummer night.

And yet, such is the quality of the substantial of the English cuisine, that is, the joints, that you can, in the public sense even, dine in no city in the world beside as you can in London; for the great *I*-worship has its lesser shrines where the publican is high-priest, and the ruder celebration is without mystery. Here and there are wayside temples, where a makeshift worship is performed, always with a reminiscent isolation from the vulgar, and a monitory severity of manner like the deportment of a Puritan at meeting; for John abhors that glory of an American hotel, the *table d'hôte*, evil invention, to him, of French democracy and culinary economy, and has a wise and healthy detestation of boarding-houses. Conservative in all things, and especially in his rites and ceremonies, he resists innovation at the table, and the tavern haunts its ancient locality, when everything else except the parish church has "undergone" improvement; he eats what his father liked, as his father liked it, and where his father ate it.

Who, recalling Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue as I did, bachelor-wise casting about in my mind where to dine in London, would not have

pitched on "The Cock" for one dinner for Tennyson's sake? Dingy, buried deep from Fleet Street close by Temple Bar, you seek in vain for it till you remember the legendary flight of its founder, with his "pottle-bodied" Ganymede,

"Till, where the street grows straiter,
One fixed forever at the door
And one became head-waiter."

And you find the golden bird keeping his immemorial watch above the door that opens into a dark and narrow passage, at the end of which you enter the antique room,—the stronghold of chop-house conservatism,—the narrow pews, straight-backed, comfortless, railed and curtained in, that the devotion of no two shall interfere with other two,—but *no* plump head-waiter,—he, like his prototype, has been translated maybe long ago, and waits somewhere in the heaven of the *I*-worshippers. Here have I eaten my chops, but at the hands of no relative of him whom the Laureate celebrates; a meagre, wasted mannikin, feverish from thinking on the rarity of his customary gift-pence, gave it me "hot and hot" enough, and doubtless under the same "polished tins," with most excellent ale; I not daring to trust the port which even in Will Waterproof's days was of doubtful *provenance*, since he was obliged to order specially,

"Not such as that
You set before chance comers,
But such whose father-grape grew fat
On Lusitanian summers."

And if even then London docks had made port dubious, what shall it be now with the progress of chemistry and dishonesty? And, with all the conservatism of the Cock, I doubt if they have kept any of the old bin or the old honesty between host and guest.

The Cock is specially a chop-house; chops and steaks it furnishes, but nothing more. Of this class of houses one specially to be known is the Blue Post, Burlington Arcade, where it is said a sole is fried and a beefsteak broiled with the highest attained perfection. And here as in the Cock it is

held that a good wine needs no bush, for you must painfully seek out the Blue Post, and entering find your un-placarded way up stairs to a dining-room—whose convenience scarcely reckons on a score of guests, dark—unfriendly.

There is something in this grim seclusion which seems congenial to the Britannic mood. John is a sort of moral porcupine, always on the *qui vive* towards a stranger, and at the tavern his quills are alarmingly erect. Of all taverns in which to dine and study him, give me Simpson's in the Strand, celebrated for fish dinners, which I advise no one to eat unless he be desirous of trying Agassiz's experiment. The joint at Simpson's is perfection, and, as far as comestibles go, you may dine completely and satisfactorily; the claret is excellent and the attention, *while you are dining*, faultless.

At other taverns you may meet eccentric people, literary people, or artistic; as at the Horseshoe, where artists resort, or the Cambridge, where political refugees console their exile with a *table d'hôte*; but at Simpson's you find the unmitigated John Bull,—merchants too busy to get home to dine, men of the law who have only bachelor homes, men of all kinds of business from the provinces who stay in lodgings,—all tolerably well-to-do (for those who wish to economize go to Upton's or the Salisbury or Lake's), fair, round faces, rosy and inclined to gout (as at Parker's they are thin and hurried and inclined to dyspepsia). Punch has the type of him,—Punch, prophet and seer *on his side the Atlantic*: you'll find him any day at Simpson's.

You enter your pew bowed in by a reverent, white-jacketed pew-opener; the silent and attentive "head" presents you with the bill of fare. "The dinner" is half a crown, and includes joint, vegetables, bread, with a sequence of cheese, celery, butter, etc., etc.; of any or all as much as you care for. If you are wise, you will begin with the joint, beef or mutton, for nothing else is, in its way, so good; you

order this accordingly. Each pew has a table with a bench each side. If on the opposite seat you find a diner, don't speak to him; if he sits on the outside of his bench, get on the inside of yours; if you have occasion for the mustard which he has just used (don't use it on mutton, unless you wish him to know you are a Yankee), don't ask him for it, but call the waiter; or, if you do ask him, expect to have it shoved within your reach, as we used to have our provisions shoved to us in the quarantine, with a look out from under the brow; don't make any remark about the weather or anything else.

I sat three days in succession at the same table and the same hour at Simpson's, with the same Englishman at the other side, without a sign of intelligence passing between us, until at the end of the third dinner, when having brought in the latest edition of the *Echo* and finished the perusal I tucked it away behind the water-bottle, he timidly and falteringly asked if he might be allowed to see the paper. Imagine Hercules calling on the wagoner to help *him* out of the ditch! I melted at once and looked at the man. Not another word passed between us, but I am sure he felt more humanized for the breach of the Taurine decorum.

I sat one day with an American friend opposite an unmitigated Taurus, in whose manner, as soon as our nationality was betrayed, was shown all the antipathy the animal, pure and simple, ever feels for one of his fellow-men. With a hint to my companion, I determined to try to call him out of his seclusion; and so completely did we ignore his existence, that he really melted before the greater chill of Transatlantic contumely, and began to listen to our conversation; and betraying the topics he was most interested in, we followed up in that direction until, finding himself still unnoticed, his reserve broke down, and he positively entered into the colloquy. I'll lay a wager that he remembers the hour he passed with two Yankees, neither one of whom

asked him a question or cared to know who he was.

The fees to servants and waiters in England is an intolerable nuisance, and one which John has not the self-respect to abate. The custom at all taverns, etc. is to charge a fee for the waiters. At Simpson's this is threepence, but this, included in the bill, once paid, the waiter quietly hints that "*he* gets none of that, sir." The first time I dined there, the cool assurance of the thing took me by assault, and I surrendered the extra fee, but another day went to another table, to hear the same story, to which I replied with a contemptuous shrug; but changed again the next day, and the next, until I found a waiter who said nothing, on whom I settled, and deliberately began to demoralize him by giving the fee I refused the others, simply because he did not ask it. Go where you will, this respectable mendicancy appears. I have seen an English gentleman accept and pocket a half-crown for showing his pictures; and not only must you tip all the servants who have managed at your hotel to serve you, but if you visit a friend in the country, you are expected to fee the servants at leaving.

A most comfortable restaurant, more quiet and less English, is "The London," Fleet Street, a little dearer than Simpson's, the "London dinner" being for three shillings, but including the traditional courses of the *dîner complet*, quiet, with good attendance and no importunities from the waiters. It is a little more aristocratic, yet less to the taste of the genuine Taurus, and does not offer the opportunity to study the animal that Simpson's does; but otherwise would be more agreeable than this to Americans, and, not wishing the regular dinner, you may order what you like.

But John at feed always exhibits one trait in which we must imitate him, before we become the great nation we fancy ourselves to be,—he never eats in a hurry. Sitting in Simpson's, an American must be struck by the slow, grave, thoughtful way in which every-

body devotes himself to his dinner. If an alarm of fire should occur next door, John would leave his dinner, get his hat, and walk deliberately out, not forgetting to pay the penny to the waiter, while the Yankee would bolt what he had paid for and run with his hat in his hand.

John does everything deliberately, and therefore well (even if it's an evil thing); and, in my opinion, he owes it to his learning the habit at dinner. We do everything in a hurry, and do it as flimsily and incompletely as circumstances permit. We never have time to dine except on state occasions, and then we gorge. Our nerves are in a constant state of tension from hurry, and our brain never consents to alimention. This, and not badly cooked food, gives us dyspepsia, which is a mental disease. We don't care much what we eat or how it is cooked, because we are so absorbed and preoccupied that we forget our appetites until we are famishing, when we stow away a quantity of food and return to our preoccupations, and the overworked brain refuses to give the stomach its forces. Indigestion is only a symptom, the disease is hurry.

If we had English dinners, I doubt not that we should be dyspeptic over them as over our hot bread and oven-dried meats, or fried cutlets of beef; the steak responds kindly to its appreciation, but it won't help *us* till we eat it deliberately enough to enjoy it thoroughly. That the dinner should be after the day's work is done is therefore a *sine qua non* of the English (or any good) system.

The "doctors disagree" as to the utility of wine, etc., etc., as aids to digestion, and have even proved by accurate experiment that alcohol in any form retards it; but did they weigh the soul with the body? Did they ascertain the digestive power of a contented and cheerful mind or the effect of the genial exhilaration which even good ale produces? If molten lead enabled us to forget our cares and be gay while we ate our dinners and an hour or two

after, I think molten lead would be more healthful than our gloom and temperance. He who dines not in hope and cheerfulness had better fast, and who can only dine in haste had better lunch at leisure; he will so keep his brain clear, even if he starve his body.

This is to me the philosophy of John's feeding. I am not certain even that, if we ever gave time and thought to *our* roast beef to know whether it was good or not, we might not have as good beef grown in this country as in England. Nature serves us as the Italian picture-shops do,—not knowing what is good, she foists the rubbish on us. She never wastes her goods; and if perchance in some night surprise they fall into inappreciative hands, the morning finds them like fairy-gold, chips and leaves. We can never feed as John does till we have learned his philosophy as well as bought his beeves and sheep.

One of the most curious manifestations of the alimentiveness of London is in the show-windows of the smaller eating-houses, which are so numerous as to make a predominant feature in certain parts of the city, and which sometimes display their whole stock in trade apparently in the show-windows. Saddles of mutton abnormally fat, platters of chops, piles of steaks, rabbits, fowls, etc., etc., lighted at night by huge flames of gas, prognosticate a bluntness of the æsthetic if not the gustatory faculties not uncharacteristic of John in his ordinary forms. Before these windows one may see poor devils who never dined, enjoying with ravenous eyes the Barmecide feasts of their own suggestion, and famishing and ravening still more, when the policeman, who knows them, tells them to move on, when maybe they plunge into one of those streets where are the meat-markets of the poor. Hand-barrows loaded with scraps of refuse meat, vegetables of the day before, fish which to-morrow no one can eat, conchs and the coarse shell-fish and cheap salt-fish, all lit up with flaming lamps and proclaimed by a Babel clamor as to

price and quality, — an Inferno of alimention in which I wonder that Doré never dipped.

Having dined comfortably at Simpson's some Saturday afternoon, let the American visitor to London go up Tottenham Court-Road about 9 P. M., (it may be changed now or "moved on"

to some other suburb of the Inferno), and smoke his cigar in the glare of lights and blare of brazen throats over the marketing of the poor, and then (remembering that this is not the cheapest in London, for to some no stranger ought to venture) make his comfortable estimate of John Bull at feed.

W. F. Stillman.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Life and Times of David Zeisberger, the Western Pioneer and Apostle of the Indians. By EDMUND DE SCHWEINITZ. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

IN an article entitled "Gnadenhütten," which was printed in the Atlantic for January, 1869, the principal facts of the noble career here so fully described were sketched, and the present work, which we heartily welcome, was mentioned as in preparation. It has all the value which we then predicted for it, and is certainly "a most important contribution to American history in a department hitherto neglected by students, and almost an unknown land to the mere general reader"; it is something more than this, and is to be praised, not only for the thorough research and conscientious industry shown in it, but for the enlightened spirit in which it is written, and the candid manner in which Zeisberger's labors are considered. The author, who is now a bishop of the Moravian Church, yields to none probably in zeal for his ancient faith, and pride in its apostles; but as to the practical result of the Moravian mission to our Indians, no one could be more courageously and unsparingly outspoken. This mission resulted at Gnadenhütten and elsewhere in the conversion and civilization of a limited number of Indians, who, as long as they were isolated from the influences of the border, maintained themselves in Christian communities, but who disappeared before the advancing whites almost as quickly as their wild heathen brethren. Of all the stations established among the Indians by the Moravians, during the last century and a half, but three are now left, — one in Canada, another in Kansas, and another in the Cherokee country. "The

time may not be far distant," says our author, "when even these will disappear, and nothing remain of the Moravian mission among the North American Indians, as nothing remains of the work of the Jesuit fathers, except its wonderful history, to teach future generations zeal for God and faithfulness unto death." He contrasts the failure of this mission with the success of the Moravian missions to other heathen, and attributes it to the vastly more indocile character of our aborigines, as well as the more adverse circumstances; and a less generous and patient historian would perhaps have inferred from his facts that the Indians were not worth the sublime sacrifices made for them. But neither the Moravians nor the Jesuits would admit this, and every one else should be loath to do so. It is not a justifiable interpretation of Bishop de Schweinitz's language even where he deals most frankly with the subject, and paints the Indians in a spirit which is very far from ideal or romantic. His colors are from Zeisberger's own records, now for the first time used; but we do not know that they are darker than those of other observers of Indian life, though they are certainly not those of the novelist: —

"Morally considered, they belonged to the most ordinary and the vilest of savages. Upon this point Zeisberger's testimony is as clear as it must be deemed conclusive. He loved the Indians. He spent his life in doing them good. It is impossible to suppose that he would have depicted their character in darker colors than truth warranted. And yet, instead of clothing it with those illustrious features which other writers have portrayed, he represents it as low and detestable. Lying, cheating, and

theft were universal. The marriage relation was of the lowest kind. Husbands forsook their wives whenever they pleased. To grow weary of a woman was a sufficient cause of desertion. Fornication and adultery prevailed. The ordinary state of a majority of both sexes was unchastity. Other vices, of the most abominable kind, were common. The false estimate which has been made of the aborigines of the last century arose from their aptitude to dissemble and their eagerness for praise. Zeisberger has laid this bare by a single pithy sentence. 'They love to be deemed honest and good,' he writes, 'even when detected in the worst of villanies.' In almost every respect, therefore, they were double-faced and double-hearted; one character they assumed for show, the other was theirs in reality."

Bishop de Schweinitz concludes that "among such a race the triumphs of the Cross were the more wonderful," and no one, in spite of the early decay of the Christian communities, can deny this when he considers the changes wrought in the savages by the efforts of the missionaries.

It is probable that the question of the conversion and civilization of the Indians will not be settled much before the extinction of their race; it is and always has been principally in the hands of the savages themselves and the frontiersmen who could not offer them a life desirable for imitation, but who freely made an exchange of vices with them, the heathen for once, in a bargain with the whites, getting probably as much as they gave. It is not for us here to pronounce which side is more or less in the wrong; we do not believe in the relegation of the Indian question to the next world; but this appears to be its destiny, whatever the right opinions may be, and we acquiesce without being persuaded.

In the mean time, the history of such a man as Zeisberger is very melancholy, very interesting reading. The man's character is brought out clearly, and the facts of his endurance and perseverance are not more surprising than the fact that he was not a zealot or an enthusiast. He certainly was a firm believer in the power of Christianity over all other forces, and if ever it seemed to fail, he recognized the will of God where a less religious spirit would have seen only evil. But he judges the Indians with perfect common sense, both before and after their conversion, and from the most thorough acquaintance with every phase of their life.

He entered upon his work among them when a very young man, and he labored for their conversion and civilization with varying success in different parts of Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, and Canada, though nearly always among Indians of the great Delaware race. Whatever could be done to ameliorate or enlighten them by the devotion of a clear, sound mind and strong, loving heart, he did for sixty-two years. He founded community after community, and saw them wasted and dispersed by the malice of circumstances, by war, murder, and corruption; but, undismayed, he proceeded to other efforts in new fields. In the midst of the labors of his vocation, and its manifold dangers and deprivations, he was able to study scientifically the native dialects, and to publish many works in them and upon them. He took all a scholar's pride and interest in these matters, and it is amusingly characteristic that, commenting upon Bishop Loskiel's History of the Mission to the North American Indians, in which Zeisberger is himself the chief figure, he should praise it somewhat, and then add, that "the orthography of the Indian words, however, was a disgrace to the work." An affecting evidence of the same fondness for his literary performances is the fact that, in his last hours, "nothing soothed him so much as Delaware hymns from his hymn-book, especially those appointed for the dying, which the Indians sung grouped around him."

This was at Goshen, the town on the Muskingum founded near the site of Gnadenhütten, where the dreadful massacre took place. The poor fellows who sung these hymns were often given over to the sin of drunkenness, to which they were tempted with a devilish perseverance by the white settlers; and Zeisberger was now dying, to all human perception, amidst the final ruin of his life-long hopes.

In the article "Gnadenhütten" we discussed so fully the Moravian theory and practice of civilizing the Indians, that it would be repetition to say anything here. Zeisberger was the great embodiment of their system, and in his life its history is told. How well Bishop de Schweinitz has done his work in acquainting us with this life we have said in general terms, but we must not fail to speak of the means he has had for making it thoroughly good. He has based it mainly upon the manuscripts in the archives of the Moravian Church, which consist not only of the reports of Zeisberger

and his fellow-missionaries to the Mission Board, but of the "voluminous journals of their every-day life among the Indians, as also complete reports of any occurrences of special interest." The author's careful study of these gives peculiar value to his chapters on Indian history and character, and freshness to his whole work. It is in every way complete, one of its final chapters being devoted to an account of Zeisberger's literary labors, some notion of which may be gained by an examination of several of his manuscript works presented to the library of Harvard College.

The style of Bishop de Schweinitz's history is very clear and simple, with no ambition for mere artistic effect; while the work is at once full of a sincere piety, and remarkably free from the cant of "other-worldliness."

Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection: a Series of Essays. By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE reader of Mr. Wallace's Essays will be greatly interested in the new facts and reasonings here brought to bear upon the theory of Natural Selection; and not a little interested in the person of Mr. Wallace himself, who, in addition to his qualities as a scientific observer, shows himself even remarkably free from that vicious temper of self-seeking and dogmatism with which the pursuit of science is not infrequently associated. Certainly no man can well exceed Darwin himself in the modesty, candor, and supreme devotion to truth which characterize all his researches. But we may freely say that in all these characteristics Mr. Wallace does not fall observably behind him.

Mr. Wallace's work consists of ten essays, all bearing more or less closely upon the law of Natural Selection, but all tending quite equally to spiritualize our conception of creative order, in leading us to regard creation no longer as a direct exhibition of Divine power, exerted in the production of existing species, but rather as an indirect or mediate exhibition of it, employed in giving them generic or universal substance. According to Mr. Darwin, Mr. Wallace, and indeed the whole strain of our recent scientific martyrology, there is no evidence appreciable to science of any specific creation

ever having actually taken place. But since we can neither conceive of specific things as without being, nor yet as giving being to themselves, we are forced to conclude that they are created, only stipulating at the same time for liberty to push back their creation so far into the unrecorded past, as practically to identify the event with the *constitution of nature*. This is what gives the controversy its great philosophic interest, that it is thus driving men of science, who are too often superbly prone to sniff at such inquiries as metaphysical, to investigate the origin of existence, or demand an adequate philosophy of Mother Nature herself. For if species interpret themselves into Nature, what does Nature interpret herself into? There can be at bottom but *one* source of being; so that it really does not seem improbable from present tendencies that science may ere long conclude that material things have a rigidly spiritual origin, consisting in the uses they promote to higher existence: thus that there is nothing so veritably supernatural, on the whole, as nature itself.

On its face, however, the controversy is no way philosophic, but purely scientific. The question debated is, whether species obey a natural law of evolution, each being a modification of some broader and cruder species; or whether they must all be regarded as so many original but successive types of creative power. This question begets any amount of conflicting ratiocination, because, like all scientific questions, it admits only of an approximate solution, being dependent for its settlement upon an endless array of counter-probabilities on either side. And we need not expect, therefore, that the problem in its strictly scientific aspect is going to be put at rest in our day. But we repeat that there is every reason to suppose that the controversy will soon be taken off this limited ground, and put upon a truly philosophic foundation. If the rival disputants can only be led to discern, as it would seem they cannot long avoid doing, that all true questions of material *origin* or *nature* are at bottom questions of spiritual destiny, they will at once and gladly leave off rummaging the underground cellars of history in search of the mystery of existence, and turn to its illumined upper stories, which are even now looming large upon the horizon of men's living faith, for the light that they alone are competent to supply. The scientific instinct hitherto, and especially of late,

has been to deal with facts exclusively, and ignore doctrine. But all signs show, and this Darwinian controversy irresistibly, that men of science will be required in the future to become men of thought as well; that is, to confront truth as well as fact, or purge themselves of all indifference and indecision with regard to universal questions, no less than to particular ones. In a word, Nature—sole veritable sphinx, who has hitherto baffled all philosophic and all religious sciolism alike, with her insatiate demands of what? whence? whither?—is now blocking the way of Science herself, and will eventually force her to become godly in pure self-defence, or to hinder the human mind from being buried under its own rubbish, from becoming extinguished indeed under its own mere and miserable *excreta*. It is true that technical men of science seem more backward than any other as to philosophic tendencies; for when any one of them, like Mr. Darwin, steps forth from the ranks to deny, however modestly, that we have any evidence of Divine power ever having been exerted upon nature, or strictly from without, and not from within, he instantly challenges such distinction above nearly all his peers as necessarily argues their intellectual average to be very moderate. But the tradition, let us hope, is at last fatally interrupted; so that we may reasonably infer that there will be no mere man of science in the future; that is to say, none who will be content simply to *know*, without exacting that his knowledge prove itself at the same time serviceable to *thought*.

Let the truth be thoroughly understood on this subject. The *positive* benefits accruing to the intellect from science are not nearly so great as superficial observers are wont to imagine. It is emphatically a *negative* service which science has hitherto conferred upon the mind; consisting in its gradually disenchanting us of the old superstition which made space and time laws of the infinite being we have in God, rather than two most generalized expressions of the finite and phenomenal existence we have in ourselves. In destroying this vulgar prejudice, science has virtually lifted the philosophic problem of creation (together with *all* strictly cosmical questions whatever in fact), out of the sphere of sense, and converted it henceforth into an exclusive problem of the reason. Such is the great negative work it has done, in sternly demolishing every

fancied haunt of Deity within the material realm, and relegating us to the spiritual realm of mind alone to find any adequate signs of his presence. In short, it has prepared us for the spiritual recognition of God, as a being who is essentially inscrutable to a direct approach, or refuses to become known save as he is necessarily *revealed* in his creature.

Of course, people will vary indefinitely in their views as to how revelation becomes worthily constituted. Science has no word to bestow upon this topic. But she puts it beyond all doubt, by the intellectual attitude she assumes at this day, that *revelation*, or *no knowledge*, are the sole remaining alternatives of the human mind with respect to God. Either *some* revelation of the Divine name is necessary to our knowledge of God, or else the Divine name must consent ere long to be blotted out of men's remembrance: upon this point *she* speaks with commanding accents. We accordingly mean no reproach, but a sincere homage to science, when we express our conviction that any old dame, with spectacles on nose, who devoutly patterns her Bible, even at the risk of swallowing all its marvels as literally true, has a much better, though latent, intellectual relation to the future of thought, than even our sturdiest eaglets of science, who yet are content to find in their knowledge of what they call "the laws of nature" a full satisfaction to their spiritual aspirations, or thirst for truth. She at least does not actively or acutely misapprehend the *role* which Nature plays in the drama of creation, and they habitually do this, in converting her from an accessory into a principal. The truth is, that what we call "nature" is merely a hypothetical body, or bond of universality, which we, in our ignorance of man as the only *true* universal, do not hesitate to assign to specific existence, mineral, vegetable, and animal, as necessary to give them fixity, or render them stable. And this is literally all it is: a purely logical substratum or substance, having neither existence nor function unsupplied by our intelligence. In its widest acceptation, it is a mere provisional cuticle of the human mind, designed to harbor that mind, or give it a *quasi* outward unity with itself, while it is destitute of true inward unity, or unhoused in its own spiritual recognition. And to take up our abode in nature, therefore, or make it the temple of our intellectual rest, without instantly pressing on to know the ma-

jestic spiritual form to which it is altogether and abjectly ministerial, is not a whit more creditable to our intelligence, than it would be to cherish the disgusting viscera of the corpse for their own sake, and with no view to the lessons they reflect upon the health and disease of the living subject.

Vagabond Adventures. By RALPH KEELER.
Boston : Fields, Osgood, & Co.

It is given to so few people to have run away from home in very early life, to have adopted the profession of negro-minstrelsy in fulfilment of the ambition of every boy for some sort of histrionic eminence, to have abandoned this art for the purpose of going through college, and then, after much travel in Europe and a course of study at Heidelberg University upon less money than most of us would like to starve upon at home, to have settled quietly down to writing for the magazines, that Mr. Keeler has at least one reason for making this curious and entertaining little book. The story was worth telling, even if he could have imparted to it no charm of narration and suggested no pleasant or useful reflections to his reader. But he has made it lively and agreeable in style, and he has addressed himself so skillfully to the reader's good sense as well as interest, that we believe the public will find it, as we do, a novelty in literature, and something very much better than a novelty. There is the flavor in it of the picaresque novel, without the final unpleasant tang of that species of fiction; and the author has so objectively studied his hero, that even where the latter falls into unpoetizable squalor, and has things happen him that you wish had not happened, you do not refer your repugnance to the historian, who, you feel, sees these things in the same light you do. On reflection, too, you are glad that he treats his subject so unsparingly, for a book has no business to be merely literature; and such a book as this especially ought to teach something, — ought to disenchant youth with adventure, and show Poverty in her true colors, that people may use every honest effort to avoid her. That lean nymph is so apt in literature to take the imagination of the young, that it is well for once to see her as she is in real life: Mr. Keeler, who has walked up and down with her, like Constance with grief, and has the same reason to be fond of her, paints anything but a se-

ducing picture of her. He keeps a surprising cheerfulness of temper throughout, but he does not pretend that his intimacy with poverty is ever enviable; and indeed there never was but one man had the heart voluntarily to perpetuate such a thing, and he was a saint, and not a literary man.

There is something quite touching in the first of these vagabond adventures, that is to say, in the account of the boy who ran away from home; but the author does not directly appeal to sympathy for him. So strange facts have rarely been so simply told, and with such strict regard to the truth of local color and the integrity of the hero's character, who never thinks or does anything beyond his years. Those of our readers who remember Mr. Keeler's Atlantic papers, "Three Years as a Negro Minstrel" and "The Tour of Europe for \$181 in Currency," are as well qualified as ourselves to pronounce them very interesting in substance and agreeable in manner: he has somewhat enlarged them, as they now stand, and they will bear a second reading singularly well. We think that the first two parts of the book are better in every way than the last: they are better in style, and in fact they are more curious; for the poverty-stricken traveller and student is not so novel in literature, whilst the runaway boy and negro-minstrel, surviving to write of himself, is absolutely new. The minstrelsy paper is peculiarly entertaining to us people of the audience, who are always longing to know what the actors are like behind the scenes, and who have here the chance to see our delightful old friends with their burnt-cork off. It is immensely gratifying to find so much human nature in them, — yes, so much more human nature than falls to the lot of most other men; and we ought all to be obliged to Mr. Keeler for the sincerity and good taste in which he has presented them. That company on the Floating Palace is one that it is charming to know through him; and the whole paper has now an historical value, for negro-minstrelsy, that sole growth of drama from American life, is now almost wholly passed away, and was waning even before slavery perished. Something else pleased us in this paper: perhaps it may be roughly described as confirmation of our belief that the truly American novel, when it comes to be written, will be a story of personal adventure after the fashion of Gil Blas, and many of the earlier English fictions.

No one should be a prophet who can possibly avoid it, and so far we have kept ourselves pretty free from prediction. It is well for Mr. Keeler to have here grouped together these singular facts of his life, but it will be no surprising fortune if he shall come after a while to regard his work as crude in some ways: at least, he has given such evidence of growth since his first book as to make us hope this. But with these haunting reminiscences once fairly uttered, and, as far as he is concerned, dismissed to the limbo of all known facts and accomplished purposes, he can turn to more imaginative tasks with an expectation of success which will be fulfilled in proportion as he remembers (what he ought to know better than any one) that, truth is stranger than fiction, and not only this, but is better even in the airiest regions of the ideal, and that the only condition of making life like ours tolerable in literature is to paint it exactly as it is.

Monsieur Sylvestre. A Novel. By GEORGE SAND. Translated from the French by FRANCIS GEORGE SHAW. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

It is owing, no doubt, to a greater difference in the constitution of society in France that, judged by the rules regulating our social life, many French books written with a manifest moral purpose are immoral to us, because the improper is made so very conspicuous when absent. In situations where the Anglo-Saxon would not suspect, Lamartine, for instance, in his most impossible Platonic stories, is sure to tell with gratuitous solemnity that everything was perfectly correct. If "*Monsieur Sylvestre*," therefore, is not free from this species of negative impurity, it would appear to be not so much the fault of Madame Dudevant as of her nation and its literature. And it is due her to say that her seeming honesty, even in her errors, has placed George Sand, at her worst, on a moral plane far above that of the abandoned English female novelists of the period.

The book "*Monsieur Sylvestre*" is exceedingly philosophical; a fact which accounts, it may be, for the somewhat slow movement of the story itself, and the philosophy varies in quality.

The characters of the story are made to form a sort of exploration party after happi-

ness. Monsieur Sylvestre the hermit, divides the command of the expedition with M. Pierre Sorède, a young gentleman who is dissatisfied with the matrimonial scheme of his worldly uncle. A young physician is the next important person, in a philosophical point of view, and Mademoiselle Vallier, the heroine, the most important one of all in point of story-telling interest. Before Pierre married the heroine, and just before his duel with a pretender to her hand, he states the results of his search after happiness as follows: "Happiness has never been defined and cannot be; each man forms an idea of it which is peculiar to himself, and even this varies according to the state of his mind; nothing is happiness, properly speaking, and everything is happiness to a fully living soul; therefore the question is, not to seek after happiness, but to develop life which gives it to us, humble or magnificent, ardent or calm, ecstatic or sweet, as it gives us talent or genius, according to the organization which we possess. And I may well add that, for youth, the true and the best employment of life is love!"

As Pierre does not afterward state definitely any other opinion concerning happiness, we may take that to be his last one on the subject. This, however, gives no idea of the beauty and breadth of some of the sentiments of "*Monsieur Sylvestre*." It is a work entirely of George Sand's latest manner, and the traces of a master are almost everywhere apparent. As a story it is not quite so attractive as "*Antonia*," or even "*Mauprat*," the two others of her works which have preceded this in the series of translations. "*Mauprat*" has more of the writer's early fire in it, and of her early crudeness. "*Antonia*" is a charming love-story, in which Madame Dudevant approaches what she seems to us to have reached in "*Le Marquis de Villemer*," namely, her greatest purity, though not her greatest strength. Mr. Shaw has given us an admirable translation, notwithstanding an occasional difficulty with his pronouns, and the use of too much translatable French everywhere in the volume.

Companions of my Solitude. By ARTHUR HELPS, Author of "*Friends in Council*," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

WE could not give so many good, tangible reasons, perhaps, for not liking Mr.

Helps's essays as might be urged why we should like them by some one who does; and yet we are very certain of not finding them satisfactory. They have a quaintness without humor, a prejudiced and narrow-minded benevolence, an elaborate and fatiguing ease. The author is apt to be very subtle about some interest purely factitious and quite unworthy consideration, and then for compensation to treat with one-sided petulance and impatience some most serious and important problem. He is a humane thinker to no particular purpose; his sympathies embrace misfortunes upon the understanding that the conditions producing the misfortunes are not to be essentially changed. He is a conservative who would like to see the world improved, but not particularly advanced; but at the same time he has some very startlingly radical sentiments in abeyance. In the literary management of his book he concerns himself so much with getting into a proper and impressively careless attitude to say something, that you are usually quite worn out before he says anything. When he refers to an expression of one of his characters as humorous or sarcastic, in which his reader is able to discern only a cold and colorless flippancy, it is touching, though pathos is not Mr. Helps's strong point; in fact, he seems to have only a vague *faiblesse*, and no *forte* at all. Yet, as we must say again, one might find a contrary opinion upon his book, if one had a mind to discover only its good things. Here, for example, is a passage which might persuade us that Mr. Helps had made a shrewder study than any one else of German character, for the German people are now realizing upon the French battle-fields the terribleness he guessed to be in them, when one day he stepped into a Protestant church in Germany: "They sang psalms such as I fancy Luther would have approved of; and I thought it would be a serious thing for a hostile army to meet a body of men who had been thus singing." Or he might almost make us believe that he had acquainted himself intimately with things in this country, so cursed by the brutality of people in small authority, when he wrote beseeching those wretched little despots to bethink themselves that "it is a great privilege to have an opportunity many times in a day, in the course of their business, to do a real kindness which is not to be paid for. Graciousness of demeanor is a large part of the duty of any official person who comes in

contact with the world. Where a man's business is, there is the ground for his religion to manifest itself."

The companions of Mr. Helps's solitude are his reveries upon all manner of subjects, and he talks on with a looseness at times which it is no great violence to call maundering. He laments for a long time the existence of prostitution, which he sees clearly enough comes from the aristocratic constitution of society in some degree; and then of the folly that tends to ruin he says: "For women are the real aristocrats; and it is one of their greatest merits. Men's intellects, even some of the brightest, may occasionally be deceived by theories about equality and the like, but women, who look at reality more, are rarely led away by nonsense of this kind." If you feel like answering that this admirably disastrous aristocratic sentiment of women is an effect of their false education and narrow life, a relic of their ancient slavery, in fact, rather than a finer instinct, spare yourself the pains; Mr. Helps is going to tell us very shortly that "there is a cultivation in women quite independent of literary culture, rank, and other advantages. They are more on a level with each other than men."

We do not recollect to have read anything upon the social evil quite so aimless and inconclusive as the speculations in Mr. Helps's book, though we recognize a certain nervous and distracted good-will in the essay that at any rate does honor to his heart. There may be more reason for the existence of this and the other essays than we have allowed, but we should be at a loss how to express it. There seems to be no occasion for uniting the sentiment of Tupper to the logic of Ruskin, and presenting the result in the form of reveries and dialogues; and yet there may be.

Valerie Aylmer. A Novel. By CHRISTIAN REID. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It must often have happened to our reader, if he is also a play-goer, — and especially a play-goer of these later times, when the theatre has taken to holding the mirror up to nature with so much freedom, — to have seen upon the stage among the masculine characters certain figures — very pretty and charming figures sometimes — which were rather puzzling. They were dressed, these

figures, in men's clothes, and they behaved as much like men as any persons upon the stage, and more. Were they faithful lovers and devoted husbands? Such fidelity in lovers and devotion in husbands was never seen before. Were they seducers and *roués*? They were incomparably beguiling and abandoned. Were they dandies? Their foppishness exceeded all other foppishness. Were they assassins? The murderousness of those assassins!—it made one's blood run cold.

And yet, there was something which rendered the spectator doubtful if they were all that they seemed to be. Perhaps it was the very excess with which they developed the dramatist's ideas, the extreme vigor with which they represented masculine character, that awakened misgiving. You might not declare that they were women, but it was incredible that they were men like other men, though they might be such men as the ladies would be could they gratify that aspiration of theirs, "If I were only a man!"

We are confirmed in this suspicion, which is very likely unfounded, by the appearance of the ladies when they wreak this desire in fiction; for in their personation of lovers, husbands, and brothers there, they remind us of the surpassing manliness of those mystifying figures on the stage. Even when they would deceive us as authors, and call themselves by men's baptismal names upon their title-pages, they are defeated by the behavior of their people in men's clothes; and we should know that Christian Reid was a lady, because all the men in the book are ladies, or at the best, ladies'-men, and are severally much better and much worse than they could be if they were what they pretend to be. In such minor personages as Valerie's father, General Aylmer of Aylmers, and her uncle, M. Vacquant, this fact does not appear so strikingly; but there is no doubt of it when you come to her lovers, Charley Hautaine, who had loved Valerie from childhood, who was "clever, high-spirited, brave to a fault, thorough-bred within and without, and handsome as a prince in a fairy tale," whom everybody loved, "even the girls with whom he flirted, and the men whom he rivalled," and who had done war-like wonders in the Confederate Navy during the war, and had light clustering curls, and played upon the guitar, and sang duets, and had fought duels, and had thrown his dearest friend out of a window and crippled him for life; Julian Romney, M. Vacquant's

step-son, who had "all of boyhood's smoothness of outline and clearness of tint in the face, whose refined features and waxen complexion suited its rich brown curls and lustrous eyes; all of boyhood's grace in the slender figure that bore upon it the stamp of such thorough-bred elegance, yet who had a curve of disdain about the mouth, and a cloud of petulance on the brow, which deepened and lightened continually, without ever quite vanishing, and made the most careless observer sure that this man had never in his life known the curb of wholesome restraint, imposed either by others or himself," and who, in fact, after being flirted with by Valerie (*la belle des belles* they called her in her native Louisiana, where they know ever so much French), takes more and more to gambling and is finally killed in a duel; and, above all, Maurice Darcy, the soldier-artist, Valerie's cousin, of Irish blood, and a prodigy of coolness, suppressed passion, cutting sarcasm, and generosity and genius, such as is found only in ladies' novels, who hates Valerie's coquetries, and saves her life, and wins her, and breaks with her, and has "quick gleams flash into his deep-gray eyes," or as it were "a stone mask fitted over the features," or "a cloud, heavy and dark as night," rolled over them, according to his moods; who is often the guest of M. Vacquant, his uncle, whom he tells plainly he does not forgive, and never shall forgive, for his ill-treatment of his mother, who paints the most wonderful pictures, and is with "the Emperor Maximilian" up to the last moment in Mexico.

We should fear that the worst effect of this sort of thing might not be the bad literary art, but that after a while the young men might think of taking the lady novelists at their word, and instead of remaining the sensible, slow, easy-going fellows we all know and like, might begin to ask themselves whether, if women liked those pretty monsters they painted, it was quite worth while to behave with any sort of sanity and good-temper. But fortunately it is worth while, for the sake of one's own comfort, and besides, in novels like "Valerie Aylmer" any one may see that the whole tone of society is as flagrantly unnatural as the men. We speak now for the North; we cannot declare that, in Baltimore and Louisiana people do not talk and act as Christian Reid says. The circle is very, very patrician, and in purity of blood and breeding alone is one which we cannot hope to see in the North, or ever

associate with on equal terms. Pretty nearly everybody has been a champion of the Lost Cause, and has fought with unspeakable heroism; and some have become so joined to lost causes, that they follow the failing fortunes of despotism in Austria and Mexico. They are mostly of French extraction, and they are of the Catholic religion; and we have an uneasy feeling (which we dislike to express) that they would think themselves much better than one of our best Boston families. They read nothing commoner than "Blackwood," in the thin air of those heights, and they interweave in common parlance genteel *morceaux* of the *langue Française*, like *qu'importe, tapis, adieu, mes amis, voilà tout, par exemple, début, and au revoir*. Hardly any conversation is without these embellishments, and the feebleness of the book is forever staggering into italics.

It would be difficult to give a general idea of the comprehensive absurdity of "Valerie Aylmer," and we are not even going to tell the plot of it. We do not know whether it is more sad or more amusing to note how entirely it seems to be evolved from a young girl's ignorance of the world and knowledge of the most unnatural literature, and how it seems unconsciously to have been put together from this deplorable reading. The art of doing this at all is something in the author's favor, and youth is something; and at times we fancied that the dialogues of the book, preposterous as they were, had a movement of their own, and did not leave the development of the characters altogether to the author's explanations; but we are not sure of this, and the only kindness at parting which we can think of is to remind the author that she can easily outlive "Valerie Aylmer," and that she cannot help doing better in another novel.

Thayer Expedition. — Scientific Results of a Journey in Brazil. By L. AGASSIZ and his Travelling Companions.

Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil. By CH. FRED. HARTT, Professor of Geology in Cornell University. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

It will be seen by the title of this work that it constitutes a part of the long-expected report of the scientific results of the Thayer Expedition to Brazil. This expedition, was on all accounts the most remark-

able enterprise of the kind ever undertaken in America, — indeed, considering the time occupied and the extent of country traversed, one of the most fruitful journeys ever undertaken, not excepting the great enterprises by our own and other governments. Mr. Hartt's report on the physical geography and geology of the region studied by himself and the other assistants of Professor Agassiz may well serve to show to the public the spirit of investigation which guided, and the magnitude of the work done, by the gentlemen who co-operated in this investigation of the great empire of the South.

His work being a part of a series of reports on the same region, Mr. Hartt has evidently felt himself limited in the scope of his treatise to the range of subjects properly falling under this title. This takes away from the book the general interest which would naturally be attached to a journey by a careful observer in the ever-new tropical region of South America. The book has few of those traits which will make it popular in the worse sense of that word. It differs entirely from the class of books to which, for instance, the "Brazil and the Brazilians" belongs, and though it may want the few good traits of that eminently popular volume, it wants equally its many bad characteristics. A glance at the table of contents shows at once that it is as a scientific report that the volume is to be considered, though the matters of which it treats, as well as the methods in which they are considered, makes it interesting even to the unscientific student of South America. Although Mr. Hartt's observations extend over only a small part of the whole surface of the Empire of Brazil, they have covered by far the larger part of the coast line of that region, and extended far enough into the interior to give us a great deal of information about the most important commercial provinces, those containing the diamond districts of Diamantina, Chapada, Sincora, etc., and the extensive coal basins whose development is to play so large a part in the future of the continent.

Beginning with the province of Rio Janeiro, Mr. Hartt takes up the several other provinces, and gives a succinct description of each, drawn from his own note-books or from the journals of his fellow-travellers, compared with and illustrated by the work of other observers in the same region. We cannot follow him through the encyclopædic detail of this part of his work. The last

chapter contains the only important generalizations which his book affords, for during the first eighteen chapters our author sticks very closely to his facts. Some of these general conclusions are of the highest value.

Mr. Hartt seems to have satisfied himself that the gneissic rocks of the province of Rio de Janeiro and the Serra do Mar are of Laurentian age, and that they were lifted above the sea as early as the beginning of the Palaeozoic time. While acknowledging the probability of these two conjectures, we must confess that the evidence does not warrant us in the supposition that these opinions are to be admitted into the facts of the science without further evidence. The admirable criticism levelled against the hasty conclusions of geologists, in the chapter on "Illogical Geology," by Mr. Spencer, should make that class of naturalists see the dangers involved in this sort of reasoning. It must be confessed, however, that Mr. Hartt's opinion concerning the age of these rocks receives striking confirmation from the parallelism between the lithological and mineralogical features of the materials of which they are composed and rocks from the Laurentian system in this country. This comparison has been made by Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, whose opinion on such points is of the highest value.

Unquestionably the most important matter discussed by Mr. Hartt concerns the evidences of glacial action in the region from Rio to the Amazon. When Professor Agassiz, in 1865, first announced the existence of glacial drift in the neighborhood of the equator, the scientific world pretty generally believed that the judgment was hasty; that it was too much influenced by a desire to extend the domain of that geological agent, of which he had been to a singular degree the discoverer, to regions where it would seem impossible for it to have operated. We hope the clear statements of Professor Hartt will at least give pause to the illogical talk of those who, ignorant of the facts, have in a very unscientific way hastened to protest against Agassiz's conclusions. Mr. Hartt tells us distinctly that he was at the outset opposed to the view of his master (and of his complete scientific independence the writer can testify), that he conceived it to

be in the highest degree improbable that ice could have worked in Brazil as it has worked in British America. Yet he has by careful study been drawn to believe that the whole of the shore region of Brazil was, during the last geological period, covered with ice to a great depth, which performed then precisely the same part which it performed probably at the same time in North America. We cannot give Mr. Hartt's argument in detail; it is, however, convincing to any right-minded man that further objections to Agassiz's view must come from persons who have studied the facts at least as carefully as he and Mr. Hartt have done.

The same good reasons which would deter the critic from criticising the style of a "blue book" might be urged against carping about the rhetorical shape of Mr. Hartt's book. There is so little, however, to be said against the way in which the author has presented the matters of which he treats, that we may, without risk of prejudice to him, say that he has considered clearness of statement very much more than elegance of diction; that he is laconic to the extreme of being dry. The reader meets so many full-points in the course of a page, that he feels as if he were travelling over an intellectual *corduroy road*. But the worst form of this offence is something venial compared with the sin of fine writing.

Of the work as a whole it is not too much to say that it is the most valuable contribution yet made towards the development of the physical history of the noble Empire of Brazil. It was the great good fortune of the Thayer Expedition that it secured the earnest and intelligent co-operation of the most enlightened of modern sovereigns, Don Pedro II. We are heartily glad that this important event in the exploration of his country should have come from the energy and talent of our own. South America may or may not come to be the home of the emigrants from its overcrowded sister continent in the last decades of the next century, but it is certainly the fairest field now open to the exploring ambition of our American students who long for uncultivated fields. We hope there may be many to follow the way in which Mr. Hartt has led.

